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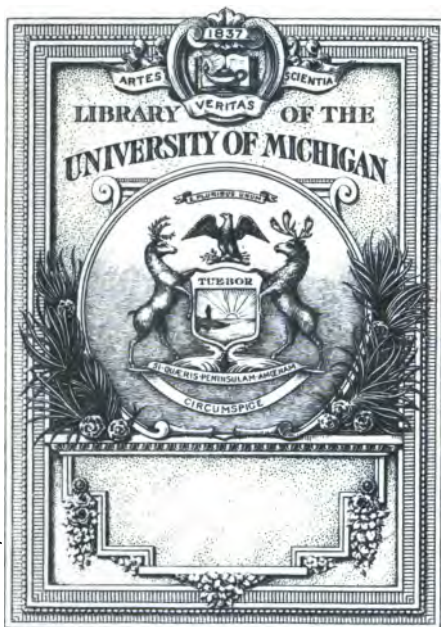
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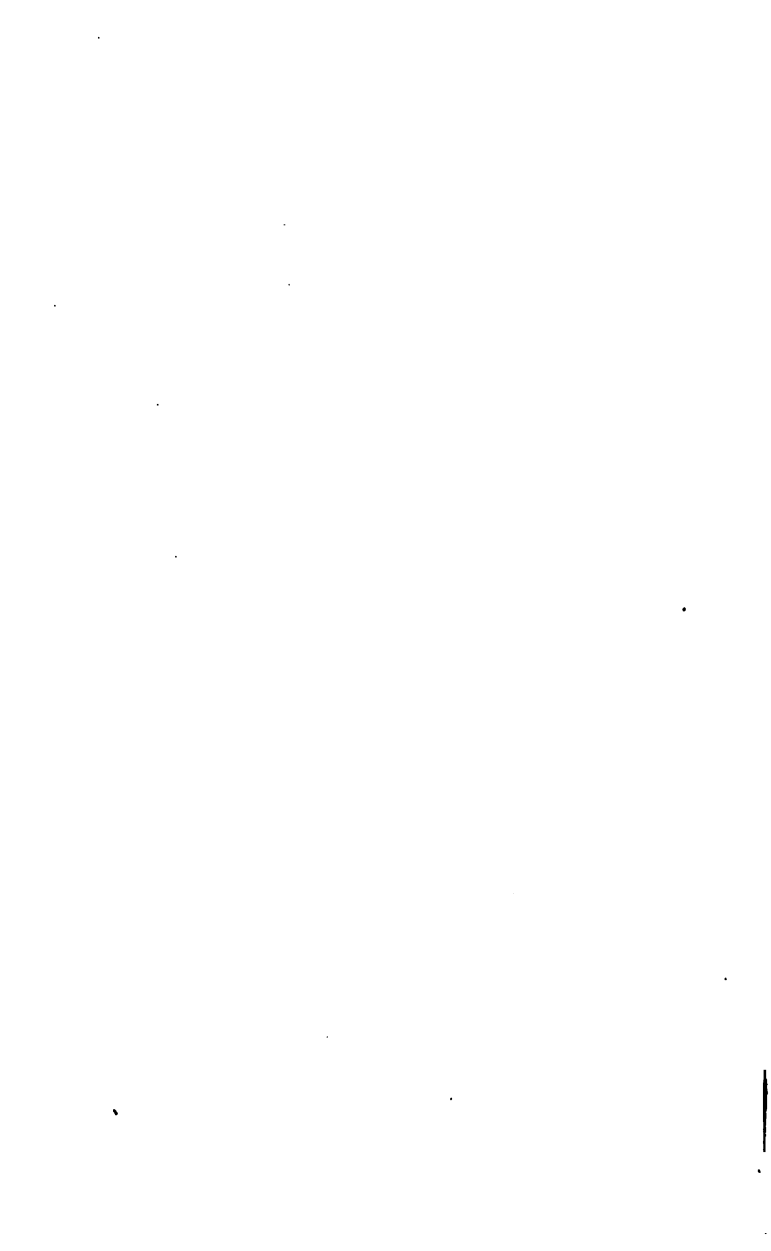
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LIVES OF NORTHERN WORTHIES.



LIVES
OF
NORTHERN WORTHIES.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH THE CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR, AND THE MARGINAL
OBSERVATIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III



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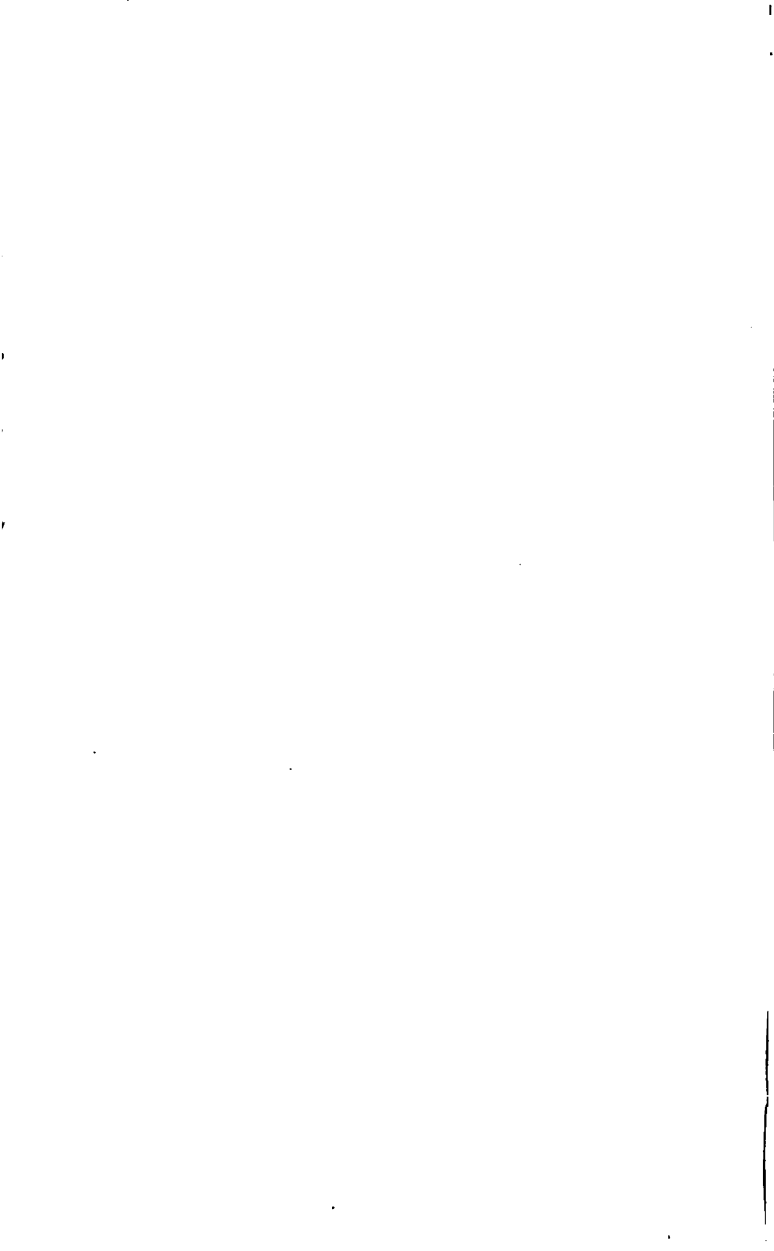
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WILLIAM ROSCOE.



NORTHERN WORTHIES.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

HITHERTO we have spoken of men whose lives were history,—flowers, or medicinal plants (for as yet we have encountered no weeds), preserved in a *Hortus-siccus*, to which we have done our best to restore the lively hue and appropriate aroma. We have now a more delicate task to perform. We speak of a man whose death is a recent sorrow ; whose image lives in eyes that have wept for him. The caution and reserve which honour and duty exact from the biographer of a living contemporary, are more especially required of him who essays to collect the scattered lineaments of one who no longer lives to confute or approve the portrait, which yet may give pain or pleasure to many, who compare the likeness with their own authentic memory.

I never saw Roscoe. I have heard much of him, both from the many who delighted in his praise, and from some who reluctantly assented to it. Unseen, yet not quite unknown of me, he performed his earthly pilgrimage, and went to his reward. If his life were not a theme of commendation,—if, however

told, it were not a bright example and an argument of hope to all, who, amid whatever circumstances, are striving to develope the faculties which God has given them, for the glory of the Giver, and the benefit of his creatures,—if there were anything to tell, or *anything to leave untold*, which those who knew him best would rather have forgotten, his life would never have been written by me. I am not ignorant that one who has an hereditary right to be his Biographer is even now performing that office. With his filial labours I presume not to interfere. Let the son tell of his father what the son knows of the father. Roscoe, as a scholar, an author, a politician, and a philanthropist, is public: his praise, and if censure were due, his censure, is as much a public property as Westminster Abbey should be. With his more familiar privacy I meddle no otherwise than as he who treats of fruits and flowers must necessarily say something of the soil in which they were grown, and the culture by which they were reared to perfection.

Among those men who have attained to literary eminence without the ordinary assistance from their elders, Roscoe was especially distinguished by the variety and by the elegance of his acquirements. Most of the self-taught have been men of one talent and one idea—one exclusive passion for one sort of knowledge. Their bias has been much more frequently to the mathematics, physics, or mechanics, than to general literature. The poor scholars of Scotland and Germany, such as Adams, Heyne, and Winkelman, are not fairly cases in point; for though they underwent great toil and privation in obtaining tuition, they did obtain it, therefore were not self-taught. As little to the purpose are the instances of uneducated poets. For we are not speaking of men who have displayed great genius with little culture,

but of those who have cultivated their own powers without the customary aids.

With respect to the *uneducated* poets, however, not many of them are anything more than *nine-days' wonders*. Some great man, or great lady, finds out that a peasant or menial can tag rhymes ; and having at once a most exaggerated notion of the difficulty of rhyming, and a most contemptuous estimate of the faculties of the *lower orders*, straightway gives information of a self-taught poet, whom patronage is to select for a victim.

But secondly : far be it from us to deny that there have lived, and are living, true and great poets, who have not only been all but destitute of *tuition*, but have been very scantily furnished with book-learning. We do not, however, count Shakspeare in the number ; for he was manifestly a great and extensive reader, and got from books whatever could have been of any use to him ; his genius, his intuitive knowledge of human nature, concreted by wide and perspicacious observation of human life, his shaping and combining imagination, his electrical fancy, no book could supply. The world is still too much in the habit of confounding the absence of regular tuition with positive ignorance ; though we do hope that the preposterous folly of dignifying a little, a very little Latin, and very, very, very little Greek (forgotten long ago), with the exclusive name of learning, is far gone in the wane. Indeed, there is more need to assert and vindicate the true value of Greek and Roman lore, than to level the by-gone pretensions of its professors. This age has a sad propensity to slay the slain, to fight with wrath and alarm against the carcase of extinct prejudices, because some two or three men of genius, and perhaps a score of blockheads, are striving to galvanise them to a posthumous vitality. Admitting,

however, that Shakspeare could not, with the assistance of grammar and dictionary, construe an ode of Horace, (which is a pure and rather improbable assertion, for Latin was then taught far more generally than at present), he certainly was not unacquainted with the ancient authors,* most of which were translated early in Elizabeth's reign, rudely and incorrectly enough it may be, (there was little or no accurate scholarship in England before Bentley), but still so that neither the feelings nor the thoughts

* Dr. Farmer is supposed to have settled the question as to Shakspeare's learning, by proving (as far as the matter is capable of proof), that he used the translated, not the original classics. As it is always delightful to trace the reading of great men, Dr. Farmer's work is as pleasing as it is ingenious and satisfactory. But the inference, that Shakspeare, *because* he read Seneca done into English, and Dr. Philemon Holland's translation of Amyot's translation of Plutarch, (the best by the way that has appeared, far better than Langhorne's,) had never learned *hic, hæc, hoc*—that his ignorance extended from *alpha* to *omega*—we reject without hesitation. Why might not Shakspeare, like a gentleman as he was, have learned Latin and forgotten it again? How many Eton scholars can read a page of Virgil, taken haphazard, with any degree of facility or pleasure at forty? Not more than could help to win a cricket match in their grand climacteric. Professional scholars, schoolmasters, &c., of course are excepted.

The question cannot be called uninteresting, for it regards Shakspeare; but it is of no sort of consequence; *small Latin and less Greek*, especially when forgotten, being, for all purposes of wonder and astonishment, quite as good as none. Nor would it detract an atom from Shakspeare's fame, were he proved to have been a perfect Porson. But there are certain people who had rather look upon genius as something monstrous and magical, than as a healthy human power, effecting a noble end by intelligible means.

Secundæ curæ. Amyot's Plutarch's Lives were rendered into English, not by Dr. Philemon Holland, but by Sir Thomas

were wanting. An *uneducated* man he was: his mind had never been disciplined, but it was completely armed and ammunitioned. Had he been educated, he would perhaps have avoided some few faults, but he would, in all probability, have fallen considerably short of his actual excellence,—not that his matter would have been less original (Milton, in the true sense of the word, is as complete an original as Shakspeare,) but his manner would have been more restrained, more subdued, and, therefore, would have presented a less exact image of truth; for he was a man modest and gentle by nature, with little of Milton's mental hardihood. It was well for him, and for mankind, that he did not know how widely he differed from his great predecessors.

But though we except Shakspeare from the list of *unlearned* authors, we admit that there have been, and are, men who, with no assistance from teachers, and little from books, have justly earned the name of poets. But they are men with whom poetry is a passion, or a consolation, and their excellence will be found to consist in short effusions of natural feeling, in descriptions of what they have actually seen or experienced, and in records of the manners, devotions, loves, and superstitions of those among whom they have been bred up. It is, moreover, doubtful how far extensive reading of any sort is beneficial to any but a very great poet; that indiscriminate reading of vernacular poetry is prejudicial to poetic powers, there can be no doubt at all. Any but a surpassing genius, who has the "British Poets," or even the

North. Holland translated the miscellaneous works of Plutarch, commonly called his "Morals." Philemon was indeed a most industrious translator, but not to be compared to Amyot, a French bishop, and also a voluminous writer of forgotten originals.

"Elegant Extracts," by heart, must either become a mere compiler, in despair of novelty, or must go out of his way to avoid saying what has been said before. And here we perceive the true reason why the greatest poets generally appear in the early stages of literature; or if, like Wordsworth and Byron, they are products of a later age, they are yet the earliest great poets of their kind. Here, too, we find the main value of a skill in ancient or foreign languages, whereby the mind is enriched with thoughts which it is in a manner compelled to make its own.

But Roscoe's passion was knowledge in general, with a peculiar bias to the beautiful in art and nature. Perhaps it was in some measure owing to the universality of his studies, that he was never tempted to neglect or discard his professional duties; for had he devoted himself exclusively to any one study, it would most likely have gained so entire a dominion over his imagination, as to render business an insupportable distraction.

WILLIAM ROSCOE was born on the 8th of March, 1753. The house in which he first drew breath is standing still, but, instead of a rural retirement, is now a tavern, in a crowded and almost central street of Liverpool, recording, by its name of Mount Pleasant, its former suburban rusticity. So mightily is the inundation of brick and mortar spreading, uniting village after village to the great centres of population, as the ocean "drinks up all the little rills:" overrunning fields, and parks, and gardens, which, like the political institutions of a decaying nation, bear names to testify what they have been, and are not.

The house in which Roscoe was born is now known as the "Old Bowling-green House," and is well represented in an engraving by Austin.

Mr. Roscoe's parents were persons in humble but respectable circumstances. Having lived together as domestics with a worthy old bachelor, they formed an attachment, and married with their master's approbation. By their own savings, and probably with the assistance of the same benevolent gentleman (who is said to have left the bulk of his property to the subject of this memoir), they were enabled to rent a few fields, and the house at Mount Pleasant, where their son William was born.

Though exempt from the evils of actual poverty, it cannot be supposed that the honest couple were able, or in the first instance desirous, to afford their child anything above the commonest education. At six he was sent to a day school kept by a Mr. Martin, and two years afterwards removed to the seminary of Mr. Sykes, then in considerable repute as a commercial academy. Young Roscoe was by no means remarkable for diligence or proficiency at these schools. The books then selected (if in truth there was any selection at all) for elementary instruction were little attractive, and Roscoe's mind was not one of those that are peculiarly delighted with the science of numbers. Yet as he was found qualified, at sixteen, for an attorney's office, we may conclude that he was a respectable penman, and discovered no inaptitude to figures. At twelve, he was taken from school at his own request, and from that period was mainly his own instructor. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little geometry, were then all his acquirements. Perhaps he had learned all that was taught in the usual routine of Mr. Sykes's establishment. If so, he displayed his early good sense in voluntarily withdrawing from it. Mutual instruction was not yet in vogue; and perhaps even at this time it may be proper to remind parents, especially those of humble

rank in easy circumstances, that a day school is a very dangerous lounge for either boy or girl past childhood, whose time is not fully occupied in the business of that school. It is too much the practice to permit youth of both sexes to remain at school, not because they are doing any good there, but because their parents do not know what else to do with them. With regard to females of the higher class, this may not be objectionable: the intermediate state between pupilage and companionship in which young ladies continue with their schoolmistresses has its advantages; the articles of female education are so multifarious, that it can hardly ever be said to be completed. A ladies' boarding-school approaches to a domestic establishment; and wherever there is a *home*, a female need never be idle. But for the infinitely larger class, whose destiny is labour, and indeed, for males of all classes, a school becomes almost prejudicial as soon as it ceases to be necessary. The higher education of England will never be what it ought to be, till there is some institution for the youths who are too old for Eton or Harrow, and not old enough for Oxford or Cambridge. In the mean time, we think it the less evil, that they should go too early to the University, than that they should continue too long at the school.

From twelve to sixteen, young Roscoe continued under his father's roof, employing his time partly in reading, and partly in assisting the labours of the farm. He also paid frequent visits to a porcelain manufactory in the neighbourhood, where he amused himself with china-painting. His reading was desultory, as that of a boy left to himself always will be; but it could not be very miscellaneous, for his command of books was extremely limited, and the few volumes to which he had access, were rather such as chance

threw in his way, than what his unaided judgment would have recommended. There was, however, no lack of good matter among them. His favourites were Shakspeare (an odd volume most likely), Shenstone, the Spectator, and the poems of Mrs. Katherine Philips. Perhaps these were all the books of a poetical or imaginative cast which his library afforded. The names may now seem oddly grouped; yet if the merit of a writer be measured by the plaudits of contemporary pens, the fame of Mrs. Katherine Philips,* alias "the matchless Orinda,"

* Mrs. Katherine Philips, whose maiden name was Fowler, was born in London, baptised on the 11th of January, 1631, at the church of St. Mary, Woolnoth; educated at Hackney, by Mrs. Salmon, (thus early was Hackney the seat of the educational Muse); married James Philips, Esq.; accompanied the Viscountess Dungannon into Ireland; died in 1664; and was buried in the church of St. Bennet's Sherehog. Cowley wrote an ode on her death, to which she probably owes whatever little celebrity she may retain. Her poems were published, without her consent, not long before her death. In 1667 appeared another and fuller edition of "Poems, by the most deservedly-admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the matchless Orinda;" and a third, in 1678. Whether any later has been called for we cannot say. She translated the Pompey, and four acts of the Horace of Corneille: the former was acted, and honoured with a prologue by Lord Roscommon, an epilogue by Sir Edward Deering, and a copy of commendatory verses by Lord Orrery, in which his Lordship not only declares "the copy greater than the original," but asserts that

"Rome too will grant, were our tongue to her known,
Cæsar speaks better in 't than in his own."

There is rather more sense and propriety in the panegyric which Sir Edward Deering bestows in the epilogue:—

"No nobler thoughts can tax
These rhymes of blemish to the blushing sex;
As chaste the lines, as harmless to the sense,
As the first smiles of infant innocence."

would soar high above Addison himself, and poor Shakspeare and Shenstone must hide their diminished heads. There are few school-girls now who could not write better verses than her's ; but mediocrity

She seems, indeed, to have been a woman of perfectly blameless life, though she entered into a sort of Platonic correspondence with Sir Charles Cotterel, which produced a series of letters between Poliarchus and Orinda. It is said by one of her panegyrists, that she wrote her familiar letters with great facility, in a very fair hand, and *perfect orthography*, then, we may suppose, a rare accomplishment. As a specimen of her poetry, we give her epitaph on her infant son Hector, buried in the church of St. Bennet's Sherehog. It has been said, "Men laugh in a thousand ways, but all weep alike." See how a mother dropped her poetic tears in the seventeenth century :—

"What on earth deserves our trust?
Youth and beauty both are dust :
Long we gathering are, with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years' childless marriage past,
A son, a son, is born at last,
So exactly limb'd, and fair,
Full of good spirits, mien, and air,
As a long life promised,
Yet in less than six weeks dead ;
Too promising, too great a mind,
In so small room to be confined ;
Therefore, as fit in heaven to dwell,
He quickly broke the prison shell.
So the subtle alchemist
Can't with Hermes' seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night.
And so the sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his eyes,
Like this infant takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning cloud."

Yet it is probable that the Poetess felt her loss as keenly as one who would have expressed herself with the most pathetic simplicity.

was not so easy in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth. We are disposed to hope that it will become so easy, that none will tolerate it, even in themselves.

If we might indulge a conjecture as to which among these was Roscoe's favourite, we should be tempted to fix upon Shenstone. Boys who have anything of a poetical turn themselves, are often better pleased with verses which they think that they can imitate, than with those that defy emulation. No boy ever imagines himself a poet while he is reading Shakspeare or Milton. The thoughts, too obviously, are not his own. But Shenstone has much to charm, and nothing to overpower the mind of boyhood. His pastoral imagery is pretty, and must have been new to Roscoe, though it was not to Shenstone. His versification is smooth and *imitable*; his sentiments, sometimes plaintively tender, and sometimes breathing disdain and defiance to the world, find a ready sympathy with those whose warmer feelings are just beginning to glow; and he has much of a temper with which all ages are ready to sympathise—namely, discontent.

The elegant memorialist, to whom this article is so largely indebted, remarks upon this part of Roscoe's life: "It is curious to trace his attachment to botany and the fine arts to this early period. The phenomena of vegetation, and the cultivation of plants, appear to have made a deep impression on his youthful mind, and in the little cultivator of his father's fields we can trace the embryo botanist, to whose ardent enthusiasm in after years we owe our botanic garden, *the world* the new arrangement of Scitamineæ, and the superb botanical publication on the same beautiful order of plants. The early essays in painting china-ware seem also to have first inspired him with

a love of the fine arts, and drew him on to cultivate his taste in the arts of design, in which he not only displayed the knowledge of an intelligent amateur, but such practical proficiency as might have led to eminence, had his genius not been directed to other channels, as several slight but spirited etchings by his hand amply testify."*

All this is very agreeable to contemplate, and true it is, that the embryo botanist will often be found in the field and the garden, by the hedge-row, and in the thicket. The embryo artist, if he cannot procure brush, or pencil, or crayon, will make "slight but spirited" sketches with chalk or charcoal; or carve fantastic heads on walking-sticks. But a fondness for plants by no means clearly *foretells* the botanist. All children are fond of flowers, (they would be little monsters if they were not); and all who possess any life of mind are curious to observe how plants grow, and feel wonder and delight when the peas begin to peep above the ground. It is a pity that this happy curiosity is so seldom made an inlet to useful know-

* From a "Memoir of William Roscoe, Esq., by Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, F.R.S.E., read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, in October, 1831, communicated by the author to Dr. Jameson's 'Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.'"

As Dr. Traill was the bosom friend and medical adviser of Mr. Roscoe in the latter years of his life, (the acquaintance commencing in 1806,) there can be as little doubt of the accuracy of his information, as of the warmth and sincerity of his attachment, and the justice of his admiration. His memoir, though necessarily short, is perhaps the fullest that has yet appeared of its illustrious subject. To this, and to the earlier notices of the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, a long and endeared intimate of Roscoe, we are chiefly indebted for the materials of our life of that excellent man.

ledge ; but it has no connection with scientific botany. A child wishes to know the name of every thing it sees ; this is nature ; but arrangement and classification are works of reason, of reason trained and informed by education. Again, we hardly ever knew a boy that had not a turn for the arts of design, if a passion for scratching and daubing, for lake and gamboge, is to be called by that title. Some children, in their juvenile efforts, display a truth of eye and obedience of hand of which others are quite destitute, yet the pictorial passion is equally strong in the latter. Still it must be granted that the painter, unlike the poet, *always* exhibits the bias of his talent in early life. You cannot, from the rapid improvement and enthusiastic devotion of the boy, securely prophesy the excellence of the future artist ; for some soon arrive at a certain degree of imitative skill, and then never advance a step further ; but it may safely be assumed that the man who, with any sort of opportunity, has not produced something of promise before his fifteenth year, will never be even a tolerable painter.

Nevertheless we cannot quite agree with Dr. Traill in referring Mr. Roscoe's intelligence as a connoisseur to his youthful love of china-painting, though that certainly might contribute to give him a dexterity of hand, which, diligently cultivated, would have enabled him to execute as well as to judge. Youths, even of less stirring intellects than Roscoe, like to attempt every thing they see doing, and young eyes are almost sensually delighted with brilliant colours. Porcelain-painting is a gorgeous, an ingenious art, but it remained for Wedgwood to make it a fine, *i. e.* an intellectual art. Imitating the gaudy grotesques on china dishes was much more likely to spoil Roscoe's eye than to improve it. But

Heaven had given Roscoe an inward sense of beauty, a yearning after the beautiful, which would have made him a botanist, had his father not possessed so much as a box of mignonette; which would have led him to admire and criticise the productions of the pencil, the graver, and the chisel, had there been no china manufactory out of the Celestial Empire. We are not intending to charge Dr. Traill with the sophism, of which Dr. Johnson seems to have been guilty, of ascribing the original direction of genius to the accidents upon which it is earliest exercised. What *he says* is just, as it is pleasing; it is against the false inferences of others that we are guarding. Of this stage of his existence Mr. Roscoe speaks thus in his earliest publication, the poem entitled "Mount Pleasant:"—

"Freed from the cares that daily throng my breast,
Again beneath my native shades I rest.
These shades, where lightly fled my youthful day,
Ere fancy bow'd to reason's boasted sway.
Untaught the toils of busier life to bear,
The fool's impertinence, the proud man's sneer,
Sick of the world, to these retreats I fly,
Devoid of art my early reed to try;
To paint the prospects that around me rise,
What time the cloudless sun descends the skies,
Each latent beauty of the landscape trace,
Fond of the charms that deck my native place."

Though Roscoe was doubtless storing his memory and maturing his powers in this interval of comparative leisure, it does not appear that he had yet formed any regular plan of study, or made a fixed distribution of his time. To a mind of less energy, such early liberty might have been dangerous, and though nothing could have rendered Roscoe a mere idler, yet even he might have lost that self-control without which

industry is wasted, had he continued much longer the master of his own hours. But at sixteen he became articled clerk to Mr. John Eyles, a respectable solicitor of Liverpool, and here, while he strictly performed the duties of the office, and acquired a measure of professional knowledge that led the way to competence and eminence, he commenced a course of self-education, the results of which appear in his biographies of the Medici. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty he mastered the rudiments of Latin, with no other aid than that of a grammar and dictionary; no trifling effort for one who previously knew no language but his own, and had never learned that grammatically. His studies, however, were not always solitary; he read some of the best Latin authors, in company with William Clarke and Richard Lowndes, two young men of Liverpool, whose tastes were similar to his own; but though a communication of knowledge can seldom be made without an accession, it does not appear that Clarke or Lowndes had been more regularly tutored, or had made any greater proficiency than Roscoe himself. They were the comrades, not the leaders of his studies.

To Francis Holden, an able, but eccentric, man, he ascribed his first inclination to the study of modern languages, and he was eager to acknowledge that, by the advice and encouragement of this young friend, he was led to apply himself assiduously to Italian reading. Yet neither in the Italian nor the French tongue, both which he mastered during the term of his clerkship, had he any tutor. Greek was a later acquisition. A memorandum in a copy of Homer, yet in possession of his family, runs thus:—"Finished the *Odysee* the day I came to Allerton, March 18th, 1799. W. R." Can anything evince

his unconquerable mental industry more clearly than his entering upon the study of a language accounted so arduous as the Greek, after he had attained a considerable literary reputation without it? During the time of his apprenticeship, Mr. Roscoe formed an agreement with his friends, Clarke, Lowndes, and Holden, to meet early in the morning, before the hours of business, to read some Latin author, and afterwards impart whatever observations might occur during the lesson. The evening leisure was chiefly bestowed upon Italian. Before his twentieth year he had perused, in the original, several of the Italian historians, and had already conceived a design to be the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici. Few are the men who persevere so nobly, and so successfully, in designs so early formed. Roscoe was not

“A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who penn'd a stanza when he should engross.”

Yet, amid all his employments, he did find time to pen many a stanza; and many of his productions remain, full of fine feeling and beautiful fancy, though unfortunately disfigured with the inane phraseology which then passed for poetic diction. Several of his metrical pieces were addressed to a young lady, about his own age, of an ardently poetical genius, afterwards destined to become the mother of an eminent poet. The admiration, for it does not appear to have been more, was mutual; and among the lady's manuscript poems are found the following laudatory and almost prophetic lines:—

“But cease, my Muse, unequal to the task,
Forbear the effort, and to nobler hands
Resign the lyre. Thee, Roscoe, every muse
Uncall'd attends, and uninvoked inspires :

In blooming shades and amaranthine bowers
 They weave the future garland for thy brow,
 And wait to crown thee with immortal fame.
 Thee Wisdom leads in all her flowery walks,
 Thee Genius fires, and moral beauty charms;
 Be it thy task to touch the feeling heart,
 Correct its passions, and exalt its aims;
 Teach pride to own, and owning, to obey
 Fair Virtue's dictates, and her sacred laws:
 To brighter worlds show thou the glorious road,
 And be thy life as moral as thy song."

To this lady the descriptive poem of "Mount Pleasant" was originally inscribed, though, when it was published, the address was omitted. The poem was composed about 1772, when the author was not more than nineteen, though it was not published till 1777. Among juvenile productions, it claims a very respectable rank: still, it is a *very* juvenile production, and, as it probably received little after-revision, we think it more for Roscoe's honour to speak of it here in connexion with his youth, than to bring it into association with his riper years.

In the first place, a word on the species of poetry to which it belongs, the loco-descriptive. Of all organised poems, the loco-descriptive has the most imperfect organisation, and, unless it assume the shape of a journey, or series of descriptive sketches, the least natural progression. It may be anything and everything, and the parts may be arranged in any order that happens to occur. Hence its tempting facility has made it a great favourite with many lovers of poetry, who resort to poetical composition as an agreeable relaxation after business, or a pleasant occupation of idle time—as commercial men, retired gentlemen, and country clergymen. In very few of these productions is the description anything more

than the prelude to the reminiscences and reflections, and in some, the locality merely supplies a title. They are no more local or descriptive than Cicero's "Tusculan Questions," or Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley." Even where the poet attempts to vie with the landscape painter, his description must be in a great measure vague and general, or it is not intelligible. He does best when he communicates to the reader the feeling which the scene is calculated to inspire; whether it be of beauty, richness, grandeur, vastness, or of quiet seclusion. He may, indeed, enumerate the objects supposed to be in sight; he may tell you their shape and colour, and furnish them with a suite of similes; but, after all, language cannot *paint*, for it can only present things separately, and in succession, which in nature appear simultaneously, and derive their principal charm from their co-presence and co-inherence. Painting imitates co-existence in space; poetry, like music, expresses succession in time. This may be one reason why the greater number of these poems are about hills, where the gradual ascent produces a succession of prospects, and supplies the want of action. But in the best of them the objects are not portrayed as they occur to the eye, but as they rise upon the memory, or connect themselves with the feelings. In fine, we cannot consider the merely loco-descriptive poem as a legitimate work of art. Yet it is pleasing, easily written, and as easily read; for it demands little care in the author, and little thought in the reader.

Young poets are apt to have very exaggerated opinions of the powers of verse to confer immortality. After the lines on Mount Pleasant, which we have already quoted, Roscoe proceeds thus:--

"The shades of Grongar bloom secure of fame;
Edge-hill to Jago owes its lasting name.

When Windsor forest's loveliest scenes decay,
 Still shall they live in Pope's unrivall'd lay.
 Led on by hope an equal theme I choose,
 O, might the subject boast an equal Muse !
 Then should her name, the force of time defy,
 When sunk in ruin, Liverpool shall lie."

Really we should have thought that Edge-hill owed its fame quite as much to its being the scene of the first pitched battle in the civil wars, the place where the gallant Earl of Carnarvon * died in defence of royalty, as to its giving name to some indifferent blank verse by one Rev. Mr. Jago, who owes his own admission among the poets chiefly to the friendship of Shenstone. Jerusalem is not the more secure of fame because it was the subject of a Seatonian prize-poem.

The real theme of "Mount Pleasant" is not Mount Pleasant, but Liverpool; or rather the commerce of Liverpool, and the money-getting propensities of her inhabitants, her new-born taste for the fine arts, her public institutions, and public spirit, with incidental reflections on commerce in general, and the slave-trade in particular, which compose by far the most interesting portion of the poem. In dilating on the wrongs of the African, the style rises to an indignant fervour which is something better than poetical. That a young and hitherto undistinguished clerk, should have ventured so boldly to denounce the traffic to which Liverpool attributed

* *Secundæ curæ.* Not the Earl of Carnarvon, but the Earl of Lindsay, was slain at Edge-hill. I have read and forgotten Jago's Edge-hill. It contains little poetry, and what there is irrelevant and episodiæal. It is obvious that a battle, the first of a war, and which left the victory undecided, is a very ill-chosen subject for a narrative poem.—H. C.

much of her prosperity, indicated no small moral courage. The voice of humanity was then as the voice of one crying in the wilderness; and so far from swelling the universal concert of a nation, was in danger of being drowned amid the hootings of an angry contempt. We are all too apt to undervalue common truths, as if they were common-place truisms, not thankfully acknowledging the blessing, that the most precious truths are become common-places, interwoven into the texture of thought, and involved in the very logic of speech. But these truths were not always common-places: time has been when the best of them were regarded as romance, or paradox, or heresy, or jargon—when the wise shook their heads at them, the fools made mouths at them, when many honestly opposed them, because they held them subversive of elder truth, and too many wickedly hated them, because they felt and feared them to be true.

While we admire the poetic enthusiasm of young Roscoe, and revere the pious indignation of Cowper, let us not uncharitably condemn, or intolerantly excommunicate from our esteem, all those who regarded their opinions with suspicion, or even with anger. St. Paul was once as bitter an enemy of Christianity as Alexander the coppersmith. The task of the true philanthropist, the genuine reformer, the enlightened iconoclast, would be easy to the heart, whatever toil and fortitude it might require, if they were opposed by none but the very foolish, or the very wicked. But they have also to endure the censure of the timid good; they cannot always avoid the praise and co-operation of the evil. They must learn to bear cold and reproachful looks from those whom they cannot, should not, love the less for reproach or coldness. They run the risk of being classed with those who

are eager to commit sacrilege under pretence of cleansing the temple—who would overthrow the tables of the money-changers, in order to have a scramble for the money. They must encounter fightings from without and from within: they will painfully discover the difference between a dream of sensibility, and a labour of benevolence; and they may have to labour through a long life without effecting any tangible good; may wander for years in the desert, and never behold the promised land, even in a Pisgah-view—save with the eye of faith; or having done much, find that all is yet to do. If the days of persecution are past, the rack at rest, the wheel of torture revolve no more, and the fires of Smithfield be quenched for ever, the world has engines still to assault the man that goes about to mend it—calumny, false praise, bribery, poverty, witcheries of love, and sundering of loves; but worse than the world, and stronger far, is the bosom fiend Despair.

The days are indeed gone by, when the mere announcement of a theory, or abstract position, true or false, is attended with any considerable peril to purse or person. The widest diversities of creed hardly produce an interruption of social intercourse, provided that each speculator is content to enjoy and defend his own fancy, without intermeddling, by advice or censure, with the conduct of the rest. If any do this, he will be excluded, not as a heathen man and a publican, but as a bore. It is a truly ridiculous instance of vanity, when a modern paradox-monger boasts of his courage and disinterestedness, talks of defying martyrdom, and refusing unoffered bribes, and quotes Galileo and Luther, in proof of his right to think as he pleases. But the case is otherwise with practical truths even now; for prac-

tical truths are duties, which, whoever acknowledges, is called upon to act or to abstain. The announcement of these is attended with many heart-burnings even now; it often incurs the forfeiture of patronage, it is frequently treated with contemptuous pity, and sometimes brings down the charge of ingratitude, of all others the most grievous to a good mind. But when Roscoe first raised his voice against slavery, and satirised the commercial spirit of his townsmen, the public were far from being as tolerant as they are at present:—the State opposed to him, the Church at best dubious, (with many glorious exceptions among its individual members,) the multitude decidedly hostile, and easily infuriated. There was, therefore, some courage in avowing his sentiments, even in rhyme; at least as much as would be required to write a serious defence of slavery in heroic couplets at the present epoch. We say a *serious defence*, for there is something sacred in scurrility, and ever has been. Aristophanes was applauded for burlesquing the gods, in the same Athens where Socrates was murdered for arguing against the absurdities of popular superstition. Yet it must be allowed that “Mount Pleasant” was published before the French Revolution had stamped the brand of Jacobinism on every struggle for emancipation. Roscoe lived to do greater things in behalf of the negro than writing verses, in seasons, when the cause had far more deadly enemies.

The lines introductory to the noble burst of feeling on which we have descanted, are a very good sample of what was then accounted the best versification and diction. Goldsmith, rather than Pope, had been Roscoe's model, or, rather, his ear had been unconsciously influenced more by the former than by the latter. After describing the growing bulk, thronged

population, and busy noises of Liverpool, and reproving "the sons of wealth" for adding "gold to gold," he thus proceeds :—

"Far as the eye can trace the prospect round,
The splendid tracks of opulence are found,
Yet scarce an hundred annual rounds have run,
Since first the fabric of this power begun ;
His noble waves, inglorious, Mersey roll'd,
Nor felt those waves by labouring art controll'd ;
Along his side a few small cots were spread,
His finny brood their humble tenants fed ;
At opening dawn with fraudulent nets supplied,
The paddling skiff would brave his spacious tide,
Ply round the shores, nor tempt the dangerous main,
But seek ere night the friendly port again.

Now o'er the wondering world, her name resounds,
From northern climes, to India's distant bounds ;
Where-e'er his shores the broad Atlantic laves ;
Where-e'er the Baltic rolls his wintry waves ;
Where-e'er the honour'd flood extends his tide,
That clasps Sicilia like a favour'd bride,
Whose waves in ages past so oft have bore
The storm of battle on the Punic shore,
Have wash'd the banks of Græcia's learned bowers,
And view'd at distance Rome's imperial towers.
In every clime her prosperous fleets are known,
She makes the wealth of every clime her own ;
Greenland for her its bulky whale resigns,
And temperate Gallia rears her generous vines ;
Midst warm Iberia citron orchards blow,
And the ripe fruitage bends the labouring bough ;
The Occident a richer tribute yields,
Far different produce swells their cultured fields ;
Hence the strong cordial that inflames the brain,
The honey'd sweetness of the juicy cane,
The vegetative fleece, the azure dye,
And every product of a warmer sky.

There Afric's swarthy sons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervours of the noontide heat ;
Torn from each joy that crown'd their nativesoil,
No sweet reflections mitigate their toil ;
From morn to eve, by rigorous hands opprest,
Dull fly their hours of every hope unblest,
Till broke with labour, helpless and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn,
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade denied,
The jest of folly and the scorn of pride,
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend the imploring eye ;
Till death in kindness from the tortured breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Shame on mankind, but shame to Britons most,
Who all the sweets of liberty can boast ;
Yet deaf to every human claim, deny
The sweets to others which themselves enjoy :
Life's bitter draught with harsher bitter fill,
Blast every joy, and add to every ill ;
The trembling limbs with galling iron bind,
Nor loose the heavier bondage of the mind.
Yet whence these horrors, this inhuman rage,
That brands with blackest infamy the age ?
Is it our varied interests disagree,
And Britain sinks if Afric's sons be free ?
No—Hence a few superfluous stores we claim,
That tempt our avarice, but increase our shame.
The sickly palate touch with more delight,
Or swell the senseless riot of the night.

Blest were the days ere foreign climes were known,
Our wants contracted, and our wealth our own,
When Health could crown, and Innocence endear
The temperate meal, that cost no eye a tear ;
Our drink the beverage of the chrystal flood,
Not madly purchased by a brother's blood—
Ere the wide-spreading ills of trade began,
Or luxury trampled on the rights of man.

When Commerce, yet an infant, raised her head,
 'Twas mutual want her growing empire spread ;
 Those mutual wants a distant realm supplied,
 And like advantage every clime enjoy'd.
 Distrustless then of every treacherous view,
 An open welcome met the stranger crew ;
 And whilst the whitening fleet approach'd to land,
 The wondering natives hail'd them from the strand ;
 Fearless to meet, amidst the flow of soul,
 The lurking dagger, or the poison'd bowl.
 Now, more destructive than a blighting storm,
 A bloated monster, Commerce rears her form ;
 Throws the meek olive from her daring hand,
 Grasps the red sword, and whirls the flaming brand.
 True to no faith, by no restraints controll'd,
 By guilt made cautious, and by avarice bold—
 Can this be she, who promised once to bind
 In leagues of strictest amity, mankind ?
 This fiend, whose breath inflames the spark of strife,
 And pays with trivial toys the price of life ?"

It is easy to see on what part of this effusion Mr. Roscoe would ever look back with self-congratulation, and what his riper judgment taught him to laugh at. He would soon discover that the slave-trade was not protected by the inveterate devotion of the English to rum and sugar, but by the powerful *vested interests* engaged in its support, by a false idea of national prosperity, and by the latent apprehensions that the right of men to freedom, admitted in one instance, would prove too much, and disturb that order which, Mr. Pope tells us, is "Heaven's first Law." His view of the rise and progress of commerce, her lovely infancy, and progressive depravation, is not strictly historical. Slave-trades, of one kind or other, are among the most ancient of commercial dealings : indeed, almost the earliest trading transaction of which we are informed, is the sale of Joseph to the

Ishmaelites by his brethren. Instead of venting his ire against his own generation for *continuing* the slave-trade, Roscoe might have expressed thankfulness that he lived at a time when its enormity began to be acknowledged, and should have remembered that the vague reverence for the past which his diatribe tended to inculcate, was the strong-hold of those who sought to perpetuate that traffic in which their forefathers saw no more sin than our Druidical predecessors in roasting a man in an osier colossus. As far as the annals of commerce have come down to us, it would seem to have become gradually more humane, as it grew more extensive.

Willing to propitiate his townsmen after rebuking them, the poet dwells with glowing satisfaction on the literary and scientific tastes of Liverpool, the improvement of its architecture, (under which heads we are sorry to find a sneer at the Gothic style,) encouragement of the fine arts, &c., above all the public and private virtues of its inhabitants. But we can only afford one more quotation, which shows a fine eye and considerable descriptive power.

“Far to the right where Mersey duteous pours
To the broad main his tributary stores,
Tinged with the radiance of the golden beam,
Sparkle the quivering waves ; and 'midst the gleam,
In different hues, as sweeps the changeful ray,
Pacific fleets their guiltless pomp display ;
Fair to the sight, they spread the floating sail,
Catch the light breeze, and skim before the gale,
Till lessening gradual on the stretching view,
Obscure they mingle in the distant blue,
Where in soft tints the sky with ocean blends,
And on the weaken'd sight, the long, long prospect ends.”

“Mount Pleasant” certainly does not promise a

great poet, but it clearly evinces a mind sufficiently poetical to enjoy and appreciate whatever of poetry is in books, in pictures, in nature, and in the heart of man. The elegance and innate gentility of Roscoe's mind is very conspicuous in his selection of words and phrases, and has possibly led him to exclude the *operative* words of the language too strictly from his composition. He was afraid of calling things by their right names. His phraseology, where plain statement is required, reminds one of the silken tackle of Cleopatra's galley. Yet though his words are sometimes too fine for their business, they always do some work, only it is not precisely the work they are fittest for. He has few superfluous epithets, and hardly one empty line. Perhaps his Italian studies had given him a distaste for the homeliness of his native tongue; but indeed it was not the fashion in 1770, for poets to write English. Percy's ballads set some to mimic the antique turns of phrase, but Cowper was the first, after Churchill, who ventured to versify the English of his own day.

In 1772 a small society was formed in Liverpool "for the encouragement of designing, drawing, and painting," of which Mr. Roscoe was the prime promoter and most active member, while it continued in existence; but its date was short, its dissolution being hastened by the loss of an influential member who went to reside in Germany. Before this short-lived institute Mr. Roscoe recited an ode, which introduced him to the public as a lyric poet. A few copies were printed for private distribution in 1774, which had the fortune to win the approbation of the "Monthly Review," whereby the author was tempted to annex it to his publication of "Mount Pleasant," in 1777. Though not without strong indications of the writer's juvenility, and a savour of the taste of the times,

this ode indisputably proves that Roscoe had already acquired one of the highest accomplishments of the poet, the art of expressing abstract thought poetically. If there be some partiality in the preference given to the silent muse over her vocal sisters, it might be deemed a compliment due to the occasion.

Copies of verses called odes have always been numerous, and were particularly so in the latter half of the last century. Yet there are almost as many good epics as good odes. We confine the observation solely to the sublime, the heroic, and the philosophical ode: for in the lighter effusions of the lyric muse, in the playful and the tender, many have attained to great beauty and sweetness. But there is nothing in common between an excellent ode and a plaintive or cheerful song, except the assumption, that the movement of both is promoted and modified by musical sound.

Lyric poetry is a vague and somewhat deceptive phrase. If it be defined as that species of metrical composition which *admits* a musical accompaniment, it is too general. The epic and dramatic poems of Greece, and all the early poetry of the world, would then come under the denomination. If only that poetry be called lyric, which *requires* a musical accompaniment, the definition is as much too narrow. For some of the finest odes are so far from requiring music for their full effect, that their effect would be marred by any music that we can conceive. Fancy Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," sung by the sweetest voice to the sweetest and fittest conceivable music? The absurdity of fiddling "Paradise Lost," and dancing "Paradise Regained," would be nothing to it. In truth the song, the only mode of composition to which music is now successfully

united, has a very limited range of subjects indeed.

A song must be *short*. What devotee of music or poetry so devoted, who could bear to hear "Chevy Chase," to a *dismal Psalm tune*? Nothing sets the patience of our ancestors in a more conspicuous point of view, than the immeasurable lengths of narrative, and dreary monotony of thrumming instruments, which they not only endured, but enjoyed. The habit of silent reading is the bane of literary patience, at least as far as narrative is concerned. A man used to glance his eye over a page, and see at once the striking incidents which it contains, could never be brought to relish a story drawled to recitative. No inference is to be drawn from the success of certain selections from Scott's or Byron's narrative poems, set to music, and "sung with unbounded applause." Sweet music is always sweet, though it accompany words in an unknown tongue; its power is unquestionably increased, when associated with words so familiar as to bring a train of images and feelings along with them, and yet allow the meaning to be, as it were, diffused by the melody. A music which should be strictly subordinate to sense, would, to our ears, vitiated, an austere critic might say, by the complex attraction of modern strains, be a great deal more unsatisfactory than no music at all; as the *Vin ordinaire* and other continental thin potations, to an English palate, are absolutely weaker than water.

Now music, as all but those who have no music in their souls well know, is capable of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or dying away to silence, may symbolise the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain

degree, express action, as action consists in motion ; but beyond this it cannot go. It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagination. True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a conductor. But nevertheless, those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion ; because in all these the feeling suggests the thought, and not the thought or imagery the feeling. A song however is not an ode ; it is only one, and not a high species of lyric composition. If there be anything that generally distinguishes the genuine lyricist, it is the nature of his connections and transitions, which do not arise from the necessities of his theme, far less from the arbitrary turns of his convenience, but are determined by the flux and reflux, the under currents and eddies of the poetic passion, of that sense of power and joy which the poet feels in the exercise of his art for its own sake ; a passion easily mimicked, but not often real, even in those who possess every other requisite of pure poetry. Roscoe, in his ode on painting, has shown no small portion of this true lyric element, and would have exhibited yet more, had he not been seduced into the didactic line of criticism.

After some animated stanzas on the removal of the arts from Greece and Italy to England, and a lively enumeration of the functions of Poetry and poetic Music, he gives a loose to his enthusiasm at the first appearance of Painting, which he considers to be the

youngest Muse, and inheritor of all her elder sister's estates.

"Next came the power in whom conjoined,
 Their differing excellence is shown ;
 Yet sweetly blended, and combined
 With charms peculiarly her own.
 Beneath the great Creator's eye,
 'Twas she with azure spread the sky ;
 And when creation first had birth,
 In happiest hues array'd the earth,
 Still varying in each varied scene,
 Bedeck'd the smiling meads with green,
 Blush'd in the flower, and tinged the fruit,
 More lovely still as more minute :
 O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
 In heav'nly colours bright, thro' numerous years to last."

"Her's is the glowing bold design,
 The just and lessening perspective,
 The beauties of the waving line,
 And all the pencil's power can give."

"Majestic, nervous, bold and strong,
 Let Angelo with Milton vie.
 Opposed to Waller's amorous song
 His art let wanton Titian try.
 Let great Romano's free design
 Contend with Dryden's pompous line :
 And chaste Correggio's graceful air,
 With Pope's unblemish'd page compare.
 Lorraine may rival Thomson's name,
 And Hogarth equal Butler's fame ;
 For still, where'er the aspiring muse
 Her wide unbounded flight pursues,
 Her sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
 And gives her favourite name to grace the rolls of time."

The attempt to prove the equi-potency of poetry

and painting, by bracketing the poets and painters in couplets, after the manner of Plutarch's parallels, was somewhat rash, even in a Pindarique, and is not very successfully executed. The painters have cause to complain of injustice. Surely, if a wide and permanent fame, approved by those whose kindred excellence makes their judgment the constituent of true fame, be a criterion of merit, on which those, who want the skill or opportunity to judge for themselves, may safely rely, there can be no fair comparison between Titian as a painter, and Waller as a poet. Titian did not paint epigrams. If a pictorial correlative must be found for Waller, let him pair off with Monsieur Petitot, the famous miniaturist in enamel, who compressed the charms of many a court beauty into the dimension of a bracelet, which the fair original might wear unobtrusively upon her slender wrist. But besides the egregious inequality of the mighty Venetian and the English courtier, Waller's real merit consisted in certain elegances of thought and light turns of phrase, for which the pencil offers no equivalent. "Chaste Correggio's graceful air" could never convey the strong thought and stiletto-like sarcasm of Pope, as Pope, on the other hand, neither conveyed images of chaste and simple beauty, nor suggested feelings analogous thereto. Hogarth has no other resemblance to Butler, than the ludicrous character of his subjects, and the power with which he instils serious meaning into mean and ridiculous images. But in the manner and spirit by which he effected this, he had more of Juvenal than of Butler. Michelangelo was certainly worthy to be paralleled with Milton. If he was inferior, the superiority was not in the men, but in their arts; and no one, who is not either a painter, a connoisseur, or a young poet, reciting an ode before

a "Society for the Encouragement of the Arts," would maintain that lines and colours can embody as many, or as noble, thoughts, as can be communicated by words. The world of the eye is a great, a beautiful, a glorious world ; but it is only one part of the world of mind.

There is great ingenuity, and some truth, in the following lines, which explain how painting compensates for the peculiar effects of music :—

"When just degrees of shade and light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptured sight
The silent music of the eye.
Bold, as the bases deeper sound,
We trace the well-imagined ground,
Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet, melodious, tenor find,
And, as the softening notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away ;
Their aid if mingling colours give,
To bid the mimic landscape live,
The visual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which music's hand supplies."

This, in plain English, means that the pleasure derived from music, like that derived from colouring, depends upon just and varied proportions. Some virtuosos have carried the matter much further, and that too in sober prose, assigning a colour to every note in the gamut. A sound analogy may be stretched till it cracks.

But it is high time to make an end of our notices of Roscoe's juvenile poetry. Poetry was never more to him than a relaxation ; a moral, a manly, and an elegant relaxation he made it ; but to have become a *great* poet, he must have made it a serious business, and devoted to its cultivation a larger portion of his

energies, if not of his time, than his vocation and duty allowed.

Soon after the expiration of his articles of clerkship, Mr. Roscoe became the partner of Mr. Aspinall, and commenced business as an attorney, a profession he never heartily liked, but which, in his hands, was the useful means of honourable competence. His disinclination to his calling never relaxed his attention to professional engagements; nor did the variety of his intellectual pursuits prevent his attaining considerable eminence in a line of practice which required not only regular industry, but much technical knowledge, and no small concentration of mind. Though he early formed a resolution to retire as soon as he had realised a sufficiency, he waited prudently till that period arrived, and it was not till 1796, in the forty-fourth year of his age, after the splendid success of his "*Lorenzo the Magnificent*" had spread his name over Europe, that he withdrew from the toils of the desk. In the latter part of his professional career, he was in partnership with Mr. Joshua Lane. His business must indeed have been both extensive and lucrative, to enable him to escape from its trammels so soon with a competent fortune, and unspotted reputation. It is greatly to the credit of Liverpool, that its merchants continued to employ and confide in a literary man of business, proving themselves superior to the vulgar prejudice that a man of any occupation must be ruining himself and all who are concerned with him, if his mind, heart, and soul are not absorbed in the working-day means of his livelihood; a prejudice which authors have contributed very much to cherish, not only by gross neglect of their positive duties, but by avowedly ascribing that neglect to their refined studies.

In the year 1781, Mr. Roscoe found his circum-

stances such as enabled him to marry the object of his affections, and he was united to Jane, second daughter of Mr. William Griffies, a respectable tradesman of his native town. From the terms in which Dr. Traill speaks of this union, we conjecture that it was the result of a long engagement, the consummation of which was deferred by prudence, a more usual companion of true love than either the worldly or the romantic conceive. The patience of a well-grounded attachment was rewarded with long domestic felicity. Seven sons and three daughters were the fruit of the marriage, and they have been sons and daughters to make a good father happy. All except one daughter survived their parent, and more than one of them is eminently distinguished in polite literature.

Neither business nor domestic cares abstracted him from the accumulation of knowledge and the cultivation of taste. We have already mentioned that he conceived, in very early life, an ambition, which ripened to purpose, of becoming the historian of the Medici. Besides the attractions of the name to every lover of the arts and of learning, there may have been something in the "Princely Merchant" peculiarly delightful to an inhabitant of Liverpool. It proved at least that commerce is not inconsistent with art or with philosophy; it inspired a hope that the wealth which successful traffic was storing up might one day be employed in filling the streets and squares with temples and palaces, in calling forth the genius of sculpture and painting, in aiding the researches of science, and collecting the treasures of learning; and perhaps no history speaks more in favour of true freedom than that of the Florentine family, who were more than monarchs, while they were content to be citizens, but became exiles, or

dependent tyrants, when they could no longer brook equality. Though many years elapsed before this great work of Roscoe's life was finished, many, perhaps, before a page was written as it now appears, yet the immense variety of laborious reading which the "Lorenzo" and the "Leo" display, evince that the purpose never slumbered, that in the brief vacations of a busy existence, he was indefatigably collecting materials which his more perfect leisure was to cast into form.

Yet was he not so devoted to his "opus magnum," but his pen was ever ready when occasion called for its use. His political pamphlets were numerous, and though there may be diversities of opinion respecting the wisdom of his views, there is none as to the urbanity and temperance with which he advanced them. Many of his productions of this kind were anonymous, but he never wrote what he wished to deny. In the year 1787, he appeared as the champion of justice in the great cause of the abolition of the slave-trade, to promote which he put forth two tracts: the first, entitled "Original View of the African Slave-trade, demonstrating its injustice and impolicy, with hints towards a bill for its abolition." The second was of a more controversial character. The Rev. Raymond Harris, a Roman Catholic clergyman, had published a pamphlet called "Scriptural Researches on the Licitness of the Slave-trade," containing, we presume, the same plausible arguments which are repeated in the same interest to this day, to the perfect satisfaction of slavery-loving consciences; arguments occasionally adorned with an imposing display of Greek and Hebrew type. (We have seen a passage of the Talmud, in the original language, quoted in a newspaper). It must be admitted that if slavery be a spirit never to be cast out but by a

text commanding him to come out by his Greek or Hebrew name, he may possess the body of society till it be dissolved at the general doom. If the slave-traders and slave-buyers are proof against the spirit, they may safely defy the letter. But yet they would do wisely to rely solely upon the negative, as the worthy ordinary of Newgate, in his last interview with Jonathan Wild, defended his preference of punch on the ground that nothing was said against it in Scripture. When they appeal to the Bible for a positive justification of slavery, they ought to inquire whether anything similar to modern colonial slavery existed when the Bible was written. Mere bond-service, or territorial vassalage, whether better or worse, was not the same thing. Now the preceptive part of Scripture is only so far prophetic, as all general truths necessarily provide for a number of unseen contingencies: the sacred penmen did not prohibit what those to whom their writings were primarily addressed did not, or could not, practise, but left the case to be determined by reason and analogy. To vindicate slavery on Christian grounds, it would be necessary to prove that it is a state in which a Christian, judging wisely of his own and his offspring's welfare, would gladly consent to be. We know not whether the Rev. Raymond Harris proved this; but his performance so well satisfied the then common council of Liverpool, that they voted him 200*l.* of the public money: and his reasonings were so convincing, that two Dissenting Protestant ministers followed on the same side. We believe that no minister of religion, Catholic, Orthodox, or Dissenter, would now hold up the Book of Revelation to the scorn of the infidel by representing it in as odious colours as the maddest infidel dare.

Mr. Roscoe stepped forward in defence of

Christianity, with an essay entitled "Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris, &c.," on the Christian principle that "all men are equal in the sight of God," and the great law of our Saviour, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He also in the same year published his "Wrongs of Africa," a poem in two parts, the profits of which were at the disposal of the committee then formed for promoting the abolition of the slave-trade.

About the same time he succeeded in forming a new society for the encouragement of art in Liverpool. To the "Liverpool Academy for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts," Mr. Roscoe delivered a series of lectures on the progress and vicissitudes of taste, which he appears once to have designed to publish, but which yet remain in manuscript.

During these years of his life, he was engaged in the formation of a library, in an excellent collection of etchings and engravings by and from the old masters, and in literary correspondence with many of the first contemporary artists, amateurs, and literati, particularly with Mr. Strutt, the author of the "Dictionary of Engravers." The letters of Strutt acknowledge the receipt of various important disquisitions on the history of engraving from Mr. Roscoe, which are supposed to be incorporated in the preliminary essays to his Dictionary.

Engravings and sketches were at all times a favourite object of Mr. Roscoe's pursuit. An engraving bears somewhat the same relation to a picture, that a play read does to a play acted. It does justice to the intellect of the artist, but not to the power, splendour, and magnificence of the art. No picture, the effect of which is wholly lost in a

good engraving, can afford a real intellectual gratification, or deserve to rank with the works of dignified art. It is a motionless *spectacle*, a painted melodrama, but neither tragedy, comedy, history, nor good broad farce. Engraving cannot, indeed, bewitch the eye with colour, but it can give the most delicate gradations, combinations, and interchanges of light and shade. The pleasure of colour is more in the sense than in the mind—the utmost skill in mere colouring only makes the painter a rival, if he be not rather a humble imitator of the velvet manufacturer. Engraving, too, partakes of the ubiquity and reproductive power of printing. It enables many, who can never visit the Vatican, to satisfy themselves that the fame of Raphael and of Buonarotti is not a vain sound; and it will bear testimony to their glories, if the works of their hands be doomed to perish like those of Apelles. Engraving, in fine, puts the enjoyment of art within the compass of moderate incomes, and fills up little room in a moderate mansion; therefore, it brings art within the range of popular sympathy.

Roscoe was a true lover of books and prints, and continually added to his store, as often as business called him to London. As his habits were temperate, simple, and unostentatious, his library and his collection were his main sources of expense. Yet he purchased for use, not for show or curiosity; he was superior to that petty pride of property, which values the mere possession of a thing which few beside possess. If he had a good thing that was a rarity, he perhaps preserved it the more tenderly, because its loss could be less easily repaired; but his good nature regretted that any good thing should be rare.

Latterly, he began to look out for original drawings of the great masters, which often unfold the artist's

mind more than the most finished productions. They may be compared to a great man's private minutes.

In 1788 he took part in the celebration of the centenary of the Revolution, and composed an ode, which was recited at the Liverpool meeting on that occasion. It was probably as good as Mason's, but these things may generally be forgotten as soon as they are forgotten, without any mighty loss to their author's reputation. A change of dynasty, at the distance of a century, is not old enough to be modified by the abstract imagination, and yet too long passed to create a real and passionate interest. It is neither an idea nor a reality, but the *caput mortuum* of a fact. Besides, King William was the most prosaic of liberators.

In 1789, after years of previous preparation, he began to compose and arrange his notices of Lorenzo de' Medici. We might almost wonder that he did not find or make time to visit Italy, and tread the ground on which his hero walked in life. But fortunately for him, his early friend, William Clarke, at that very time, had fixed his residence at Fiesole, in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, and supplied him with the information which his own engagements did not permit him to seek. Of the assistance derived from this old companion of his studies, he speaks thus:—

“An intimate friend, with whom I had been for many years united in studies and affection, had paid a visit to Italy, and fixed his winter residence at Florence. I well knew that I had only to request his assistance, in order to obtain whatever information he had an opportunity of procuring, upon the very spot which was to be the scene of my intended history. My inquiries were particularly directed to the Laurentian and Ricardi libraries, which I was convinced would afford much original and important information. It would be unjust merely to say that

my friend afforded me the assistance I required : he went far beyond even the hopes I had formed,—and his return to his native country was, if possible, rendered still more grateful to me, by the materials which he had collected for my use."

The friendly researches of Mr. Clarke discovered many poetical pieces of Lorenzo de' Medici, which were either supposed to be lost, or not known to have existed. From these Mr. Roscoe has given copious extracts in the body of his work, and several appear in his appendix that had never been printed in their native land. And he conferred a benefit on all merchants, all politicians, and all poets by so doing. For they prove, that neither commerce nor politics destroy the vigour of imagination, or make callous the poetic sensibilities; and prove, too, that the imagination may be exercised and beautified, the finest susceptibilities may be kept alive, without impairing the practical judgment and executive powers,—without unfitting a man for the world. In the faculties which the great Creator has bestowed upon his creatures, there is no envy, no grudging, no monopoly; one pines not because another flourishes: if any be emaciated, it is not because another is fed, but because itself is starved. Shakspeare himself displayed the abilities of a ruler. Was he not a manager? and in that capacity had he not jarring interests to reconcile, factions to pacify or subdue, finances to arrange, and a capricious public to satisfy? His worldly avocations were as little poetical as those of any man on 'Change.

The French Revolution broke out in 1789. The downfall of the Bastille, "with all its horrid towers," echoed throughout Europe, and one voice of gratulation was heard above all the bodings of the fearful, the grumblings of the dull, the coward outcries of

the selfish, and the sighs of the better few, that, while they abhorred oppression, and coveted not privilege, yet knew in their hearts "that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." It could not be but that Roscoe, loving liberty as he loved the human race, with a soul cheerful as daylight, and hopeful as spring, should join the joyful chorus. To see a monarch, descended from a long line of sensual despots, co-operate with a nation, long idolatrous of despotism, in realising a perfect freedom upon earth—a freedom embodied in laws and institutions, which should be the limbs, organs, and senses of the moral will—whose vital heat was universal love, was too great, too glorious, too new a spectacle to give him time for doubt or question. The black and portentous shadow which the past ever throws on the future, fell beyond his sphere of vision. Whatever of pain or violence attended the nativity of the deliverance, pain, which he deserved to suffer who would not gladly suffer for such a cause, and violence most justifiable, if vengeance ever could be justifiable, seemed no more than the constant law of nature, which sets a price on every good, as the birth pangs of happiness, or the dying struggles of tyranny.

"Oh ! Times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !
When Reason seem'd the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name !
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of ? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !

Those who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
 The playfellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there
 As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it ;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
 Had watch'd all gentle motions, and to those
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild
 And in the regions of their peaceful selves ;—
 Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
 Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish ;
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia—subterraneous fields—
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !
 But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us,—the place where in the end
 We find our happiness, or not at all !"—WORDSWORTH.

So a great spirit describes his own emotions at the first heavings of that great convulsion, the gladness of his own young hopes—hopes which he was not quick to relinquish, when many years of bloodshed had passed over them. Roscoe never disowned his at all ; but acknowledging that there was, from the beginning, an evil element in the revolution, continued to ascribe the temporary predominance of that evil to the hostility which the established powers of Europe had shown to the good. Time, doubtless, abated much of the greatness of his expectations, and though he lived to hear of the three days of 1830, he would hardly, had his pulse been as strong, and his heart as light, at the one period as the other, have sung a strain so blithe as his

"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France ;"
 or his

"Unfold, father Time, thy long records unfold,"

which were produced in 1789, and recited at a meeting assembled to celebrate the emancipation of France. But the stream of his hopes, though it flowed with a weaker current, never changed its direction. It was to renovation and progression, not to restoration or immobility, that he looked for the increase of human happiness. At the same time, there is no evidence that at any time he adopted levelling opinions, or wished to release mankind from any portion of the moral law acknowledged for ages. It is needless to say, that he was clear of all participation, in wish or will, with the massacres and executions of the Jacobins, and with the ambitious wars of their successors. If he erred, he erred in judgment, not in heart, and chiefly erred in attributing too much of the French atrocities to foreign interference, and too little to the national irreligion, which grew and was growing, long before the revolution, and which made the revolution what it was instead of what it ought to have been. Ill can he determine the rights of man, who denies the immortality of man, from which all rights, as well as duties, flow. He that would make earth likest Paradise must make it a mirror reflecting Heaven.* Perhaps Roscoe erred also in thinking peace practicable after it had ceased to be so. But we must return to our narrative.

In the first years of the revolution, and long after,

* It is absurd to speak of irreligion as an *immediate* effect of political changes. No man who ever truly believed in his Maker and Redeemer, would cease to believe, though throne and altar were to perish together. A revolution which destroys the means of religious education, will ultimately produce irreligion, but this must be a work of time. And surely the Church, if it fall, must fall for want of Religion, not Religion for want of the Church.

Mr. Roscoe held much epistolary correspondence with the late Marquis of Lansdowne, and other Whig leaders, on the subject of parliamentary reform, a cause he had much at heart. It is said that this correspondence proves that it was no "bit by bit" reform that the noble Whigs of those days advocated.

But the times were growing unfavourable to reforms of all sorts. French affairs took a murderous aspect. Alarm spread far and wide. The court, the Church, the great body of the aristocracy, the elder and sager portion of the middle orders, the rustic population in general, and in many places the town populace, combined against the new opinions, which, like most opinions tending to change, were very miscellaneously supported by the noblest and the basest minds; by those who deemed too highly of the dignity of human nature, and by those who quarrelled with every thing that distinguishes man from beast, by those who could not think, and by those who could do nothing but think; by the most imaginative poets and the most absolute prosemen; by the most ascetic and the most sensual; by souls whose faith was the most spiritual, and by creatures whose materialism was most atheistic. It is true, there was no agreement of doctrine among this motley tribe, nor did they coalesce, or attempt to coalesce, for any definite purpose: but they did agree in one thing, that the social system was not as good as it might be, and for this they were indiscriminately subjected to the ban of the Church and State, and of the loyal and orthodox in all orders. And as the heathen slandered the Catholic Church with all the insanities and abominations of all the heretics that usurped the Christian name; so, under the common name Jacobin, every supposed favourer of French freedom was charged with every dogma that any Jacobin could hold. The *sans culottes*

were reproached with metaphysics, and the metaphysicians with having no breeches. The abolition of the slave-trade was coupled with the equal division of property; and men were accused of craving for wholesale butchery, who condemned all homicide, even in self-defence.

Though there is reason to think that the really ill-disposed Jacobins, who hoped or wished for an English revolution, were not at that time numerous, and that those who took any measures to promote it were fewer still, yet they were quite noisy, boastful, profligate, and ferocious enough to strike a panic into the well-meaning, and induce the better sort to approve of strong measures, to which in cooler times they would have been opposed. Their fears, though not their affections, confounded the philosophers and the blackguards; the reformers, who wished to remove the causes of revolution, and the anarchists, who loved destruction for its own sake. They did not, perhaps, account them equally bad, but they felt them equally dreadful. Every arrival from France brought intelligence of new horrors. The daring energy of Pitt, and the eloquent denunciations of Burke, gathered the friends of social order together under their banners, and there was nothing which the English nation would not have surrendered, had the statesmen been as wicked as their enemies have represented them. Never, since Charles the Second, had England been in such danger of enslaving itself by excess of loyalty.

The friends of liberty among the educated orders thought it right to counteract this excess, by a free declaration of their opinions. Accordingly, in 1792, when the town of Liverpool prepared an address of thanks for Mr. Pitt's proclamation against sedition, Mr. Roscoe and his friends succeeded in carrying a

counter-petition. The mob rose the next day, broke into the place where it lay for signature, and tore it to pieces ! Verily, John Bull is much changed in the course of forty years, whether for the worse or the better. It does not appear that Mr. Roscoe was in danger of personal violence, or that Liverpool imitated the outrages of Birmingham. But Roscoe was a townsman, and a layman ; Priestley, a stranger, and a dissenting minister. Now the English mob, when they assault any party or community, always select the clergy of that party for peculiar ill-usage. There is nothing political or religious in this ; it is a mere antipathy, like that of a turkey-cock to scarlet—aggravated, it must be allowed, by ballads and caricatures. The moment a man, however poor or ignorant, begins to be of any religion, he ceases to be one of the mob.

Mob passions are not absolutely confined to the living aggregations in the streets. Party spirit ran so high in Liverpool at this time, that a small literary society, of which Mr. Roscoe, Dr. Currie, Mr. Shepherd, and others were members, found it necessary to dissolve, lest the purpose of their meeting should be misrepresented to the government.

When the Anti-Jacobin war broke out, its commencement was followed by numerous bankruptcies, and commercial distress. Mr. Roscoe, wishing to deduce good from evil, attempted, by investigating the causes and magnifying the evils of this distress, to dispose the nation, especially the monied part of it, without whose assistance the war could not be carried on, to more pacific counsels. With this intent, he published, in 1793, an anonymous pamphlet, entitled, "Thoughts on the Causes of the present Failures." It is short (the fourth edition, which we have before us, contains thirty pages), written with much

perspicuity and amenity, but rather less vigour and earnestness than might have been expected from the author on such a topic. In truth, it is throughout an *argumentum ad hominem*, or, which in England is the same thing, *ad crumenam*, designed to demonstrate the commercial impolicy of a contest which the author reprobated on far higher grounds. With this view, he enters upon an explanation of the system of paper credit, accommodation, and bills of exchange, which he deems essential to the commercial life of England, —and shows how that credit is necessarily affected by war, whereby the fictitious, or more properly ideal, capital perished along with the confidence which it really represented. Of the justice or injustice of the war he says not a word. He only hints at the absurdity of stopping the circulation of the body politic, on account of the shutting of the Scheldt, which he must have known was not the real cause of the war. Throughout he preserves the utmost *sang-froid*. Not an angry, hardly a pathetic, expression escapes him. He alludes to the slave-trade, but instead of inveighing against its wickedness, simply mentions that “the trade to Africa has been carried on for a few years past, with an avidity naturally arising in the minds of mercantile men, from the apprehensions that it would not long be permitted to continue ;” and states a fact, of which we certainly were previously ignorant, that the bills of exchange with which the planters paid for the slaves, were drawn at a longer date than most others, sometimes payable at the end of three years. The reason is, however, sufficiently obvious: slave labour must take so long to be converted into money. But what is more remarkable, is the evidence that Roscoe would have signed a petition for peace, even if it had emanated from the slaveholders. One of the ablest and most interesting passages is that in which,

having pronounced that "war is the cause of our calamities, and peace is the only cure," and glanced at the little we had done for the cause in which we were embarked at so much loss and hazard, he points out the needlessness of the conflict, and the circumstances which rendered it peculiarly ruinous.

"Let us, however, forget what is past, and regard with a steady eye our present situation. Driven within the limits of their own country, and probably on the brink of a civil war, the French are no longer formidable, and the object for which Great Britain engaged in the war is now accomplished. To proceed further would be to defeat the end which the minister professed to have in view, and to destroy, not to preserve, the balance of power in Europe.

"It is not difficult to foresee an objection on the part of those who are reluctant to acknowledge the truths here attempted to be enforced. If our misfortunes, say they, are occasioned by the war, whence comes it that the same events have not taken place under the same circumstances on former occasions? The short answer to this is a denial of the truth of the proposition contained in the question. Have we so soon forgotten the disasters occasioned by our contest with America? The depreciation of landed property, the fall of the public funds, and the innumerable inconveniences attendant on the destruction of credit? The evils which this country then experienced, and those which we now so intensely feel, are similar in their nature, and different only in degree; our present sufferings being augmented by many causes, some of them perhaps imaginary, but not on that account less aggravating. The enormous extent of our commerce, whilst it increased the probability of the explosion, rendered the consequences of it, when it once took place, more general. Again,

it was presumed that the war was not, as on former occasions, to be carried on in distant parts of the globe, for ascertaining the boundaries of a desert, or determining the right to a barren island : * but was supposed to be commenced by an enraged and powerful enemy, and to be waged at our own doors, for the purpose of depriving us of whatever we held dear and sacred. Even at the first onset, we were witness to a vigorous attack on the territories of an ally, with whom we stand closely connected in our commercial transactions. In addition to these considerations, no artifices were spared by the advocates for a war, to impress on the minds of their countrymen at large, an idea that many of their countrymen—men of rank, of talents, and of influence—were attached to the cause of our adversaries. Insurrections were alluded to that never had existence, and plots were denounced that finished where they began, in the fertile brain of the informer. Such are the peculiarities that distinguish this war from those in which Britain had before been engaged, and it would be

* The allusion here is to the renewal of war in 1756, on account of the boundary lines of Canada and Nova-Scotia, and to the dispute of the Falkland Islands, in 1770, which, however, passed over without fighting. Petty reasons enough for war, if they had been the real reasons, or if war could have been averted by surrendering the points in dispute. But the fact is, that neither Nova-Scotia, nor the Falkland Islands, nor the Scheldt (though that river seems destined to gain as warlike a name as Rubicon), nor Malta, were the real causes or objects of war. Commercial supremacy and continental influence were the white elephants for which we shed our blood and treasure. Philosophically examined, the disputes of mankind will generally be found to be less silly, and more wicked, than is generally supposed. When Young called Satan a dunce, he was a dunce himself.

astonishing, indeed, if exertions so industriously made, and so pointedly calculated to destroy all confidence amongst us, political, moral, and commercial, should totally have failed of effect."

On the whole, it is doubtful whether this well-meant pamphlet was, or was not calculated to be very effective. Men—many men at least—are easily seduced through their purses; but it is not through their purses that they are soonest tamed. It is the advice of Machiavelli, never to make war on a nation in the hope of exhausting its finances. In like manner, never expect that commercial losses, or the dread of poverty, will induce a nation to submit to peace. It may be, that many persons—it may be that Mr. Roscoe himself—looked with secret satisfaction at the increasing list of bankrupts in those disastrous years; that they shook their heads incredulously when they were told that markets were *looking up*; and watched the fall of the funds as wistfully as a farmer, whose crops are perishing of drought, would observe the fall of the mercury. Not that they did not love their country, but because they hoped that failures and losses would starve out the military fever, and stop a contest, for the success whereof they could not conscientiously pray. But whatever vices wealth may bring, it is not by poverty, or the apprehension of poverty, that they are to be cured. As well might you expect to cure a populace of drinking by lowering their wages. Children may steal or famish, wife turn beggar or prostitute, pot and pan, saw and hammer, go to the pawnbroker's: as long as a penny can be raised, the drunkard will have his drop; nor will his own hunger and nakedness, his bleared eye and palsied hand, nor his shame and remorse work his reformation.

War is the drunkenness of states, and when once

they are debauched with its poison, they will have it, let it cost what it may. Credit may perish, specie fly the country or hide its head, rent and tithe become, like Demogorgon, a horrible name without a substance, the manufacturers be as idle as their rusting machinery, yet noisy as it was when in full employment, the bankrupt merchant vainly seek a book-keeper's place, the labourers roam about in grim hungry bands, demanding charity with curses, the paupers breed a pestilence, and die of their own multitude (but they are very hard to kill,) and the middle order disappear, or be represented by a few tottering old bachelors, a few angular-visaged spinsters,

"In thread-bare finery, fifty fashions old,"

and an indefinite number of news-writers, pamphleteers, and victory-puffers, who write *gentleman* after their names, because the law has never recognised their occupation. Nobility itself may begin to find that all is not as it used to be. Still, the sinews of war will be found so long as a tax or a loan can be wrenched from the people. Every little victory renews the national vanity, and every discomfiture revives the national resentment.* The losing gamester plays on to retrieve his loss.

Mr. Roscoe probably did not foresee (or rather it

* This we believe is hardly an exaggerated statement of the condition of France in the latter years of the succession war. If we refer to elder times, it is a very faint picture of the state of Scotland in the reign of David the Second, or of France during the wars of the Edwards and Henrys. Nor was England, though free from a foreign invader, free from sufferings that severely punished her persevering injustice. Yet the statesmen who put a stop to these horrors, were then held up to popular hatred as traitors.

was not to his purpose to foresee) that the very paper credit which he esteemed as the locomotive faculty of trade, would increase many-fold during the war which appeared to destroy it; would become the main support of that war, and, in the opinion of many, its greatest evil.

The following reflections furnish matter for thought at the present æra:—

“To enter into an enquiry at the present day, into the advantages or disadvantages which any country derives from an extensive foreign trade, would be to no purpose. Probably in the result of such a question it might appear, that there is a certain limit, beyond which commerce ceases to be lucrative, and increases the risque without increasing the profit. But a train of events, of which it would be useless to point out the causes, have brought us into a situation in which that commerce, whether abstractedly desirable or not, is become indispensable to us. Those who condemn the enterprising spirit of our merchants, the immense extent of credit, and the consequent circulation of paper, would do well to consider, that a sum not less than £17,000,000 is, even during the continuance of peace, annually to be raised in this country for what are called the exigencies of the state; a sum not raised without some difficulty, even during the most flourishing periods of our commerce. However desirous we may be to tread back our steps from the dangerous eminence to which we have unawares attained, and to regain once more the safer track that winds through the forsaken valley, we find ourselves surrounded on every side by precipices that forbid our retreat. The diminution of our commerce will occasion a diminution in the revenue, which must be supplied from other sources, and it is not difficult to foresee what

those sources are. Hence, perhaps, it is eventually not less the interest of the landed than of the trading part of the community, to support a system which, however introduced, is not only become essential to our prosperity, but to our existence ; and heartily to concur in the common cause ; if not till we conquer the difficulties that surround us, at least till we can effect a safe and honourable retreat.

“It is not uncommon to find those who have been the loudest in extolling the riches, security, and happiness of the nation, attempting to console themselves under the pressure of misfortunes which they cannot but feel, by attributing the present calamity to the improper extension of paper credit : according to their idea, the present is only the subsiding of a tumour which had already increased beyond all bounds, by which the body politic was soon to be restored to a better state of health. But may we be permitted to ask these political optimists, what then was the origin and support of that unexampled series of prosperity which it seems this nation has of late years enjoyed ? Without the assistance of paper credit, can it be pretended that the manufactures of Great Britain could have been circulated to foreign parts, or the produce of foreign countries have been imported into Great Britain, even to one-fifth of the extent that has actually taken place ? Or would the minister have been enabled to exult monthly and weekly over the amount of his revenue ? Either this felicity was visionary and ideal, or, being real and substantial, has been incautiously undermined and overthrown.”

In another part of the pamphlet, Mr. Roscoe is rather severe upon the Bank of England, for contracting their discounts, when it would have been so much more public-spirited to have extended them,

and instead of "shewing the example of confidence," "leading the way of pusillanimity." We have heard and read the same complaint over and over again, but on its justice we are not moneyed enough ourselves to decide. Public bodies hold a trust which hardly permits them to be generous, if by generosity be meant a sacrifice of their corporate interest for the benefit of others; and if generosity do not mean this, it is a word without meaning, or at best, only a kind of speculative self-interest. If chartered companies aggrandise themselves at the expense of the community, or withhold from the state assistance which it may justly claim, the national government, not the company's directors, are to blame. Still, even upon self-interested principles, there can be no worse policy than over-caution.

Though the style of this pamphlet is easy, unaffected, and purely English, and the matter in the main sensible, it is only in a very few passages that we discover an indication of the powers which two years afterwards appeared in the "*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*." This delightful work was published in the winter of 1795, printed by John M'Creery of Liverpool, and met with a reception that amply rewarded the author for his long, but pleasant labour. It was almost immediately translated into the principal European languages: it was hailed with delight by the Italians, compliments showered in from all quarters, and Mr. Roscoe was installed among classical historians.

Perhaps the most valuable, certainly the most pleasing, part of the book, is the information it affords on the revival of ancient, and the growth of modern Italian literature, together with the origin and progress of Italian art. We scarcely remember a work in which, with so few excrescences, there is so

much incidental and collateral knowledge displayed,—so many little facts, so many traits of manners, so much that is not to be found elsewhere, which you would not expect to find there, where, notwithstanding, it is strictly relevant, and in its place. The singular characters, wonderful industry, and everlasting quarrels of the early scholars, who, if their mutual reports of each other are to be trusted, must have been the vilest set of miscreants that ever existed, compose a pleasant underplot; and the well-blended virtues and talents of Lorenzo himself, always great and always amiable, whether in public or in private, constitute a green spot in the waste of history, which certainly has every advantage of contrast with the dark mazes of Italian policy he was compelled to thrid. Roscoe has been accused of flattering his hero; but if the portrait be not altogether ideal, never since our English Alfred has any state been guided by a man so good and so all-accomplished. But alas! the transactions of Florence, even during his life, and yet more the calamities which followed his decease, do but confirm the lesson which the Antonines had taught before, how insufficient are the excellences of an individual, though vested with sovereign power, to remedy the radical evils of a bad constitution.

The fame and profit derived from this publication finally determined Mr. Roscoe to relinquish his business as a solicitor. At one time, he had thoughts of being called to the bar, and actually entered himself of Gray's Inn. But in this intention he did not persevere. He had already formed the design of continuing the history of the Medici through the pontificate of Leo X.; and having now acquired what to his moderate desires and elegant habits was an easy fortune, he hoped to divide his time between studious

retirement, congenial society, and the promotion of such public objects as he deemed most worthy and desirable.

In 1796, he produced a pamphlet with a title which to some may seem portentous, if not profane, —“ *Exposure of the Fallacies of Mr. Burke.*”

In 1797, in a visit to London of some continuance, he made the acquaintance and acquired the friendship of Mr. Fox, Mr., now Lord Grey, and several other persons of note in politics and literature, among whom was Dr. Moore, author of “*Zeluco*,” whose familiarity with Italian manners, so vividly painted in his “*Sketches of Manners*,” must have made his society both pleasant and profitable to our author. In the same year Mr. Roscoe translated the “*Balia*” of Tansillo, a sportive poem of that sort which peculiarly suits the genius of the Italian language, though it has of late been transplanted, and has flourished in our “bleak Septentrion blasts.” Still, English humour is not Italian humour; and English playfulness, if not tightly reined in, is very apt to degenerate into *horse-play*. We have not seen either the original of Tansillo, nor Mr. Roscoe’s version; but we are sure that Roscoe would never forget the gentleman in his mirth, or translate what had better never have been written.

The year 1798 saw the institution of the Liverpool Athenæum, first projected by Dr. Rutter, but to the establishment of which Mr. Roscoe mainly contributed, and continued, to the end of his life, to take a warm interest in its welfare.

Finding his time at Liverpool too much interrupted by visits and invitations, he resolved to retire into the country, thinking a rural retreat favourable to his mental and bodily health, and to the gratification of that love of nature, and passion for agricultural

pursuits, which began in his boyhood. With this view, he purchased half the estate of Allerton, from the trustees of Mrs. Hardman, and became, in the best sense of the word, a country gentleman. His pleasant anticipations from this change are happily expressed in a comic letter to Fuseli the painter. It is much to be regretted that he was ever induced to depart from this rational scheme of happiness and usefulness, and to launch into the world again. But yet the alteration of his course redounded to his honour; for it arose neither from restlessness, infirmity of purpose, avarice, nor ambition, but was a sacrifice of his own leisure and wishes, for the benefit of his friends.

About 1800, a period of general calamity and threatened famine, the affairs of Messrs. J. and W. Clarke, bankers, fell into considerable disorder. Mr. Roscoe was requested to lend his professional aid to their arrangement, and in conducting this business he was brought in contact with Sir Benjamin Hammet, banker, of London, a man who knew the power of money, and whose uneasy assumption of dignity, under the honours of knighthood, was the theme of much small wit. Sir Benjamin was so much struck with Mr. Roscoe's adroitness in unravelling the perplexed accounts of the embarrassed concern, that he insisted on that gentleman's becoming a partner of the bank, and threatened to make it bankrupt in case of refusal. Perhaps Sir Benjamin had an eye to Mr. Roscoe's property, as well as to his skill, but at all events, as he held acceptances to the amount of £200,000, he was able to put his threat in execution, and Mr. Roscoe reluctantly consented to avert it, having previously satisfied himself of Messrs. Clarke's ability to meet all demands, if proper time were given. Thenceforth he devoted the hours of business to attendance at the

bank, and the hours of relaxation to the studies necessary to perfect his "Leo."

In 1802, he succeeded in establishing a Botanic Garden at Liverpool, which, under the superintendence of its able curator, Mr. John Shepherd, has prospered exceedingly, to the great advantage of botanical science.

His interest in politics never slumbered. In the same year, 1802, he put forth a pamphlet "*On the Relative Situation of France and England.*" His earnest endeavours for peace exposed him for many years of his life to considerable obloquy, and made some good men, who loved and esteemed him, esteem his judgment the less. He certainly, like Cicero, was disposed to think the worst peace better than the best war; and knowing that the government could not long carry on the war if the people firmly demanded peace, and that the people were stimulated to battle chiefly by their indignation against the atrocities, and by their alarm at the ambition, of the enemy, he naturally sought to soften the national animosity, by palliating the conduct of the French, and representing the danger of the conflict as greater than the danger of a compromise. Perhaps he did not sufficiently observe how completely the war changed its character and object in its progress; but continued to contemplate it as an interference with the right of the French to constitute their own government, long after all thought of such interference had been abandoned.

The year 1805 brought forth the "*Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*" in four volumes quarto. This Roscoe esteemed his great work, but it was by no means so favourably received in England as its predecessor. The partiality which had found a ready sympathy when directed to the Florentine merchant, was harshly censured when it devolved on the more

questionable character of his son ; and it was argued, that no patronage of art, or liberality to genius, should have been allowed to expiate the many offences of the dissolute free-thinking Pope, whose sale of indulgences roused the wrath of Luther. Yet harder measure was dealt to Roscoe's alleged palliation of the crimes of Alexander VI. and his family, nor was he supposed to have done justice to the virtues of Luther. It is impossible to examine these objections in this place, but as far as regards Pope Alexander and his daughter,* we may observe, that there is a considerable difference between palliating crimes, and doubting whether they had ever been committed ; that to believe in monstrous wickedness, on insufficient evidence, indicates anything but a healthy moral sense ; and that Roscoe had probably consulted more authorities, and weighed them more carefully,

* Lucretia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI. and Vanozza, sister to Cæsar Borgia. The charges against this lady are comprised in the following *epitaph*, written by an author whom she survived twenty years, which we shall give without translation :

Hic jacet in tumulo Lucretia nomine, sed re
Thais. Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus.

PONTANUS.

Sannazarius also thus addresses her :

Ergo te semper cupiet, Lucretia, Sextus.

O Fatum diri numinis, hic pater est !

a conceit, which hinging on an equivoque between Sextus Tarquinius and Alexander Sextus, i.e. the Sixth, is impossible as it is unworthy to be translated.

Mr. Roscoe, in a dissertation subjoined to the first volume of his "Leo," has elaborately, and in our opinion convincingly, exposed the no-evidence on which accusations so abhorrent have been repeated from age to age. Like all men of good hearts and innocent lives, he was averse to admit the existence of monstrous depravity in any, most of all in woman.

than any of his reviewers. As for Luther, he was not a man after Roscoe's own heart: there was little sympathy between them. Luther, though above his time, was still a man of his time, and it was not, even in the sunny realms of art and poesy, an age of soft speaking. Roscoe would have made as bad a reformer as Erasmus. These objections fell not unawares on our author. He had both anticipated and provided against them in his preface. His occasional deviations from received opinions of persons and things, he defends with spirit, eloquence, and a just sense of an historian's duty.

“With respect to the execution of the following work, I cannot but be well aware, that many circumstances and characters will be found represented in a light somewhat different from that in which they have generally been viewed, and that I may probably be accused of having suffered myself to be induced by the force of prejudice, or the affectation of novelty, to remove what have hitherto been considered as the land-marks of history. To imputations of this kind I feel the most perfect indifference. Truth alone has been my guide, and whenever she has steadily diffused her light, I have endeavoured to delineate the objects in their real form and colour. History is the record of the experience of mankind in their most important concerns. If it be impossible for human sagacity to estimate the consequences of a falsehood in private life, it is equally impossible to estimate the consequences of false or partial representation of the events of former times. The conduct of the present is regulated by the experience of the past.

* * * * *

If those in high authority be better informed than others, it is from this source that their information must be drawn; and to pollute it is, therefore, to

poison the only channel through which we can derive that knowledge, which, if it can be obtained pure and unadulterated, cannot fail in time to purify the intellect, expand the powers, and improve the condition of the human race.

“As in speaking of the natural world, there are some persons who are disposed to attribute its creation to chance, so, in speaking of the moral world, there are some who are inclined to refer the events and fluctuations in human affairs to accident, and are satisfied with accounting for them from the common course of things, or the spirit of the times. But as *chance* and *accident*, if they have any meaning whatever, can only mean the operation of causes not hitherto fully investigated, or distinctly understood, so *the spirit of the times* is only another phrase for causes and circumstances which have not hitherto been sufficiently explained. It is the province of the historian to trace and to discover these causes; and it is only in proportion as he accomplishes this object, that his labours are of any utility. An assent to the former opinion may indeed gratify our indolence, but it is only from the latter method that we can expect to acquire true knowledge, or to be able to apply to future conduct the information derived from past events.”

Some of the attacks of the censors were of a truly *nibbling* character. Yet these also he had foreseen, and hoped to crush them in the egg. He was found fault with for spelling Italian names as they were spelt in Italy, not as they had come to England in a Frenchified or Latinised form. This he ably justifies,

“The practice which I have heretofore adopted, of designating the scholars of Italy by their national appellations, has given rise to some animadversions, in answer to which I must beg to remark, that who-

ever is conversant with history must frequently have observed the difficulties which arise from the wanton alterations in the names both of persons and of places, by authors of different countries, and particularly by the French, who, without scruple, accommodate everything to the genius of their own language. Hence the names of all the eminent men of Greece, of Rome, or of Italy, are melted down, and appear again in such a form as in all probability would not have been recognised by their proper owners; Dionysius is *Denys*; Titus Livius, *Tite Live*;* Horatius, *Horace*; Petrarca, *Petrarque*, and Pico of Mirandola, *Pic de Mirandole*. As the literature which this country derived from Italy was first obtained through the medium of the French, our early authors followed them in this respect, and thereby sanctioned those innovations which the nature of our language did not require. It is still more to be regretted that we are not uniform even in our abuse. The name of *Horace* is familiar to the English reader, but if he were told of the *three Horaces*, he would probably be at a loss to discover the persons meant, the authors of our country having generally given them the appellation of the *Horatii*. In the instance of such names as were familiar to our early literature, we adopt from the French the abbreviated appellation; but in latter times we usually employ proper national distinctions, and instead of *Arioste*, or *Metastase*, we write, without hesitation, *Ariosto*, *Metastasio*. This inconsistency.

* The English have used poor Titus Livius shamefully. Not content with taking away his *good name*, and giving him a very indifferent one (*Livy*) in its stead, they have suffered an impudent pretender to usurp his just titles. Thus while the ancient Patavinian is shrunk to *Livy*, a modern Italian who recorded in Latin the wars of Henry V., always figures, in a reference or quotation, as *Titus Livius*.

is more sensibly felt, when the abbreviated appellation of one scholar is contrasted with the national distinction of another, as when a letter is addressed by *Petrarch* to *Colluccio Salutati*, or by *Politian* to *Hermolao Barbaro*, or *Baccio Ugolini*. For the sake of uniformity it is surely desirable that every writer should conform as much as possible to some general rule, which can only be found by a reference of every proper name to the standard of its proper country. This method would not only avoid the incongruities before-mentioned, but would be productive of positive advantages, as it would in general point out the nation of the person spoken of, without the necessity of further indication. Thus in mentioning one of the monarchs of France, who makes a conspicuous figure in the ensuing pages, I have not denominated him *Lodovico XII.* with the Italians, nor *Lewis XII.* with the English, but *Louis XII.*, the name which he himself recognised. And thus I have also restored to a celebrated Scottish General, in the service of the same monarch, his proper title of d'Aubigny, instead of that of Obigny, usually given him by the historians of Italy."

It seems hard that a man should have to apologise for doing right, especially where the right is so obvious as in this case. It is surely an advantage in the English language, that it can give the natives of every country their right names, without violating its own idiom; an advantage which should not be given up in compliment to our French neighbours. The only exception to Mr. Roscoe's rules is in the case of scholars like *Erasmus*, *Secundus*, &c., who are only known to the world through the medium of their Latin compositions, or such as *Melancthon* and *Oecolampadius*, who have, of their own free choice, exchanged or hellenised their patrimonial designations.

With respect to the Italian names, euphony no less than propriety demands that they be restored to their natural proportions.

Another rather more plausible topic of animadversion, was the frequency of poetic quotations in the pages of a history. When quotations are introduced merely for their own sake, at some slight suggestion, or, as one might say, *apropos*, they are impertinent enough, but passages of contemporary writers, which either throw light upon facts, or indicate the feelings with which those facts were regarded, are never irrelevant, but tend especially to confirm and realise narrative. Let our author once more speak for himself.*

"There is one peculiarity in the following work, which it is probable may be considered as a radical defect; I allude to the frequent introduction of quotations and passages from the poets of the times, occasionally interspersed through the narrative, or inserted in the notes. To some it may appear that the seriousness of history is thus impertinently broken in upon, whilst others may suppose, that not only its gravity, but its authenticity is impeached by these citations, and may be inclined to consider this work as one of those productions in which truth and fiction are blended together, for the purpose of amusing and misleading the reader. To such imputations I plead not guilty. That I have at times introduced quotations from the works of the poets, in proof of historical facts, I confess; nor when they proceed from contemporary authority, do I perceive that their being in verse invalidates their credit. In this light, I have frequently cited the *Decennale* of Machiavelli, and the *Vergier d'Honneur* of Audri de la Vigne, which

* And for *us* too, for we are aware that our own pages are very full of inverted commas.

are, in fact, little more than versified annals of the events of the times; but in general, I have not adduced such extracts as evidences of facts, but for a purpose wholly different. To those who are pleased in tracing the emotions and passions of the human mind in all ages, nothing can be more gratifying than to be informed of the mode of thinking of the public at large, at interesting periods and in important situations. Whilst war and desolation stalk over a country, or whilst a nation is struggling for its liberties or its existence, the opinions of men of genius, ability, and learning, who have been agitated with all the hopes and fears to which such events have given rise, and have frequently acted a personal and important part in them, are the best and most instructive comment. By such means, we seem to become contemporaries with those whose history we peruse, and to acquire an intimate knowledge, not only of the facts themselves, but of the judgment formed upon such facts by those who were most deeply interested in them. Nor is it a slight advantage in a work which professes to treat on the literature of the times, that the public events, and the works of the eminent scholars and writers of that period, thus become a natural comment, and serve on many occasions to explain and to illustrate each other."

But it is quite impossible that in a work so extensive as the "*Leo*," written by a man whose hours of study were those which other men consider their hours of justifiable idleness, dependent in some measure upon contingencies for the books which he required, and a stranger to the country whose history he was writing, should not contain some errors more serious than poetical quotations or innovations in orthography. The mistakes which Mr. Roscoe's English reviewers had not learning enough to detect, exposed him to

the keen revisal of Sismondi, who not sympathising with his admiration of the Medici family, and possessing an unlimited command of books and languages, animadverted on some parts of Mr. Roscoe's writings with an asperity which gave him more concern than any of the ignorant criticisms which emanated from English prejudice. To these animadversions he replied in his "*Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*" It is pleasant to record that this literary controversy did not prevent a friendly intercourse between Roscoe and Sismondi, when the latter visited England.

The next important event in Roscoe's life was his election into the short Parliament, which abolished the slave-trade. As he partook the blessing of this great act of justice, it was no great hardship for him to participate in the unpopularity which national disappointment threw upon the short-lived ministry, which first adulation and afterwards irony denominated "All the Talents." But it is woeful to think that the best act of that ministry was the most unpopular, and that the influence of the slave-traders at the gin-shops prevented Mr. Roscoe's re-election in 1807. After the dissolution of Parliament he returned to his constituents, and a number of well-affected gentlemen went out to meet and to conduct him into the town which he had faithfully represented. But an infuriated multitude opposed the entrance of his cortège, in Castle-street, and he found it necessary to withdraw from the contest, which was carried on against him by personal violence. Should we not be thankful to Heaven, that in little more than twenty years, so great an improvement has taken place in public feeling, that all the rum in Jamaica could not raise a mob in favour of slavery? It must not be omitted that the part taken by Mr. Roscoe, in the

discussions on the Catholic question, furnished a convenient handle to his enemies, and perhaps alienated a few of his friends.

They who remember the dismissal of the Whig ministry of 1807, the "No Popery" riots, and the enthusiastic burst of applause which attended the King's decided opposition to the Catholic claims, will perhaps form no high estimate of the stability of public opinion. The truth is, the people were disappointed—they thought themselves cheated. They had been led to expect a great diminution of taxes—they experienced a large increase of their burdens. While the majority hoped for a decisive and vigorous prosecution of the war, and a respectable minority promised themselves that at least a sincere effort would be made for peace; both parties were disgusted by negotiations meant only for delay, and expeditions of which the failure was as probable as the success would have been insignificant.

Never, during the whole course of the revolutionary war, were the hopes of the English so little, or their weariness so great, as in the period intervening between the battle of Friedland and the French invasion of Spain. As the enemy had confessedly abandoned, or indefinitely postponed, the threatened invasion of Britain, the high-wrought resolution, which had steeled every British nerve, the martial enthusiasm which almost craved the contest with the eagerness of anticipated victory, began to relax and to cool. It seemed that England had done all that Providence allotted for her own safety and honour; she had annihilated the naval force of France, her trade and colonial dominion; she had secured her own shores, and the empire of the sea. On the land she could attempt nothing, for there was no spot whereon to fix her engines. The Pitt plan of subsidising, in

which the wise never had any confidence, had now proved its inefficiency to the most sanguine. All saw the folly of putting their trust in continental princes. The world beheld the spectacle of two mighty nations at deadly enmity, armed and ready for the fight, each with an arm uplifted, yet prevented by enchantment from striking a blow.

Mr. Roscoe judiciously thought this a favourable juncture for pacific counsels; and between 1807 and 1808, produced two pamphlets, one entitled, "*Considerations on the Causes, Objects, and Consequences of the present War, and on the expediency, or the danger, of Peace with France.*" The second, "*Remarks on the Proposals made to Great Britain for opening Negotiations with France in the year 1807.*" The following passage, near the beginning of the earlier pamphlet, may serve at least to record the general feeling of despondency which the rising of the Peninsula was soon to change into an ecstasy of hope: *

"Hitherto, indeed, we have contended with our enemies for prizes of great value. States and empires have been the objects of dispute, and as far as we have been interested in them, have been lost. But we have as yet struggled only for the possessions of our allies. At the present moment we are called upon for a higher stake. *If the war is to be continued*, it is now no longer matter of exaggeration to assert that the sovereign of these realms is to contend for his crown; the people for their liberties and rights; for the soil in which their forefathers lie intombed. Against this stake, what is the prize we can hope to obtain from the enemy? The bare honour of having

* The Pamphlet went through eight editions, but we transcribe from the fifth, dated February, 1808.

defended *ourselves with success* ; for in any hopes of our being able to make an impression on the dominions of France, the wildest advocates of the war will now scarcely indulge themselves. Thus we follow up a losing game. Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Sardinia, Italy, Prussia, Turkey, Denmark, and Russia, are not only lost to us as allies, but have thrown their weight into the opposite scale. With the assistance of these powers we have been completely disappointed in all our views. Is it then advisable that we should play the last desperate game, and exhibit ourselves to the world as the last object, with an adversary against whom we have been so far from gaining any substantial advantages, that the utmost efforts we have been able to make, have hitherto served to open to him an opportunity for still greater success."

Mr. Roscoe proceeds to show that all the pretexts which had been successively advanced to justify the commencement, the renewal, and continuance of the war had been successively abandoned. The infection of French principles, the restoration of the Bourbons, the inability of the revolutionary governments "to maintain the accustomed relations of peace and amity," the necessity of continuing hostilities till we had obtained indemnity for the past and security for the future, were no longer (in 1807) the alleged obstacles to a pacification. In adverting "to the short experimental truce of Amiens," he labours hard to throw the blame of its infraction on the war-party in England, on the French emigrants, and the French counter-revolutionary papers, published in London ; and on "another, and still more formidable party, consisting of the innumerable bands of journalists and hireling writers, who feed upon the credulity, and fatten upon the calamities of a nation ; men who

flourish most in the midst of tumult ; to whom the disasters of the country are as valuable as her triumphs ; a destructive battle as a rich triumph, and a new war as a freehold estate." In treating this part of his subject, our author falls upon expressions less favourable to the press than the general liberality of his opinions would lead us to expect. He has anticipated the arguments so frequently urged by Tory writers, against the impunity given to all attacks on foreign governments emanating from writers in this country,* and seems to blame the ministry of 1801 for not taking such decisive

* "To foreign states, that which a country does, or that which it permits to be done by its subjects, is the same. With our internal regulations they can have no concern ; but they have a right to expect from us that respect for their institutions which we claim for our own. To encroach upon the freedom of the press will never be the act of any real friend to the interests of mankind ; but to restrain its licentiousness is not to encroach upon, but to preserve that freedom. If it be in the power of every venal demagogue or wild enthusiast to throw out, unrestrained, the most unjust and offensive aspersions against the rulers and governments of other states, a cause of hostility will never be far to seek. In fact, nations, as they are composed of, so they feel like individuals, and the general sentiment differs from the particular one, only in being more permanent and more intense."—*Considerations*, p. 26.

The same doctrine, almost in the same words, has been preached against the English vituperators of the restored Bourbons, of Ferdinand, of Miguel, and of the Emperor Nicholas.

It may appear to some persons a great triumph to find a liberal admitting that the licentiousness of the press requires to be curbed. It is indeed a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The man who shall invent a method of preserving liberty, and yet preclude the possibility of license, will deserve to be canonised.

measures as Talleyrand suggested, to put a stop to those animadversions which the Premier Consul complained of so bitterly. Yet such could not surely have been Roscoe's meaning. He would not have purchased even peace by stifling the public voice of England, far less by the extrusion of the unfortunate exile from her shores.

But he was intent to prove that the peace might have been adjusted, confirmed, and preserved,—and that the resumption of hostilities was mainly to be attributed to exasperated passions and national antipathies, inflamed by prejudiced and interested individuals. Peace was an object so dear to Roscoe's heart, that he was willing to recommend it by a little special pleading; and having persuaded himself that the French ruler really desired peace (which no ruler, legitimate or usurper, whose power is built on military glory does or can) he thought he was promoting conciliatory dispositions, when endeavouring to convince his unconvinced countrymen, that nothing but their own ill tongues and perverse humours prevented their deadly foe becoming their best and truest friend.

To the “‘impediments’ as to the evacuation of Egypt and Malta by the English troops, and the evacuation of Holland by the French,” he alludes very slightly, as matters admitting an easy settlement; the invasion of Switzerland, and the inhospitable aggressions on English commerce, he passes wholly without observation. It is true, that none of these, nor all of them, were either the real or the justifying causes of the war, but they have been supposed sufficient proofs of that reckless ambition and irreconcilable hatred, which rendered amity impossible, and an armistice perilous.

Having taken a rapid review of the events from

the rupture of 1803, till the battle of Austerlitz, he adverts to the death of Mr. Pitt, and draws a character of that statesman, rather distinguished for the mildness of its phraseology, and an air of gentlemanly candour, than for any strong or vivid traits of portraiture.* Such *candid* pictures, as they never much resemble the original, so they satisfy neither his admirers nor their opponents. After some handsome compliments to Mr. Pitt's talents, and regret that such accomplishments as his should be rendered mischievous instead of beneficial, by the predominance of a single passion, "inherited from his father," (whether a passion for power simply, or a passion for war, or a passion for popularity, any of which he might have inherited from his father, we are not certified), our author proceeds thus:—"Unfortunately, the system of education of Mr. Pitt was in politics, that which Lord Chesterfield's is in private life. It was founded on too narrow a basis, and aimed too directly at its object. A cultivated mind, and a humane disposition, will render their possessor truly polite; sound principles and a real love of mankind, truly patriotic; but without these neither the patriotism nor the politeness are anything more than a whited sepulchre. The system was, however, successful; the young orator began his career in a manner the best calculated to display his powers. As he spoke the hopes of freedom revived; corruption shrunk from his glance, and the nation hailed him as her deliverer; but no sooner was the prize within his grasp than he seized it with an eagerness, and retained it with a tenacity, which all the efforts of his opponents could neither impede nor relax. Having thus obtained the supreme power, the talents which had acquired it were employed

* See Coleridge's "Essays on his own times," Vol. ii., p. 320.

with equal success to preserve it. The correction of abuses, the removal of peculation and corruption, the reform of the representation, the extension of civil and religious liberty, were now no longer the objects in view, or were only recalled at stated periods to show with what dexterity the minister could blast his promise without breaking his faith. Well schooled in all the routine and arcana of office, an adept in the science of finance and taxation, Mr. Pitt's great accomplishment was a thorough knowledge of the artificial and complex machine of government; and his great defect a total insensibility to the feelings of mankind, and an utter ignorance of the leading principles of human nature." *

* There is a position involved, and as it were diffused, in these latter sentences, which Roscoe had done well to announce more distinctly, and in which his ample knowledge would have been well employed to illustrate and enforce; for it is of more importance than the peace, or the battle of Austerlitz, or Mr. Pitt himself will ever be again. The position is simply this—*A mere apprenticeship is not good education.*

Whatever system of tuition is solely adapted to enable the pupil to play a certain part in the world's drama, whether for his own earthly advantage, or for that of any other man, or community of men, is a mere apprenticeship. It matters not whether the part be high or low, the hero or the fool.

A *good education*, on the other hand, looks primarily to the right formation of the Man in man, and its final cause is the well-being of the pupil, as he is a moral, responsible, and immortal being.

But, because to every man there is appointed a certain ministry and service, a path prescribed of duty, a work to perform, and a race to run, an office in the economy of Providence, a good education always provides a good apprenticeship; for usefulness is a necessary property of goodness.

The moral culture of man, and so much of intellectual culture as is conducive thereto, is essential to education.

Our author does not scruple to attribute both the horrors of the French revolution, and the subsequent

Whatever of intellectual culture is beyond this, should be regarded as pertaining to apprenticeship, and should be apportioned to the demands of the vocation for which that apprenticeship is designed to qualify.

A man whose education is without apprenticeship, will be useless; a man whose education is all apprenticeship, will be bad, and therefore pernicious, and the more pernicious in proportion as his function is high, noble, or influential.

Most of the systems of tuition provided for the subordinate classes have been defective; as aiming either solely to qualify the pupil for his station, or to give him a chance and hope of rising above that station: either to make the man a mere labourer, or to turn the labourer into a gentleman,—the discipline and improvement of the man being too often postponed or omitted. The tuition of the higher castes is equally defective, when it forms gentlemen to be mere gentlemen; when it refers the primary duties to the rank, and not to universal obligation. Secondly, when it inculcates the acquirement of mental or personal accomplishments as ultimate ends, without reference either to practical utility, or to self-edification. Thirdly, when all apprenticeship is omitted, or an apprenticeship given wholly alien from the peculiar, individual, and functionary duties, as *e. g.* when a scion of nobility is crammed with the arbitrary technicals of professional scholarship, or wastes his time in learning to do for himself, what his steward, his game-keeper or his chaplain could do better for him. Fourthly, when the whole education is rendered subservient to the apprenticeship. This is, perhaps, the commonest fault of all, especially with that unfortunate class, whose education is to be their portion, and means of advancement. It bears a creditable semblance of steadiness and industry, it wins the applause of parents and tutors, it makes shining and rising young men, and sometimes Judges, Chancellors, Ambassadors, and Ministers of State. But it does not make good men, or wise men either. Even if it leave the heart uninjured, it keeps the mind unnaturally ignorant; for viewing all things

successes of the French arms, to the misadventurous attacks upon French liberty, of which he accounts Mr. Pitt the *primum mobile*. It is our business to record, not to confute or approve, Mr. Roscoe's sentiments. He shall utter them in his own words :—
“To what circumstance is it to be ascribed that a

in an artificial relation to one object, it sees, and therefore knows, nothing in its true relations to man, and to the universe. The more their knowledge, the greater their errors. The greater their command of facts, the more perilously false their inferences. They may, indeed, be wise in their own craft, but they are pitiful blunderers when they step beyond it. Be it recollected, that we are not speaking of that devotion of time to a professional study, which may be a duty, but of that perversion of self-government, which makes the profession all in all.

Mr. Roscoe seems to accuse the Lord Chatham of making his son's education a mere apprenticeship to the art and mystery of statesmanship, and so teaching him to look upon his fellow creatures only as things to be governed; as Chesterfield certainly trained his offspring to regard men and women alike as creatures to be pleased, courted, flattered, and despised. The truth of the allegation, as far as concerns Chatham, we neither affirm nor deny. A general truth is not invalidated by an incidental misapplication. We agree with the admirers of Pitt, that he had a strong and sincere passion for the public good in the abstract; that he understood the true nature of that public good, which is good to each and to all, and is all in every part, we doubt exceedingly. In that knowledge of human nature which is acquired by observation and outward experience, he could hardly be deficient, for he was hacknied in the ways of men, and knew how to bend them to his purposes;—in that knowledge of man, which consists in the intelligent sympathy of a good heart, instructed by kind affections and hourly charities, by pain that begets patience, by solemn or cheerful influences of happiness, by solitary musing, by self-examination, prayer, and faith, he had hardly time to be a proficient.

people so restless in their disposition, so changeful in their views, should have been united together through all the variations of their government, and have acted in all their external relations with one heart and as one man? To what but the continued pressure of external force? To the successive combinations formed under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, to compel them to submission. That France has suffered in the contest, that her best blood has flowed on the scaffold, that the luminaries of science have been extinguished, and the brightest gems of the human intellect trampled under foot; that jealousy, ambition, cruelty, and revenge, have acted their dreadful parts in awful succession, and have produced a scene of calamity unexampled in history, is but too true; but such was the price that France was compelled by Europe to pay for her independence on foreign powers, and in this view the purchase was after all cheaply made. The principle which carried that nation through all her difficulties, was the determination of the people to rally round the existing government, *whatever that government might be*, and to join in repelling with one hand, and one voice, the common enemy. To this they have sacrificed their ease, their property, their friends, their families, their lives, with a prodigality, which excites at the same time horror and admiration."

From the tone and passion of this eloquent effusion, we might almost have imagined that the author was exhorting his countrymen to perseverance in a deadly contest by French example, than breathing counsels of meekness and conciliation. If the exemption of a people from foreign interference be so necessary a blessing, that no horrors, no bloodshed, no anarchy, no tyranny should be declined to secure it, what could war, even a war entailed from generation to generation,

like that of the Jews and Philistines, or of the Spaniards and Moors, bring with it that England ought not to endure, rather than hold her peace, wealth, and happiness dependent upon the forbearance of a haughty foe? Mr. Roscoe, however, intended no such inference; his sole purpose was, to show that France was grown formidable in consequence of the measures taken to crush her—that the confederacy of states and princes had awakened that intense spirit of nationality which neither disasters without, nor disorders within, can ever extinguish in the heart of a Frenchman, who, however excellent, or however depraved, is a Frenchman still, as long as he is anything.

Mr. Roscoe appears to have had more than a political attachment to Mr. Fox—a warm personal affection, and a lasting regret. This amiable feeling may account for the somewhat extravagant, if not invidious praise, he accords to his departed friend for rejecting, with indignation, a proposal made by some hungry fellow to shoot Bonaparte from a house at Passy. In all probability the man was a spy, ready to serve or shoot any king, emperor, or private gentleman whatever, for a consideration. But surely it was no remarkable virtue in Mr. Fox to decline the offer. Did Mr. Roscoe imagine that Mr. Pitt, or any other minister, would have closed with it? But, says our author, “the political opponents of Mr. Fox ought to have felt rightly on such a subject. They ought to have known that it was no effort to his great and generous mind to reject the proposals of an avowed assassin. It is not on this account that he is entitled to our applause; but it is because he had the virtue and the courage to bring forwards into public life, and to exemplify in the most striking manner, one of the most important maxims of morality—that

it is never expedient to do evil in the hope of producing an eventual good." What eventual good could Mr. Fox have expected from engaging his country in the ill-concerted conspiracy of a low bravo? What personal wrong had he to forgive Bonaparte? On the very improbable supposition that this precious scheme had been put into execution, what could Mr. Fox expect for himself or for his country, by a participation in it? What for himself but disgrace and impeachment? What for his country, but a massacre of all the English in the French prisons, of all suspected royalists throughout France? Mr. Fox acted as he ought to have done, and is entitled to our approbation, but not to the rapturous panegyric of Mr. Roscoe.

We are not forgetful that the old question concerning the lawfulness of tyrannicide was very frequently mooted both in conversation and in print, with an express reference to the case of Bonaparte. Something of the kind had probably passed in our author's hearing. But no person, whose opinions were worth confuting, ever imagined that Englishmen ought to take the punishment of a French tyrant into their own hands, or that *they* ought to regard Bonaparte otherwise than as a chief of a hostile state, under the protection of the law of nations.*

* In a vigorously-written but very vituperative "Review" of Mr. Roscoe's pamphlet, this whole story of Mr. Fox's interview with the Frenchman is treated with ridicule, and a more than implied aspersion on Mr. Fox's veracity. "The truth is," says the reviewer, "that nine-tenths of the political world believe that the incident alluded to was either a plot of Talleyrand's, or, I am sorry to add, a fabrication of Mr. Fox's. On the former supposition, he became the dupe of a political scoundrel; in the latter case, his enemies may say that he himself was something worse than a dupe."

Mr. Roscoe was not often in a passion—at least he did not

The disclosure of this plot produced some very polite correspondence between Mr. Fox and M. Talleyrand, in which the latter conveyed the thanks

print his choler; but on this occasion his wrath was certainly roused, and he vindicated the memory of his friend with a manly indignation. In the postscript to the pamphlet to which we have already alluded, he thus satisfactorily refutes the allegation of the anonymous reviewer :—

“Perhaps there never was an instance of a more gross and unfounded calumny, than in a recent attempt to asperse the memory, and impeach the veracity of the late Mr. Fox, by insinuating that the proposal made to him respecting the assassination of the French ruler, as related by him in his letter to M. Talleyrand, was a story fabricated by himself for the purpose of bringing on a negotiation with France. The more immediate friends of Mr. Fox have disdained to take any public notice of the false assertions and scandalous imputations to which I allude, and I can scarcely suppose that any of my readers require any further evidence than what is contained in Mr. Fox’s letter, of a fact, with regard to which his character and veracity are opposed to the malicious and wanton accusations which have been made against him; but that no possible doubt may hereafter remain as to this transaction, and for the entire refutation of these slanders, I think it incumbent upon me to state, from indisputable authority, that there exists evidence in documents at the alien office, of the arrival at Gravesend of the person named and described in Mr. Fox’s letter; of his application from that place for an audience with Mr. Fox; of his private interview with that gentleman at his house in Arlington-Street; of Mr. Fox’s order, in the first instance, to send the Frenchman out of the kingdom, and of his subsequent revocation of that order, in consequence of which, the intended assassin was detained in custody six weeks, and was then embarked at Harwich, on board a vessel bound for Husum. When to these particulars it is added, that the person who accompanied the Frenchman to the interview with Mr. Fox, and who acted under his directions in the measures for sending him out of the kingdom, was Mr. Brooke,

of his master to the British minister, with an assurance, that "he recognised in the conduct of Mr. Fox those principles of honour and virtue by which he had ever been actuated, and which had already given a new character to the war." Affairs were quickly put in train for a negotiation, of the progress of which, and its ultimate failure, Mr. Roscoe gives a particular, and at this time, rather tedious account. It may furnish a subject of speculation for future historians whether Napoleon, on this or any other occasion, sincerely desired peace with England, and what effect the longer life of Fox might have had on the policy of this country. Mr. Roscoe's main object is to prove that the French were disposed to pacific measures, that the treaty was broken off in consequence of the determination of the English ministry to make no peace in which Russia was not included, and that at the time when he was writing (1808), no obstacle could exist to the renewal of negotiations, inasmuch as Russia was no longer our ally, but our enemy. He speaks with severe reprobation of the attack upon Copenhagen, and seems to

who yet holds the same situation in the alien office as he did under the administration of Mr. Fox, I trust it will be wholly unnecessary for me to state anything further in vindication of that distinguished character, against so malignant and foul a charge."

The author of that charge has given the lie direct to Mr. Roscoe in every page of his review, and Roscoe was never moved to an angry reply till he found the memory of Fox insulted. We cannot help thinking that the *bravo on the tramp* must either have been a spy of Talleyrand's or a man very little acquainted with English politics; otherwise Mr. Fox would have been the last man in Europe, Bonaparte himself excepted, to whom he would have disclosed a design on the person of the French Emperor.

have regarded the ministry, by which it was undertaken, with something more than political dislike. The shortest, but most important part of the pamphlet, relates to the dangers of continuing the war, the madness of contemplating interminable hostilities, and the great advantages to be derived from a secure peace.

As he could not suppose that his arguments would obtain so much as a hearing from the government, his intentions in this publication must have been, first, to vindicate his political connections; secondly, to assuage the antigallican animosity, which he justly considered to be the fuel and bellows of the war; and thirdly, to produce an overwhelming army of petitions for peace. For this last, and only practical purpose, we cannot think his arguments very well chosen. Should a prudent adviser, in order to dissuade a fiery and exasperated youth from a duel, tell him with a tremulous voice, that his adversary was never known to miss his man, the peace-maker would perhaps succeed if he had to deal with a coward, ambitious of the honours of bloodless conflict, but in any other case, he would only make him the more resolute to meet a foe who might attribute any explanation to fear. There was, in the English people at large, an eager desire to measure swords with the conqueror of the continent. They thought, and rightly thought, that the more formidable the foe the greater the danger of trusting him. There is one argument which might, perhaps, have been applied with some success in 1807, but it was not in Roscoe's generous nature to use it. Had he insinuated that the dread of Napoleon was a vain panic; that in peace or war the French could do nothing to hurt us; that the ministry were husbanding the war, which a vigorous conduct might bring to a glorious

conclusion, for their own purposes, for the patronage which it placed at their disposal, the taxes it furnished a pretext for exacting, the force it enabled them to levy, nominally against the enemy, but really against the people : or that the whole scheme was an understood arrangement between the Treasury and the loan jobber, it is very probable that a ferment might have been excited which would have compelled the government either to make peace on any terms, or to risk the whole strength of the country on some single effort, the defeat of which would have rendered the continuance of the war impossible. Assertions of a very similar character were plentifully scattered by the disaffected in the reign of Queen Anne, and succeeded in producing the disgrace of Marlborough, the change of administration, and the peace of Utrecht ; and there were periods in the late war, when they might have been made with quite enough of plausibility for popular credence. But Roscoe had not the heart to do evil that good might come of it. Neither were his talents at all calculated to excite the passions and jealousies of a nation. He was not a *good hater* ; and (it is to his praise that we say it) he was not a good polemic. There is a languid ease in his style by no means suited to produce temporary effect. There are no stings in his sentences.

Very shortly after his "Considerations," he published "Remarks on the Proposals made to Great Britain for opening Negotiations for Peace, in 1807." The purpose of this pamphlet, which, though ably written, has now lost great part of its interest, is to convict the British Ministry of insincere conduct towards the allies, who offered their mediation to adjust the differences between France and England. Nothing can be dryer, or, to any but a diplomatist, more obscure than the history of an abortive negotiation.

To this treatise Mr. Roscoe prefixed a preface of thirty-one pages, from which we extract a single passage, wherein he apologises for his severity upon English, and his lenity towards French, errors :—

“ Can it be allowable, it may be asked, that any person shall point out the errors or the faults of his own country, and its rulers, and pass over without still greater reprobation the misconduct of other nations with which she is at enmity ; the crimes of whose people and of whose government are of the deepest die ? The answer is, that it is allowable, and for this very reason, that our country has a claim upon our services which a foreign country has not. The one bears a near resemblance to the self-examination, without which the sense of morals in individual characters would soon be lost ; the other is the admonishing of a stranger of whose motives we can only imperfectly judge, and for whose conduct we are not accountable. But it may be said, that virtue and vice admit of degrees, and that however we may ourselves have erred, it may be proper to show the guilt of other nations has far exceeded our own. To what purpose ? Will the crimes of others be an apology for ours ? and is it desirable that we should diminish the sense of our own misconduct by comparing it with the more enormous offences of others ? This, however, is the fashion of the present day.”

Not many months after the appearance of this appeal, the rising of the Spaniards gave a new aspect to the war, and rendered every whisper of peace so dissonant to the British ear, that for a while there seemed to be but one mind in the nation. And even in the darkest intervals of that protracted contest, when Spain seemed to despair of herself, and many denounced the Spaniards as unworthy of another drop of British blood, those who hoped least for the

cause would hardly think of peace with the faithless invader. We are not aware that Mr. Roscoe commented on the war in any subsequent publications. He never ceased to think peace desirable, or to express his opinion to that effect in public or private; but he must have known that till Spain was evacuated or entirely subdued, no ministry could dare to sheath the sword, which, according to the faith of thousands, was drawn in a holy warfare.

We have now said quite enough of Mr. Roscoe's endeavours to allay the military fervour of his countrymen. Disliking the war at first, because he conceived it to be a war against liberty, and then disliking it as a war without hope, he perhaps saw little to congratulate in its conclusion, except the cessation of bloodshed. Possibly he might have gained more disciples, had he maintained the utter unlawfulness of war in the abstract; or restricted its lawfulness to the case of actual invasion. Certain it is, that on few points did so many good men differ with him, as in his specific objection to the war against Bonaparte.

Politics never ruffled the serenity of Mr. Roscoe's mind, or blunted his taste for those studies which were its natural element. Of his devotion to botany, we have already had occasion to speak. Being a science requiring a minute investigation of forms, displaying in the clearest light how nature loves beauty for its own sake, and moreover dependent upon the pencil for much of its material, it seems naturally associated with a love of the fine arts. In 1809 our author presented to the Linnæan Society a paper on the Scitamineæ, a singular and important class of plants, few or none of which are natives of Europe (though some of them, as ginger, by no means strangers to European palates). The structure of the Scitamineæ

being peculiar, and opportunities of seeing the plants in their natural state not common, neither Linnæus nor any of the French or German botanists had been able to distinguish or arrange them in a satisfactory method. This feat, the difficulty and merit of which only scientific botanists can appreciate, Mr. Roscoe is allowed to have performed, and was rewarded, as botanists are wont to reward whom they delight to honour, by giving his name to the new scitaminean genus, *Roscoea*, of which only one species is known to exist, a purple flower, discovered by Dr. Buchanan in Upper Nepal.

It is doubtless pleasant to be remembered in connection with the lovely productions of nature, but the Linnæan names will never do for poetry, though some of those which Linnæus himself invented are fanciful and well-sounding.*

In 1810, Roscoe addressed to the present Lord Chancellor a letter on parliamentary reform, which has recently been re-published.

At the general election in 1812, he was proposed, without his own consent or knowledge, as a candidate for Leicester, and polled a respectable minority. In the same year, he indulged his pen in a sarcastic review of Mr. Canning's Liverpool election speeches, which some zealous partisan had published in a well-sized volume. Such productions should be suffered to pass away with the election head-aches.

In 1814, Mr. Roscoe paid a long and pleasant

* Mr. Roscoe's paper on the Scitamineæ is to be found in the 8th vol. of the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, p. 330.

By far the greater number of this genus are aromatic plants. The name Scitamineæ is from the Latin *scitamentum*, an artificial or *knowing* piece of cookery; anything spicy and relishing.

visit to a man united to him by accordant politics and sympathetic love of agriculture, the venerable Coke of Norfolk. The farm and the library of Holkham were almost equal sources of gratification. The magnificent collection made by Lord Leicester, uncle to Mr. Coke, is peculiarly rich in Italian literature. There Roscoe saw, touched, explored, and enjoyed six hundred MS. volumes of ecclesiastical annals, and Italian civil history. Here he discovered, in thrice-hallowed penmanship, one of the lost volumes of Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Mechanics, and the long-deplored and precious tome in which Raffaello, at the request of the Roman pontiff, had made pen sketches of the remains of Rome, illustrated by short descriptions in his own handwriting. The manuscripts had been little attended to for many years; they were in confusion and disorder, but so much the better; Roscoe must have had as great delight in arranging them as in arranging the Scitaminese, but, alas! some of them were injured by damp and time—a sad proof of the perishable nature of earthly things, and of the base ingratitude of mankind. But in Roscoe they had a friend who could arrest the hand of time, and make amends for the ingratitude of men. The whole MS. collection was confided to Mr. Roscoe's care, who put them into the hands of that eminent binder, the late Mr. John Jones,* (of Liverpool) who, by great

* We must honestly confess we have no other acquaintance with this eminent bibliopegist, than what we derive from the honourable mention of him, in Dr. Traill's memoir. His high merits, however, in *clothing the naked*, forbid us to pass him by, when we have an opportunity of recording his services. It is no reason for not doing a man justice, that we never had the honour of his personal intimacy.

A word or two on the useful and elegant art to which Mr. John Jones owes his celebrity. Books, no less than

industry and skill, succeeded in restoring crumpled vellum to its original smoothness, and in pasting

their authors, are liable to get ragged, and to experience that neglect and contempt which generally follows the outward and visible signs of poverty. We do therefore most heartily commend the man, who bestows on a tattered and shivering volume, such decent and comely apparel, as may protect it from the insults of the vulgar, and the more cutting slights of the fair. But if it be a rare book, "the lone survivor of a numerous race," the one of its family that has escaped the trunk-makers and pastry-cooks, we would counsel a little extravagance in arraying it. Let no book perish, unless it be such an one as it is your duty to throw into the fire. There is no such thing as a worthless book, though there are some far worse than worthless; no book which is not worth preserving, if its existence may be tolerated; as there are some men whom it may be proper to hang, but none who should be suffered to starve. To *reprint* books that do not rise to a certain pitch of worth, is foolish. It benefits nobody so much as it injures the possessors of the original copies. It is like a new coinage of Queen Anne's farthings. That anything is in being, is a presumptive reason that it should remain in being, but not that it should be multiplied.

The binding of a book should always suit its complexion. Pages, venerably yellow, should not be cased in military morocco, but in sober brown Russia. Glossy hot pressed paper looks best in vellum. We have sometimes seen a collection of old whitey-brown black-letter ballads, &c., so gorgeously tricked out, that they remind us of the pious liberality of the Catholics, who dress in silk and gold the images of saints, part of whose saintship consisted in wearing rags and hair-cloth. The costume of a volume should also be in keeping with its subject, and with the character of its author. How absurd to see the works of William Penn in flaming scarlet, and George Fox's Journal in Bishops' purple! Theology should be solemnly gorgeous. History should be ornamented after the antique or gothic fashion. Works of science, as plain as is consistent with dignity. Poetry, *simplex munditiis*.

torn leaves with wonderful neatness, and who bound the whole collection in a durable and elegant manner. An ancient and admirable copy of the Hebrew Pentateuch, believed to be more than a thousand years old, written in a beautiful hand on deer-skins, forming a roll thirty-eight feet in length, was mounted by the same ingenious artist on rollers, ornamented with silver bells, under the direction of an ingenious Rabbi, who believed the MS. to be an eastern transcript of great antiquity.

A catalogue of these invaluable manuscripts was drawn up by Mr. Roscoe, and Mr. Madan, of the British Museum, extending to four or five thick folios, enriched with engraved fac-similes and illuminated ornaments. To the genuine bibliomaniac, this catalogue must be a treasure indeed, but is a luxury within the reach of few. Mr. Roscoe continued to work at it till within a few months of his death.

It is painful to turn from such a scene of happiness as Holkham Library, with Roscoe rummaging its riches, to record how misfortune overtook the good man in his "chair-days," when he might have counted on the reward of a life of industry in a quiet old age. Various commercial calamities, which we are unable to particularise, brought a pressure on the bank in which he was a partner, and obliged it to stop payment, in 1815. Mr. Roscoe struggled with his difficulties for four years, "entertaining throughout the most sanguine hopes of being able finally to discharge all their engagements, as the joint property of the partners was valued, at the time of suspension of payment, at considerably more than the amount of their debts. The depreciation, however, of that property, combined with other circumstances over which Mr. Roscoe had no controul, prevented the accom-

plishment of his most earnest wishes, and in 1820 he became a bankrupt."*

During this four years' struggle, he alienated those treasures of art and learning which it had been the pride and pleasure of his life to gather together. Books, prints, drawings, pictures, all went, rather to testify his honour, than to satisfy his creditors. Yet his feelings were not aggravated either by the world's reproach or his own. Those who lost by his losses never questioned his integrity; and he never complained, or had cause to complain, of any superfluous rigour from the persons to whom he was indebted. It was a common misfortune, which was to be divided as equally as possible.

Nothing can better display the composure or the vigour of his mind, under these trials, than the beautiful sonnet with which he took leave of his library :—

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets their loss, yet hopes again erewhile
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart—
 Thus, lov'd associates ! chiefs of elder art !
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and brighten every toil,
 I now resign you, nor with fainting heart :
 For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowships restore ;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet, to part no more.

His books, consisting of more than two thousand works, produced no less a sum than £5150; the prints, £1886; the drawings, £750; the pictures, £3239; total, £11,025.

* Dr. Traill's Memoir.

A selection of books, to the value of £600, was purchased by his friends at the sale, and presented for his acceptance; but this offer he thought proper to decline, and the books were deposited in the Athenæum, where they occupy a distinct compartment by themselves. A few of his pictures, to the amount of £50, were also bought in, and given to the Liverpool Royal Institution, an establishment of which Dr. Traill was the original suggester, and in which Mr. Roscoe had taken a lively interest. The sale took place in 1816.

In the course of that year, his labours and anxiety in winding up his affairs were so intense, as seriously to endanger his health; and upon one occasion he was attacked with a slight loss of memory at the bank, but a short interval of repose soon restored his faculties.

When the inevitable termination of his difficulties in bankruptcy delivered him from the trouble of an ever-lessening hope, he returned to his studies with his wonted calm assiduity, not vainly repining after worldly goods, on which he never set more than a due value. Whatever he had lost, he had not lost his friends; and he had soon to experience a proof of their continued regard, alike honourable to him and to themselves. We will relate this circumstance in the words of the memorialist who bore so large a part in it:

“It would be unjust to omit, that the misfortunes of our distinguished fellow-citizen called forth the warm sympathy of his numerous friends, and prompted them to take steps for securing him against their immediate consequences. It is more necessary to state this, because many unjust imputations have been vented against the inhabitants of Liverpool, on account of their supposed neglect of

Mr. Roscoe in his adversity. There was considerable delicacy necessary in the steps which were taken to testify their esteem and attachment. Mr. Roscoe had a noble and independent mind. He had steadily refused the proffered gift of a valuable selection from his library, even after it had been for that purpose bought by his friends at the sale; and those who had the pleasure of being intimate with him, well knew how necessary it would be to keep him in ignorance of what was intended, until it was accomplished. During a second visit which he made to Holkham, a private fund was quickly subscribed among his friends, for the purchase of an annuity on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe. The delicate task of communicating what was done, devolved on me; and in the correspondence which ensued between us, the example of his friend Charles James Fox, under similar circumstances, was successfully urged to reconcile his mind to receive this spontaneous homage to his talents and his worth, from sincerely attached friends."

Thus rescued from all apprehension of wanting the comforts which old age requires, Mr. Roscoe passed the remainder of his life in much tranquillity; and the works that he executed, at that advanced period, were neither few nor trifling. But for a mind like his, stored with much and various knowledge, and long inured to composition, to produce a book was no more than healthy exercise. The track of literature which he pursued requiring rather taste, judgment, and research, than strong effort and violent excitement, was smooth and easy to his declining years. He never was an ambitious writer, never aimed at saying striking things, or constructing sentences which should seem to mean a great deal in a narrow space. His powers were not dependent on the flow

of youthful spirits, on mercurial agility of thought, or fiery animation of feeling; neither did his studies demand that long-continued, abstract attention and introversion, which, as it is the latest faculty that man achieves, so is it the first to suffer by bodily decay.

In 1822, he published "*Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*," in which he defends his former works from the criticisms of Sismondi; and about the same time, a "*Memoir of Richard Roberts*," a self-taught linguist, no less distinguished for the dirtiness of his person, than for the number of languages which he could read. A very curious work might be written on men of a single talent. Nothing goes farther to prove the organic theory of the phrenologists, than the wonderful facility in acquiring languages occasionally exhibited by beings not far removed from fatuity. Perhaps the secret consists in preserving an infantile passiveness of mind, or more properly, in never outgrowing that condition of intellect in which children learn to speak. The profits of Mr Roscoe's memoir were given to poor Roberts, who had hardly sense enough to take care of himself, and used to carry his polyglot library, as wanderers of more worldly wisdom, in better begging days, did their hoarded gold and silver—between his rags and his body.

In the year 1824, Mr. Roscoe appeared as the editor and biographer of Pope, an office which he executed with his wonted ability, and with the zeal of a disciple. Had Pope been his own bosom friend, he could not have dilated on his virtues more fondly, or touched his failings with greater tenderness. In the court of fame Roscoe was always counsel for the panel, and has pleaded in mitigation of sentence for some very desperate reputations, such as Pope

Alexander VI., Lucrezia Borgia, and Bonaparte. It must therefore have been a delightful employment to him to vindicate the memory of a poet whose style of excellence was highly congenial to his sympathies, whose literary merit he thought unjustly depreciated, and whose moral character had been most ungently handled. Pope owes small thanks to his former biographers : Johnson, to whom he must needs have appeared the greatest of poets, (for of any higher order of poetry than that in which Pope is greatest, Johnson seems to have had no conception,) had so little respect for him as a man, that he exerted more than his usual industry in collecting anecdotes to render him odious and contemptible. But Johnson appears to have written the lives of the poets with no other view but to convince the world that they were no more than "indifferent children of the earth."* By

* "Throughout the whole of those lives there appears an assumption of superiority in the biographer over the subject of his labours, which diminishes the idea of their talents, and leaves an unfavourable impression of their moral character. It could only be from the representations of Johnson that so amiable a man as Cowper could thus close his remarks on reading the *Lives of the British Poets*: 'After all it is a melancholy observation which it is impossible not to make, after having run through this series of poetical lives, that where there were such shining talents, there was so little virtue. These luminaries of our country seem to have been kindled into a brighter blaze than others, only that their spots might be more noticed ; so much can nature do for our intellectual part, and so little for our moral. What vanity, what petulance in Pope ! how painfully sensible of censure, and yet how restless in provocation ! To what mean artifices could Addison stoop, in hopes of injuring the reputation of his friend ! Savage ! how sordidly vicious ! and the more condemned for the pains that are taken to palliate his vices ! offensive as they appear through a veil,

later writers, Pope has been yet more unfavourably depicted. Some have taken upon them the functions

how would they disgust without one ! What a sycophant to the public taste was Dryden ! sinning against his feelings, lewd in his writings, though chaste in his conversation. I know not but one might search these eight volumes with a candle, as the prophet says, to find a MAN and not find ONE, unless perhaps, ARBUTHNOT were he.' Can this have been said in the country of Shakspeare, of Spenser, of Sidney, and of Milton ? of Donne, of Corbet, of Hall, of Marvel, and of Cowley ? of Roscommon, of Garth, of Congreve, of Parrell, of Rowe, and of Gay ? of Thomson, of Lyttleton, and of Young ? of Shenstone, of Akenside, of Collins, of Goldsmith, of Mason, and of Gray ?

Unspotted names ! and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song !

The lustre of which, as well as of many others that might be adduced, can never be obscured, either by the most morbid malignity, or the darkest fanaticism."—Roscoe's *Preface to the Life of Pope*.

The general drift of this passage is undoubtedly just, yet it may be doubted whether, if Roscoe himself had written the lives of all those worthies he has here named (and some of the greatest are not included in Johnson's series), he would have brought Cowper to a more favourable conclusion. Had Johnson been as affectionate to the reputation of all his subjects as he has proved himself to that of Savage, he could not, with any regard to truth, have exhibited such MEN as Cowper longed for. He might indeed have exhibited their virtues in a much stronger light, but there must still have been enough of the old leaven to justify Cowper in saying "*so much can nature do for our intellectual part, and so little for our moral.*" The great mistake seems to be, first in expecting that a poet, as such, should be superior to human littleness, and then in exaggerating his actual defects through the spleen of disappointment. The world ignorantly expects that a great man shall be great even in his faults ; but this expectation is not borne out by experience ; and if it were just, a great poet is not *ex officio* a great man. Of all our

of the *Devil's Advocate*, whose place was, whenever a saint was to be made, to show cause why he should not be canonised. It would, we think, have been very easy to assign to Pope his proper rank among poets, so as to restore the highest seats to their original and legitimate possessors, without repeating every aspersion which his satire provoked in an age of calumny. But Mr. Roscoe has propitiated his manes by a bloodless offering of milk and honey; and though he has not removed all unfavourable impressions as to Pope's temper and disposition, he has boldly met, and triumphantly overthrown, the more serious charges against his veracity, integrity, and moral worth.

The circumstances of Pope's life which have given rise to most animadversion, are 1st, his quarrel with Addison; 2nd, his equivocal gallantry with Lady Wortley Montague, and his subsequent gross attacks upon her; 3rd, his clandestine satire upon the Duke of Chandos under the character of Timon, aggravated by the subterfuges by which he evaded the Duke's indignation; 4th, his circuitous plot to get his letters published, and throw the onus of the publication on others; 5th, his printing the character of Atossa, after receiving money to suppress it; 6th, his connection with Martha Blount. For the last-mentioned lady, Mr. Roscoe is a determined champion. Indeed he displays more warmth than the occasion justifies. In the name of honour, conscience, and humanity,

poets, we know none but Sir Philip Sidney and Milton, who had, or made any, pretence to be *great men*. The faults of poets are often more akin to those of ill-educated women than to those of great men. Yet it would be hard to prove that the poets, as a body, have been less virtuous than any class of citizens, who were not officially obliged to be professors of virtue.

what right has the *world*, the *public*, *posterity*, or whatever else a knot of busy individuals may think proper to call themselves, to institute an inquisitorial examination into the *feelings* with which a valetudinarian regarded a female to whose society and attentions he was indebted for making his life endurable, and perhaps mankind are indebted for some of the noblest works which make him the object of their prurient curiosity. Before such self-appointed coroners, it was unworthy of Roscoe to give evidence. We must not omit to mention, however, that he completely exculpates Miss Blount from the charge of cold and unfeeling behaviour to Pope in his last moments. We are not sure, however, that "it was not till our own days that an attempt has been made to defame the memory of an elegant and accomplished woman, who passed through life honoured and respected." Defamation was quite as much the vice of Pope's age as of ours, though perhaps the poison was not then so rapidly and extensively diffused as by the machinery of the modern press. The truth is, that it was not till our age that such *liaisons* as that supposed to exist between Pope and his female friend were judged by the rigid rule of morals. The slanderers of no age are particularly eager to ascribe vices which that age will not think the worse of a man for having. In Pope's time it was necessary to impute extravagant follies, or horrid vices; now slight imperfections will serve the turn as well. That we are more moral than our forefathers it were presumptuous to say; but we certainly fix the standard of social morality much higher.

But it is very different with regard to those charges, which, if true, must convict Pope of gross ingratitude, duplicity, and malignity, in the discharge of his public office as a poet. Here the world is the legitimate

judge of his fame, and owes a satisfaction to the memory of those whom he is supposed to have injured. Here his advocate pleads before a competent tribunal, and rests his defence not on vain surmises and hypotheses, but on fair induction and comparison of evidence. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Roscoe's habits of business, and particularly his legal occupations, greatly assisted him in that most important part of an historian's duty, the adducing of documentary evidence. Two-thirds of the grounds on which the later biographers of Pope have built their most unfavourable inferences, is cut away from under them by a careful revision of dates. Now a merchant always looks at the date of a paper, an author seldom or never. It will, however, sometimes occur to a historian, as to a judge, that he has to choose between conflicting testimonies, without any other guide than the general credibility and character of the witnesses, and in these cases the simple denial of an accused party, unsupported by circumstantial evidence, goes for nothing in a court of law. But not so in the courts of conscience and of history. Indeed where the question concerns motives and meanings, the bare affirmation of an honest man ought to weigh against the suspicions and asseverations, and hearsay reports of a thousand others. Upon these principles Mr. Roscoe has conducted his defence of Pope, which is not a showy piece of special pleading, such as might suit any case however flagrant, but the honest endeavour of a good man to arrive at the truth.

The charge which perhaps lies heaviest upon Pope's reputation, is that of having suborned some person or persons to carry his letters to Curl, in order to gain a pretext for publishing them himself. Johnson has taken the most unfavourable view of this transaction, and yet spoken of it with an indifference not very

consistent with his duty as *first moralist*. If his representation of it be true, Pope was a scoundrel. But Mr. Roscoe has satisfactorily shown, that, unless credit be given to the self-contradictory evidence of Curl, a man who had no character to lose, there is not a shadow of proof that Pope was privy to this dirty business, though he might probably enough be anything but sorry that it was as it was. The case is made out with peculiar clearness and legal acumen; but for the details, we must refer to the "*Life*" itself, which ought to be, and we hope soon will be, published separately from the bulky edition of Pope's writings to which it is prefixed, though that too is worthy a place in the libraries of such as can afford expensive luxuries.

The characters of Atticus and of Atossa, and the description of Timon's villa, are perhaps the finest pieces of satire in the English language; and it would be most grievous to think that Pope was a villain, when he was enriching our literature so bountifully. As to the first, he had a perfect right to compose it, if he thought it true, and to publish it, unless he had promised the contrary, which is not asserted. Whether it be, or be not, a true portrait of Addison, is now of as little consequence, as whether Justice Shallow be a correct resemblance of Sir Thomas Lucy. The character is true—its prototype is to be found in every generation: happy will it be when the picture has no living original.

The Atossa is by no means so perfect. It is, in the true sense of the word, *personal*; for though the separate features may be found in nature every day, yet they have no necessary coherence or interdependence. If you were not told that there *had been* such a woman, you could find no reason in general nature that there *should be* such a one. Atticus is a

hundred men, but Atossa must always be Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. This is the test that distinguishes legitimate satire from lampooning, a Hogarth from a caricaturist, a Fielding* from a *fashionable novelist*. The question should be, not, Is the picture taken from individual life? but, Does its effect require that the individual likeness be recognised?

Yet there is one line in this character which is worth a volume of morality, and explains all the misanthropy, and no small part of the suicide in the world:—

“ Sick of herself, for very selfishness.”

Notwithstanding which line, Pope would have been a much better man if he had never written the character at all. For his virulent personality, for the rancorous and unprovoked hatred which he cherished against that high-minded woman and her illustrious spouse, his generous advocate offers no apology; but for the story of his taking money to suppress the verses, Mr. Roscoe has proved that it rests on no sufficient foundation. This point had been cleared up before, in an excellent article of the “Quarterly Review.”

As to the supposed breach of hospitality committed

* We mention Fielding rather than a later great name, because in Sir Walter's works there is no character, that could possibly be meant for any living individual, which the original might not be proud to acknowledge. Sir Walter has shown that there is no natural or necessary connexion between laughter and scorn; that all the pleasure to be derived from a perception of the ludicrous, may be combined with perfect love and veneration of the being at whom you smile. Fielding *could* do this, but he has done it too seldom.

in the description of Timon's gardens, &c., there is not much in it after all. There is no indication of a *malus animus* ; and Pope, as Mr. Roscoe says, ought to be believed when he declared, that the passage had no *specific* application to Canons. It is a false taste of magnificence, a cumbrous and ungenial hospitality—not any individual Duke—that is held up to ridicule. Gratitude for a wearisome dinner could never fairly require of Pope to suppress his animadversions on “trees cut to statues,” and such like enormities, because they happened to be found at Canons. If the Curate dine now and then with the Squire, are all the Squire's vices to be left out of the litany? There is no fouler accusation than that of ingratitude, and yet there is none which is scattered so much at random.

We cannot say that Mr. Roscoe has been equally successful in treating of Pope's conduct to Lady Wortley Montague. It says little indeed for her Ladyship's conscience, that she should suppose a piece of gross ribaldry applied to her : and still less for her prudence, that she should openly resent an allusion which a delicate lady of our times would not be supposed to understand. But Pope's denial, which Mr. Roscoe takes seriously, appears to us to be malignantly ironical ; this, indeed, is not the only occasion whereon Roscoe betrays a simplicity, which, taken in concert with his high intellectual powers, evinces no less genius than virtue.

All things considered, he has certainly left the character of Pope much clearer than he found it. It is plain enough, that the faults of that little man were in a great measure owing to his infirmities ; while his virtues, and they were not few nor small, were his own. It is needless to say, that Roscoe was not of those who maintain that Pope is no poet.

He calls him the most *harmonious, correct, and popular* of English poets, and we shall not argue the point here. Undoubtedly he was the best writer in his line. He could not have been Milton: and is it not better to have a Milton and a Pope, than two Miltons? or, which is likelier to befall, a *great* Milton and a *little* Milton?

In the year 1824, Mr. Roscoe was chosen "a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature," an institution, of which the best design (and a truly excellent one) was, to give £100 a year each to ten literary gentlemen of mature age and narrow means. They were selected impartially, without regard to party, and were only required to produce and read an occasional essay, by way of quit rent. This association was broken up at the decease of King George IV., no funds having been provided for its continuance. May the poor, and *the poor in spirit*, be the better for the saving! Perhaps it is best as it is. Literary men now must understand, that they have nothing but their own industry and frugality to depend upon, and have no temptation to turn aside from the direct path of truth. Augustus and Louis XIV. did not benefit literature half so much by their liberality, as they disgraced it by the adulation with which that liberality was solicited and repaid.

In the year following his appointment, Mr. Roscoe received the gold medal of the society, value fifty guineas, for his merits as an historian.

Two great works, of very unequal importance indeed, remain to be spoken of, which occupied the declining years of Roscoe's life, and sufficiently proved at once the versatility of his talents, and the perfection in which he retained them to the last.

The one was a series of plates and descriptions,

illustrative of his adopted family, the Scitamineæ. This was printed at Liverpool, and is said to be "the most splendid work that ever issued from a provincial press." We confess we never saw any part of it; nor should we be able to judge of its scientific merits if we had; but the most uninformed may understand that it was no trifling honour, for a man divided between many studies, and distracted by many cares, to gain a lasting fame in a walk of investigation, which men of considerable renown have thought a sufficient employment for their undivided powers. The plates were many of them from his own drawings, but the greater part from those of two ladies, his daughter-in-law Mrs. Edward Roscoe, and Miss R. Miller. In the execution of this design, he found great benefit from that botanic garden, which he had himself so great a share in establishing. What reception the work met with is testified by the fact, that before the second number was published, there was a call for more of the first than had originally been struck off.

The other, and greater labour, led his observation into a far less pleasing class of subjects, and called him to consider the most painful and perhaps the most difficult problem in civil polity, that of criminal jurisprudence, which engaged the last serious thoughts he devoted to earth.

We have more than once adverted to his political writings, and have not scrupled to declare our conviction that they show him to have been a better man than a pamphleteer. Neither his heart nor his head seem suited to the trade. But when a great question of moral policy was to be argued; when the reason of man was to be reconciled with his noblest feelings, mercy to be identified with justice, and humanity with wisdom; there was a call as apt as

meet for the ripest fruits of Roscoe's powers, and he obeyed it promptly and joyfully.

In 1819, he published his "*Observations on penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Criminals; with an Appendix, containing the latest Reports of the State-Prisons, or Penitentiaries of Philadelphia, New York, and Massachusetts, and other Documents.*" As the subject has been so frequently reconsidered since that time, and so many recruits have been continually added to the once little band of the champions of justice, much of what Roscoe advanced as neglected truth will already appear as stale truism. We have discovered little in the treatise which he was the first to utter; but he has put the arguments against excessive punishment in a peculiarly concise and tangible form, and has expressed his conviction that reformation is the sole legitimate end of punishment, and moral improvement the only effective mean of reformation, with an outpouring of the heart, a meek solemnity, which cannot fail to make the most positive supporters of "things as they are," confess that there is a view of the subject neither absurd nor unchristian, very different from that which themselves have taken. The first head he considers is, "*the motives and ends of punishment.*" And here we cannot help noticing a remarkable omission. Mr. Roscoe seems to take it for granted, that the ends of all penal enactments have been either vindictive, or preventive, or corrective; either intended for satisfaction to the offended parties, or to prevent the repetition of the offence by terror and example, or to amend the criminal by suffering. But he does not recollect, that men in past ages considered the punishment of the guilty as an atonement, an expiation, a sacrifice, an indefeasible duty, the neglect of which involved the whole community

in the guilt of the individual offender; that this supposed duty had no reference to the angry feelings of the injured persons, far less to general consequences, and least of all to any contingent benefit of the criminal, but to an everlasting law of retribution, of which the municipal law was only the exponent and instrument. The feeling on which this doctrine is founded, had probably never been cherished in Roscoe's bosom; nor was the doctrine often formally broached in his hearing, except, it may be, in reference to the eternal dealings of Divine Justice, which his good sense must have shown him could be no authority for the dealings of sinful man with his fellow sinners. Still he might have found traces of the prevalence of such a doctrine, in Scripture and in history; he might have found it in Shakspeare, in the rites and laws of honour, and in the feelings of the multitude. We are very, very far from assenting to the doctrine. It is, we conceive, a fearfully false inference from an awful truth; an inference recognised neither by reason nor by Christianity. That the *crime* of each contains the *sin* of all, admonishes all to repent, proves to all the necessity of *some* expiation, we do most firmly believe; but not that the sufferings or the death of the guilty can deliver either himself or the avenger from guiltiness. The blood of a murderer can no more atone for the murder, than it can resuscitate the murdered.

But without entering into further discussion of this doctrine of penal atonement, which, false as we esteem it, should never be confounded with the animal passion of revenge, it is sufficient to remark, that it is of considerable historical importance, in accounting for the ferocity of certain codes. The principle of sacrificing lives at the altar of expediency, and multiplying punishments for the security of property,

is a heresy of later origin, founded in nothing but cowardice and selfishness. Roscoe is perfectly right in rejecting anger as a right motive to punishment ; and it is a wonder that any rational being should assert that it is so. Indeed, one object in the appointment of fixed laws and official judges, is to exclude the influence of anger. If not, every man ought to be judge in his own cause, for who else can tell how much vengeance the stomach of his anger may require ? If it be said that, according to the terms of the social contract, each individual resigns his right of revenge to the state, which is bound to see that he does not lose by the surrender, we reply that neither reason nor religion acknowledges any such right. If acts of retaliation be ever justifiable, it is not on the principle of vengeance, but of self-defence.

Mr. Roscoe's second head is "*On Punishment by way of Example*," under which he treats the sophistries of Paley with no more respect than they deserve. The following passage is so admirable that we cannot forbear quoting it :—"Example can only be legitimately obtained through the medium of justice ; but as there is no rule to determine what degree of punishment is necessary to be inflicted in order to deter others from crimes, legislators have in all ages been induced to carry punishments to their utmost possible extent, so as to make examples still more horrible and striking ; and thus this idea of the prevention of crimes by the severity of punishment, when carried to such a degree, has been a principal cause of the calamities of the human race, and has rendered the world a constant theatre of injustice and bloodshed.

"But whilst severe punishments are ineffectually resorted to, for the purpose of securing society from injury, they seem to deteriorate and degrade the

public character, and to weaken, in the people at large, those dispositions which ought to be cherished with the greatest care. Nor is it the lower classes alone whose moral feelings are corrupted, and whose sensibilities are destroyed, by the establishment of systems of severity and terror. As the contest increases between obstinacy and crime on the one hand, and resentment and cruelty on the other, a similar effect is produced on every rank of society, all of whom become, by degrees, prepared to inflict, to suffer, or to witness every extreme of violence. The result of the destructive maxim, that mankind are to be kept in awe by terror alone, then becomes apparent, and desolation and death stalk through the city at noon-day. Such were the times when Henry VIII. sat upon the throne of England, employed in devising the most plausible pretexts, and the most horrible modes of destroying his people, whilst the judges and peers of the land became the ready instruments of his most cruel measures. The number of executions in his reign is stated to have been seventy-two thousand persons, being upwards of two thousand in a year, who perished by the axe, by the halter, in the dungeon, or in the flames. So true it is, that the assent of a people to sanguinary laws diffuses and maintains a sanguinary spirit throughout the country, which equally infects the rulers and the people, and becomes a more destructive, because a more permanent, calamity, than famine, pestilence, or war." P. 19.

Mr. Roscoe has here correctly enough depicted the effects of sanguinary punishments in a hard-hearted age; but he has not observed one bad effect which they have in a soft-hearted one like the present. But it is a most fatal effect, from the contagion whereof Mr. Roscoe himself was not absolutely free.

They utterly destroy all abhorrence of crime. They absolutely enlist every good feeling in the service of the criminal. We say deliberately, every good *feeling*, because no *feeling* can be good which is not purely benevolent. The infliction of pain in any case, can only be justified by a lofty, cold, passionless reason. He that inflicts pain, without feeling pain, is brutal ; he that has pleasure in the pains even of the Eternal Enemy, is devilish. Therefore we say deliberately, that sanguinary laws enlist every good *feeling* in behalf of the criminal. It may be the duty of the legislator, of the judge, of the public, to master these feelings ; but then the reason which condemns them should be direct and plain to every capacity. In a free country, it is a sufficient motive for the abrogation of a penal enactment, that its justice requires to be demonstrated by argument. The discussion always excites a clamour, and that clamour encourages the vicious with hopes of impunity. Punishment for example can never be justified by high or abstract reasonings ; because the example is intended to operate upon the ignorant and coarse-minded, who will not understand anything but what is direct and palpable. If the people at large were capable of comprehending the severe morality, or the long-drawn deduction of consequences, by which some have attempted to vindicate our ancient laws, would they need to be restrained by terror ? Would there be any crimes, but those which arise from insanity, or sudden passion, for which there is no law ? With the great bulk of mankind, a criminal is always an object either of lawless rage, or of mere compassion. Give the mob their own way, and they would either rescue or tear to pieces every man that is brought to execution. Law, to be effective for good, must not only be just, but be felt to be so. It should be a

moral instructor, as well as a physical terror; but we do not hesitate to say, that, under the late system, it tended far more to promote crime, by making the people worse, than to check it, by making them more wary. The best that can be said for multiplied hangings, is, that a rogue hanged is a rogue the fewer. But if the tendency of government is to corrupt the people, either by familiarising them with scenes of horror, or by turning the tide of their sympathies into a wrong channel, the rogues will increase too fast for the utmost diligence of the hangman, though the navy were unrigged to make halters.

In a truly Christian state, there would be no need for vindictive punishments at all. Every purpose of social order would be answered, and the majesty of righteousness fully asserted, by *penances*, the known and avowed object whereof should be, first, to substantiate the immutable distinction of right and wrong; and, secondly, to impress on the offender the enormity of his sin, and make him meet for pardon and restoration. Such a state as this Mr. Roscoe manifestly contemplates, when he says that reformation is the sole legitimate end of punishment; but at that state no country has yet arrived. We can also conceive a community actuated and governed by a strict stoical virtue, a fierce Hebrew zeal against vice, wherein an extreme rigour of law would be required to satisfy the public sense of justice. Such was the Jewish Theocracy meant to be, and such a state was contemplated by the Puritan Parliament, who made adultery capital for the first offence, and simple incontinence for the second. But not such is the modern condition of society; nor is it to any such austerity of morals that the multiplication of capital punishments is to be ascribed. We are not virtuous enough to have any right to be severe, even

if it were true (and if it be true, the New Testament is false), that severity is either part or sign of virtue. *Let him that has no sin, throw the first stone.* We are bid to imitate our Heavenly Father, not as a Lord of Hosts, and a God of battles, not as an avenger and a consuming fire, but as he is a God of mercy, for we all need mercy, as he is the Father that *maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.*

Under his third head, "*On the Prevention of Crimes*," Mr. Roscoe laments the utter want of discipline and moral education adapted to the great body of the English people. Of the worse than insufficiency of what has been called popular education, he speaks as a man should speak, who knows in what consists the true happiness of men and of nations. "Undoubtedly, the best preservative against the commission of crimes, is a *correct sense of moral duty*, so strongly enforced by the precepts of Christianity. To suppose that all efforts to inculcate these precepts are fruitless, is to admit that their author delivered them in vain. All persons will agree, that the inculcation of such sentiments on the minds of youth, would not only be the best, but the cheapest mode of preventing crimes. Yet if we compare the efforts that have been made for this purpose, with the immense task that yet remains unaccomplished, we cannot flatter ourselves with having made any extraordinary progress. We seem as yet to have had but an imperfect glance of the true principles upon which a virtuous education is founded, and to have allowed a scanty and partial cultivation of the intellect to supersede the more important cultivation of the heart. The further this kind of instruction is carried, the more doubtful is its expediency, if the affections and feelings have not had an equal

share of attention, as it places a weapon in the hands of youth, without directing them in the use of it. To suppose that talents and virtue are inseparably united, is to close our eyes against daily experience ; yet we neglect to avail ourselves of those tender years in which the deepest impressions are made, to form the character for the benefit of society, and to cultivate those seeds of social affection which nature has implanted in every human bosom. By a just retribution for our folly, it costs us more to punish crimes than it would to prevent them. Independent of all that the community suffers by plunder and depredation, in frequent bloodshed, and continual annoyance, it is harassed a second time in bringing the offenders to justice ; and it may safely be asserted, that the amount it expends for this purpose, more than doubles the spoliation sustained. Perhaps a day may yet arrive, when it may be thought worth while to consider whether the great and annually increasing amount expended in bringing criminals to justice, would not be better devoted to the inculcation, on the minds and temper of youth, of such principles and dispositions as might prevent the perpetration of those crimes which it is now employed to punish."

Thus far Roscoe speaks like himself ; but when he advises legislators to appeal to the sense of honour and of shame, and to substitute disgraceful for painful penalties, we are inclined to demur. Honour and shame are feelings bestowed by nature for wise ends ; their extinction marks the last hopeless stage of depravity ; but, like all other passions, they are good only so far as they are natural and necessary. They should never be artificially excited, or diverted from their instinctive course,—far less should they be enthroned in the seat of reason.

But above all (and which is more to our present question), shame should never be made a punishment, nor should punishment be rendered unnecessarily shameful. If the punishment be capital, can it be right to distract the thoughts of the vilest malefactor, by withdrawing them from his own state to the opinions of curious or unfeeling gazers? Is it right to desecrate the awfulness of death by associations of gratuitous ignominy? Surely a day of execution should be a day of mourning and general humiliation; but the correlative passion of shame is scorn, which makes man proud, and what is worst of all, proud of another's disgrace, which he ought to consider his own. If, on the other hand, the punishment be not capital, the infliction of ignominy almost precludes the chance of reformation. It exiles the poor victim from all social sympathies; it begets either deadly resentment, or utter shamelessness; it induces, nay, compels, a wretch, to whom solitude must needs be unendurable, to herd with those whose glory is in their shame. Rather let the code of Draco be executed by Rhadamanthus, and every offence be visited with the avenging sword, than condemn that man to live, whom the law has made a bye-word and a plague-spot.

In the ensuing parts of his work, Mr. Roscoe considers the subject of capital and secondary punishments minutely. The infliction of death he appears to disapprove *in toto*, and appeals to the good success attending its abolition by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1786. Whatever may be the tendency of individual opinions on the lawfulness or expediency of taking life for life, it is highly inadvisable to moot the point in the present state of public feeling. Such discussions could only retard that mitigation at which the advocates of humanity are aiming, by

weakening their most *taking* argument; viz., the apparent injustice of subjecting unequal crimes to equal penalties.

The consideration of *punishments of inferior degree* led him to speak of penitentiaries. We cannot follow him through his various details on this head, which occupy the most considerable part of his volume, and a long appendix. He was clearly of opinion that a prison might be rendered a school of reformation. But while he contends for the necessity of seclusion and strict superintendence, he deprecates all extreme harshness, and particularly disapproves of solitary confinement.

Some remarks on the penitentiary system in the United States, repeated and reinforced in subsequent pamphlets, engaged Mr. Roscoe in a controversy with several writers of that republic, which commenced in 1825, and was only finished with his last exertions in this world. His intense application to this labour perhaps tended to shorten his days. But it was a cause to which he begrudged not the remains of his strength. It was a point where he was happy to say,—

Hic cæsus artemque repono.

My work is done: I here resign the pen,
And all my skill to plead the cause of men.

He had the comfort to hear that his arguments had not been vainly wafted over the Atlantic; that a milder plan had been adopted in the treatment of those unhappy beings, whom it was his hope, and struggle, and prayer, to restore to the condition of useful citizens, and the higher dignity of good men. Dr. Traill mentions having heard him declare, not long before his departure, "that no literary distinction had ever afforded him half the gratification

he received from the reflection on the part he had taken in this great question ; and he expressed his satisfaction, that he now might be permitted to think that he had not lived altogether in vain."

He was then fast approaching the period when such reflections are most of all precious. In the winter of 1827, in consequence of intense application to his work on Penitentiaries, to which he was urged by the approaching departure of a vessel for America, he was attacked with paralysis of the muscles of the tongue and mouth. His friend and physician Dr. Traill was immediately called ; the patient was freely bled, on which he recovered his speech, and the introduction of a seton into his neck removed the paralytic affection of his mouth. Intense study was forbidden, and after an interval of perfect relaxation from his literary occupations, he recovered sufficiently to be able to complete his botanical work and the catalogue of Mr. Coke's library, and to correct for the press his latest tracts on prison discipline. It was a great satisfaction to find his intellect quite entire ; and it remained so to within an hour of his death.*

For some time he had entertained a design of translating, in concert with Dr. Traill, Lanzi's "*History of Italian Painting*," a work which his own increasing years, and the various avocations of his associate, induced him to relinquish ; with the less regret, as it devolved upon his son to execute the task, to his own and his father's honour.

The last public works of Mr. Roscoe were, a letter congratulating the Lord Chancellor Brougham on his elevation to the woolsack ; and an earnest solicitation to La Fayette, on the arrest of Polignac and the other Carlist Ministers, urging him, by the utmost exertion of his authority and influence, not to let the

* Dr. Traill's Memoir.

triumph of the "three days" be stained by bloody and vindictive executions. So accordant were all the acts of Roscoe's life and pen.

Though he was now incapable of sustaining the excitement of promiscuous society, in the bosom of his family, and with a few old and valued friends, he still enjoyed an innocent cheerfulness. Death approached, not unforeseen, yet gently—rather announced by increasing weakness, than by actual pain. He looked calmly on the passage he had so soon to make. Not many days before his last, he was heard to declare, "that he thanked the Almighty for having permitted him to pass a life of much happiness, which, though somewhat checkered with vicissitudes, had been on the whole one of much enjoyment; and he trusted that he would be enabled to resign it cheerfully whenever it pleased God to call him."

That call was made on the 30th of June, 1831, when a fit of influenza ended the life of Roscoe.

His many friends, and many more who would gladly have been his friends, will look impatiently for the publication of his correspondence, and the more perfect picture of his mind and habits, the more minute narrative of his transactions, which may be expected from Mr. Henry Roscoe. Meanwhile, we trust we have done him no injustice, and have gratified our own feelings, by thus publicly testifying our respect to his memory.

From a general survey of what Roscoe was, did, and wrote, his character seems happily expressed in the words of Tacitus: "*Bonum virum facile credas, magnum libenter.*" The goodness of his heart appears in every page of his writings, and was in all his ways; but to discover the extraordinary powers of his intellect, and the noble energy of his will, it is necessary to consider the variety of his accomplish-

ments, and the perseverant efforts of his long life for the benefit of his kind. His brightest literary praise is unquestionably that of a biographer and historian ; but it was a far higher glory, that he was a grey-headed friend of freedom. The Romans went forth from their city, when threatened with a siege, to thank the Consul who fled from Cannæ, because he had not despaired of the republic. How should that man be honoured, who, after the disappointment of a hundred hopes, after a hundred vicissitudes of good and ill, *never despaired of human nature ?*

P.S. We are aware that Mr. Roscoe wrote many things in periodicals, &c., of which we have given no account. Among the rest, a poem on the *progress of engraving*. But we cannot forbear to mention "*The Butterfly's Ball*," which, though published merely as a child's book, has the true spirit of fairy poesy, and reminds one of the best things in Herrick.

[The Life of Roscoe by his son, alluded to in the last paragraph but one, appeared in 1833, in two large octavo volumes. It is principally compiled from Roscoe's extensive correspondence, and is a valuable contribution both to the literary and political history of the times ;—but the preceding Memoir is so complete in itself, and so sufficient for the purpose with which it was written, as explained by the author in the opening pages, that it has not been thought advisable to add to its length by supplementary matter, or renewed discussion.—D. C.]

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

It is by no means easy to do justice to this great and good man, or to distinguish, amid the acts and accidents of his life, what was personal from what was adventitious ; what was truly admirable from what was only extraordinary. Any child will wonder when shown the picture of a man who has sailed round the world ; but this wonder past, an inconsiderate or uninformed mind might inquire, what did Cook that might not have been done by hundreds ? To circumnavigate the planet, even twice or thrice, could not, in the eighteenth century, make a Columbus or a Magelhaens, any more than a trip from the Archipelago to the Black Sea would make an Argonaut. To the *unique* greatness of him, who, in the faith of science, first sought a westward passage to the East, Cook had no claim ; and in wild adventures, marvellous sights, appalling privations, hair-breadth-scapes, and terrific daring ; in the romantic, the imaginative, the poetical, his voyages, though by no means barren, are certainly far exceeded by those of earlier discoverers. Whether any landsman, however scientific, can fairly appreciate the merit of Cook as a navigator and an improver of navigation, is extremely doubtful ; certainly, words cannot convey the peculiar nature or aspect of his difficulties, and therefore must give a very inadequate apprehension of his skill

in surmounting them. Our nautical readers will excuse our brevity and imperfection, and if need be, our probable errors in technicals. Nor is it possible, in a popular work, to explain to the uninitiated the extent of his benefits to geography, astronomy, and magnetism ; how much he contributed to elucidate the sympathetic laws which bind the universe together, or what he added to our knowledge of the animal and vegetable productions of the earth.

But the moral greatness of Cook, his perfection of self-command, the power whereby he impressed inferior minds with the feeling of his mental superiority in emergencies, where nothing but such an impression could have maintained obedience, his considerate and manly humanity, his pastoral anxiety for all entrusted to his charge, his industrious zeal for the good of men so far removed from European sympathies and associations, that many would hardly have acknowledged them for fellow-creatures, the strength of his intellect in conceiving and comprehending great ends, his adroitness in adapting, his perseverance in applying means conducive to those ends ; all, in short, which constitute the *man*, apart from the *science* and the *profession*, may be rendered intelligible to all ; and to these points we shall direct our principal attention.

James Cook was born on the 27th of October, 1728. His father was an agricultural labourer, or farm-servant, who migrated from his native Northumberland, to the northern district of Yorkshire, called Cleveland. In the small village of Marton, in the North-Riding, midway between Gisbrough and Stockton-upon-Tees, the circumnavigator was born in a clay-biggins, which his fame has not protected from demolition. His mother's Christian name was Grace, and he was one of nine children. No wonder

if his first years were familiar with poverty and privation. Yet his parents, who seem to have been good in a class where goodness is not rare, contrived, even from the pittance of a labourer's wages, to set apart a few pence weekly, to procure for their offspring such instruction as the village dame could supply. Notwithstanding the obscurity of Cook's childhood, the name of his spectacled tutoress has been preserved from oblivion. It was Dame Walker. Whether the future navigator was distinguished by a rapid progress in A B C, we have not ascertained; but, judging by analogy, we should rather conjecture the reverse. The men, who ultimately do their instructors most credit, are frequently those who give them most trouble; and strong masculine minds, whose characteristic is austere good sense, and that rigid self-control which qualifies alike to obey and to command, seldom acquire the elements of any knowledge rapidly. A truly great man generally has the reputation of a dull boy. It is not recorded whether Dame Walker discovered the germs of genius in young Cook, or whether he displayed, in childhood, that inquisitive spirit which afterwards conducted him round the globe. If he did, it is probable that his inquiries procured him more whipping than information; for there is nothing that teachers of the old school dislike more in a pupil than asking questions, especially if they chance to be questions out of the scope of the said teachers' knowledge.

The village dame, a character so useful in fact, so delightful to contemplation, and so beautifully described by Shenstone, is fast disappearing from society. Compared to the speed and efficiency of modern plans of education, their methods of instruction were as the toil of the distaff and spindle to the operation of the spinning jenny. It would be

idle to regret a change which may produce much good, and which the present condition of the community in a manner necessitates; yet it is not without a strong feeling of interest that we regard the few survivors of this venerable sisterhood, and we cannot bear to see their little charges, their joy and their pride, taken from under their care. It is a common-place argument against improvements in education, that the new systems will never produce greater or better men than have grown up under the old ones. Persons who pursue this line of reasoning may possibly point to the fame of Cook, in order to vindicate the sufficiency of dames' schools for popular education. But it is extremely unjust and delusive to calculate either the merit of individual teachers, or the value of establishments and systems by the number or eminence of the great men reared under them. For, not to mention that all great men are, in some sort, *self-educated*, the methods and circumstances most favourable to the maturing and exercise of great faculties, whether moral or intellectual, are by no means the most favourable to average hearts and minds. The most saintly virtue is often produced in the most dissolute ages, and appears in persons whose youth has been beset by temptation and ill-example. But that master, that university, that system, is to be preferred, which produces the *best mediocrity*, and whose pupils are most generally *respectable*.

When little Cook had attained his eighth year, his father, who bore an excellent character for industry, frugality, and integrity, obtained the humble but confidential situation of hind, or agricultural superintendent of the farm of Airy Holme, near Great Ayton, belonging to Thomas Skottowe, Esq. Hither the good man removed with his family. James was

sent, at Mr. Skottowe's expense, to a day school in the neighbourhood, where he was taught writing, and the fundamental rules of arithmetic—sufficient learning to qualify him for the situation of a shopkeeper, which is often the highest mark of rural ambition. There is something very tempting, especially to a mother, in the name of profits; and tender parents of low condition are desirous of procuring in-door employments for their offspring. Before he was full thirteen years old, James was apprenticed to a haberdasher, at Staiths, near Whitby, then a considerable fishing town. The daily sight of vessels, and the conversation of seamen, soon discovered to his young mind that the sea was his vocation: he quarrelled with the shop, obtained his discharge, leaped over the counter, and bound himself for seven years to John and Henry Walker, of Whitby, two worthy brothers, of the Society of Friends, who were extensively engaged in the coal trade, and joint-owners of the ship *Free Love*, on board of which Mr. Cook spent the greater part of his marine apprenticeship; and when that was expired, he continued to serve as a common sailor in the coasting trade, which, although it may furnish little to gratify either a wild passion for adventure, or the more laudable thirst for various knowledge, affords toil and hardship, peril and experience, in daily abundance. At length he was raised to the station of mate in one of John Walker's vessels. This is a favourable testimony to his general conduct, though it does not appear that the superiority of his mind was observed by his employers, or that any presentiment of his high destination had dawned upon himself. He was learning the practical detail of his profession, and perhaps meditating, through the long hours of the night-watch, on the scientific principles and possible improvements of navigation.

During these years, it is probable that he never launched far from the British shores. The Newcastle coal trade, in which he was principally engaged, has long been "the nursery of British seamen," or rather a sort of government *preserve*, an unfailing resource, whenever the ocean is to be made the area of plunder and the highway of death.

In the spring of 1755, when certain disputes respecting the boundaries of the French and English settlements in North America, left undecided at the clumsy negotiations of Aix-la-Chapelle, had produced aggressions which were supposed to render war "just and necessary," a hot press of sailors took place in all the principal ports of the kingdom. Cook's vessel was then lying in the Thames, and as he had little chance of escape or concealment, and perhaps secretly longed for a wider sphere of activity than the home commerce supplied, he resolved to prevent the indignity of impressment, by volunteering into the royal navy. He went to a rendezvous at Wapping, and entered with an officer of the *Eagle* man-of-war, a ship of sixty guns, then commanded by Captain Hamer. When Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Hugh) Palliser was appointed to the *Eagle*, in October, 1755, he found James Cook already distinguished as an able and meritorious seaman, exact and adroit in the performance of his duty, and bearing marks of more intelligence than the duties of a fore-mast man called into exercise. All the officers concurred in testifying to his merits, and Captain Palliser gave him as much countenance and encouragement as the necessarily aristocratic discipline of the navy permits a commander to bestow upon a common man. Nor were his deserts unknown or neglected in his native province, for Mr. Osbaldeston, M.P. for Scarborough, wrote to

the Captain, informing him that several neighbouring gentlemen had much interested themselves in behalf of one Cook, whom he understood to be a sailor on board the *Eagle*, and whom it was thought desirable to raise to a more advantageous station. Mr. Osbaldeston requested to know in what manner he might best conduce to the young man's promotion. Captain Palliser, in reply, admitted the justice of Cook's claims, and as the rules of the service did not allow him to be raised to a commission, suggested the propriety of procuring him a Master's warrant. The exertions of his friends were prompt and persevering, for no less than three such warrants were procured within five days. First, for the *Grampus* sloop, which was found to be already furnished with a Master; secondly, to the *Garland*, which had sailed just the day before; and thirdly, to the *Mercury*, to which last he was actually appointed, May 15, 1759. Though little is recorded of his proceedings in the four years intervening between 1755 and 1759, there can be no doubt that he employed himself in pursuits very different from the ordinary routine of a common sailor's life; and that his talents and proficiency were tried, proved, and appreciated by his superiors, since we shall soon see him recommended to a service requiring great science, experienced intrepidity, and that cool readiness of resource, which no difficulty finds unprovided.

The destination of the *Mercury* was to North America, where she joined the squadron under Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, then lying in the river St. Lawrence, to co-operate with the land forces under General Wolfe, in the famous siege of Quebec. When Wolfe was meditating his attack on the French camp at Montmorenci and Beauport, it was judged necessary that the soundings of the river,

between the Isle of Orleans and the north shore, should be accurately taken, in order that the Admiral might lay his ships so as to cover the approach of the army to the hostile posts. To this service Cook was specially recommended by Captain Palliser; and though it is doubted whether he had ever taken a pencil in his hand before, such was his natural sagacity, that he executed his difficult task in the most complete manner, and produced a chart which was long the model and authority of all others. As the tract of water to be explored was commanded by the enemy's shot, the work was altogether performed by night. Yet could it not escape observation. A number of canoes and Indians were collected in a wood by the water side, which, launching forth under favour of the darkness, were very near surprising our navigator, and cutting short his destined career. Unprovided with force or means for resistance, and unable to conjecture the number of the assailants, who came upon him before he was aware, he had nothing but to run for it, and get under shelter of the English hospital on Orleans Isle. So close was he pressed, that some of the Indians entered at the stern of his boat while he leaped out at the bow.

After the capture of Quebec, Mr. Cook was appointed, by a warrant from Lord Colvill, master of the Northumberland, which was laid up for the winter at Halifax, Nova-Scotia, where his Lordship had the command of a squadron as Commodore. During this winter, Mr. Cook became first acquainted with Euclid, and with the more advanced theorems of astronomy. It is a peculiar advantage of the exact sciences, that they may be acquired from a few books, and without any tuition. For practical purposes they are, perhaps, better thus acquired than by the regular modes.

Cook was present, in September, 1762, at the recapture of Newfoundland, was employed in surveying the coasts and harbours, and obtained the signal approbation of Colonel Amherst and Captain Graves. At the close of the same year he returned to England; and on the 21st of December, married, at Barking, in Essex, Miss Elizabeth Batts, an amiable woman, who deserved and attained his full affection and confidence; but the state of a sailor's wife is, for the most part, a wedded widowhood.

Early in 1763, Captain Graves was sent out a second time as Governor of Newfoundland, and Mr. Cook again accompanied him as surveyor. Some difficulty was experienced in carrying the provisions of the recent treaty of Paris into execution, and some consequent delay obstructed Cook in his operations, which were, however, satisfactorily brought to a close, and he returned to England at the end of the season, but did not long continue there. Sir Hugh Palliser, his earliest patron, was now appointed Governor and Commodore of Newfoundland and Labrador, and Cook was desired to attend him in the same capacity of surveyor in which he had served Captain Graves. The charts of the North American shore and islands were at that time extremely defective, and no one was deemed more proper to remedy the deficiency, than he who had already begun the examination so successfully. In this employment, and in exploring the interior of Newfoundland, Cook was engaged at intervals, from 1764 to 1767, when he once more returned to England.

Had Cook's achievements been confined to the services we have thus briefly mentioned, he would yet deserve a respectable place among those sagacious and laborious minds who have acquired much knowledge under circumstances that might well excuse

ignorance, and have turned their self-gained knowledge to practical account, in emergencies where more thorough erudition might easily have found itself at a loss. And yet there are many men who can go thus far—nay, to whose probable advance it might be rash to set a limit—who do unaccountably stop short, or retrograde, being either too well contented with themselves, or too ill contented with their reward, or lacking an external motive, example, or necessity. Had our present subject, for instance, realised a moderate independence a little while after his marriage, and retired to some cheap provincial town, who can say whether he would have been any wise distinguished from the ordinary race of half-pay subs, pursers, and sailing-masters, so frequent in good neighbourhoods and sea-bathing villages? living barometers, morning loungers, and evening backgammon players; among whom there is doubtless much power of thought and of action, if they had any thing worth doing or thinking about?

Cook was destined to nobler labours. Those who most confidently reject the astrological hypothesis, may nevertheless admit that Cook's great actions were dependent upon planetary influence. The astronomers of Europe having determined by their calculations that a transit of Venus over the sun's disk would take place in the year 1769, and that the best point for observing this phenomenon, so important to science, would be found among the islands of the South Sea, were naturally urgent for the assistance of their governments, to accomplish the observation required. In England, the affair was warmly taken up by the Royal Society, a body whose zeal and services in the promotion of knowledge ought to put to shame the scurrilous abuse with which the society has been assailed, by satirists and

buffoons, from Butler to Wolcot. A long memorial was addressed to his Majesty, dated February 15th, 1768, setting forth the great importance of the object, the attention paid to it by other states, and the proper means for its attainment. His Majesty, at the instance of the Earl of Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), signified his pleasure to the commissioners of the Admiralty, that a convenient vessel be equipped to convey such astronomers and other men of science as the Royal Society should select, to the South Seas; and on the 3d of April, Mr. Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, announced to the Society, that a bark had been taken up for that purpose. The management of the expedition was originally intended for Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, F.R.S., a scientific amateur, who had made astronomy and geography the particular subjects of his investigation. But here a difficulty arose. Mr. Dalrymple, well knowing the impossibility of securing the obedience of a crew without the full authority of a naval commander, or of preserving discipline in a vessel not subject to martial law, requested a brevet commission as Captain, such as had been granted to Halley the astronomer, in his famous voyages to discover the variation of the compass. To this arrangement, Sir Edward Hawke, then at the head of the naval department, could not be brought to consent, alleging that his conscience did not suffer him to entrust any ship of his Majesty's to a man not regularly bred to the sea. And in this objection, which has been censured as a professional punctilio, it is extremely probable that Sir Edward was in the right; for Halley's commission was little respected by his men, who ventured to dispute its validity. To maintain order in a ship or an army, or even in a school, something more is required than a legal commission,—

a moral authority founded on prescription and association, and above all, a feeling among subordinate commanders, that their own honour, dignity, and rank, require them to support the superior. As neither the admiral nor the philosopher would recede from their resolution, and Sir Edward declared that he would sooner cut off his own right hand than he would affix it to an irregular commission, the Society had no alternative, but either to abandon the project, in which the national credit as well as the interests of science were deeply concerned, or to look out for another conductor. In this emergency, Mr. Secretary Stephens—a man who must have possessed some extraordinary qualifications, for he retained his office in those changeable times under many successive administrations—directed the attention of the board to Mr. Cook. Sir Hugh Palliser, Cook's constant friend, readily vouched for his competency. Such recommendation was not likely to be disregarded, and the Lords of the Admiralty appointed Cook to command the expedition, with the rank of a Lieutenant in the royal navy, his commission bearing date the 25th of May, 1768.

The next thing was to select a vessel fit for the purposes of the voyage. Sir Hugh Palliser and Lieutenant Cook examined a number of ships then lying in the river, and at length pitched upon one of 370 tons burden, which they modestly and appropriately christened the *Endeavour*. Before the preparations were completed, Captain Wallis returned from his voyage round the world, and specially recommended the island which he had discovered, or re-discovered, and named, in honour of his Sovereign and patron, King George's Isle, (since called by the native term *Otaheite*,) as the best station for observing the transit of Venus. Thither, therefore, the Admiralty directed

Cook to steer. Mr. Green was appointed chief astronomer, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, and Dr. Solander, accompanied the expedition as naturalists and students of life and manners. The complement of the Endeavour was eighty-four persons, exclusive of the commander; and she was victualled for eighteen months, carried ten carriage and twelve swivel guns, and was amply stored with ammunition and all other necessaries. Lieutenant Cook went on board on the 27th of May, sailed down the river the 30th of July, anchored in Plymouth Sound August 13th, waited for a fair wind to the 26th of that month, arrived in Funchal Road, in the island of Madeira, September 13th. The beauties and delights of Madeira, "the purple waves," the vineyards and orangeries, the restorative atmosphere, and the luxuriant hospitality of natives and denizens, have been celebrated again and again, never more passionately than by the author of "Six Months in the West Indies."* Lieutenant Cook and his crew were received with the usual welcome, not only from the English, among whom Dr. Thomas Heberden deserved the thanks of all botanists for the assistance he rendered to Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, in exploring the vegetable varieties of that fertile land, (who would not be a botanist in a wilderness of nameless flowers?) but also from the Fathers of the Franciscan convent, who displayed a liberal interest in the object of the expedition, little accordant with the sloth, ignorance, and bigotry, which some of the tars had been used to associate with the garb of a friar. The visitors were also permitted to converse with a convent of nuns. What an incident in the lives of those poor recluses! The ladies had heard that there were philosophers in

* H. N. Coleridge, author of the "Introduction to Homer," &c.

the company, and having very indistinct notions of the limits of philosophic intelligence, asked with amusing simplicity, many questions which the philosophers were quite unable to answer; as when it would thunder, whether there was a spring of fresh water to be found in the convent, &c.; questions to which the oracular sages of old would easily have returned responses certain to save their own credit. And indeed it well might astonish the nuns, that men who were sailing to the farthest extremity of the ocean, in the certainty of seeing a particular appearance of the heavenly bodies on a particular day, should nevertheless be ignorant of the intentions of the weather.*

Having laid in a fresh stock of beef, water, and wine, the Endeavour weighed anchor from Madeira on the 18th of September, and proceeded across the Atlantic. In the run between Madeira and Rio Janeiro, on the night of the 29th October, the monotony of "blank ocean and mere sky" was inter-

* It is probable, that the progress of discovery may in time enable philosophers to satisfy the curiosity of nuns on these questions. Even now, there are men whose surmises are grounded on experiment, who believe that the presence of hidden springs or metals may be detected by magnetic or galvanic effluvia, thus approving old Roger Bacon's "hazel rod of divination." The science of meteorology is yet in its infancy; but we can see no reason why it should not be so perfected, as to enable the proficient to calculate the changes of the atmosphere with an approximation to certainty. Wherever the Almighty acts through his handmaid Nature, he doubtless acts by discoverable laws. As those laws are more or less simple, they are more or less easily discovered. When many causes are at work together, mutually modifying and counteracting each other, it becomes proportionably difficult to calculate the mean result of the whole. But, though arduous, not impossible or unlawful. It is not in respect of natural forces, that *our God is a God that hideth himself*.

rupted by the strange appearance of a sea on fire. Sometimes quick successive flashes, sometimes a multitude of luminous points, illuminated the waves around the vessel, seeming to increase with the agitation of the waters. This phenomenon arises from luminous animals, chiefly of the genus *Medusæ*. Our voyagers ascertained this by experiment, but it had been suspected, if not proved by former naturalists. The appearance, though most frequent between the tropics, is by no means unknown either in the Mediterranean, or in our own seas; but in those teeming latitudes, which almost favour the fanciful hypothesis, that all matter has some time been animated, the multitude of sea insects is so great, as to cover vast tracts of water with their light. Sir Joseph Banks (for why should not he, like Augustus and Charlemagne, be allowed to anticipate his title?) threw the casting-net, and captured a hitherto nondescript species of *Medusa*, more splendid than any before noticed, which he called *pellucens*. When brought aboard, it emitted a strong white light, like heated metal. Along with this living gelatine he caught crabs of three different species, altogether new, each of which gave as much light as the glow-worm, though not above one-third of the size. Doubtless Sir Joseph was a happy man that night, and continued, to the end of his long, happy, and virtuous life, to observe the 29th of October among his high days and holidays.

On the 13th of November the *Endeavour* arrived at Rio Janeiro, whither the commander had directed his course, as some articles of provision began to run short, anticipating the like favourable reception from the Portuguese authorities as he had experienced at Madeira. Herein, however, he was disappointed. The Viceroy would not believe, because he did not comprehend, the purpose of the expedition. When

assured that its object was to observe a transit of Venus over the Sun, he could make nothing of it, but that it was expected to see the North Star pass through the South Pole, and he had the worse opinion of the English designs which were covered with such an incomprehensible pretext. Travellers, in exploring the ancient buildings of eastern lands, are exposed to perilous interruption from the natives, who insist upon it that they are hunting for hid treasures; and the representative of his Portuguese Majesty at Rio Janeiro might have heard that it was not to observe the stars that Englishmen used to traverse the ocean. Cook had need of his peculiar discretion, and command of temper, in dealing with this ignorant, important personage, and never came to a thorough understanding with him at all. Water and other necessities could not be refused, but when towing down the bay on the 5th of December (it being a dead calm), our navigators were startled by two shots from the fort of Santa Cruz, which commands the entrance of the harbour. Cook immediately dropped anchor, and sent to demand the reason of this insult. The governor of the fortress answered that he could not allow the vessel to pass without the Viceroy's order. The Viceroy being questioned, asserted that he had issued the order several days before, but through some unaccountable negligence it had never been transmitted. It was not worth while to disbelieve this.

On the 7th of December the Endeavour was once more under weigh, and pursuing her voyage, entered the Straits of Le Maire, January 7th, 1769, and the next day anchored in the bay of Good Success, on the coast of Terra del Fuego. This island is, perhaps, the most wretched spot that ever was a permanent habitation of men; and if human misery be produced

by the total absence at once of physical accommodation and mental cultivation, of enjoyment and of hope, the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego might be fairly pronounced miserable. Nature has done little for them, and yet they have scarcely been urged to do anything for themselves. Their hovels, composed of sticks and dry grass, afford no protection against the weather. The scanty bits of seal skin which serve them for garments, supply neither warmth nor decency. Indeed, decency, cleanliness, and comfort, appear to be equally strangers to their wishes. They have no incitement to action beyond the craving for food, in search of which they paddle about in their canoes, or wander shivering about the dreary wastes that surround them. If they have any notion of a public blessing, it must be when the sea throws some huge carcase ashore, which may perhaps excite as great a sensation in Terra del Fuego, as a rich wreck would once have done on the coast of Cornwall. Cooking utensils they have none; nor any semblance of furniture; yet they would accept nothing but a few beads. They had probably no idea of any condition different from their own. Nature, denying them all beside, gave them apathy, the best possible substitute for content. Yet their squalid figures indicated habitual bodily distress, and the few words which made up their language had a whining tone, and were spoken with a shiver, such as we observe in beggar children, but probably unaccompanied with any positive consciousness of pain.*

* From the recent voyage of Captain Foster (the gallant officer unfortunately drowned in the *Chagre*, just as he was bringing the scientific labours of his expedition to a happy close), it appears that the natives of Terra del Fuego are very little advanced since 1769. The march of mind, in the neighbourhood of Strait le Maire and Cape Horn, must be a *dead march*.

While the Endeavour lay in the bay of Good Success, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Mr. Green, Mr. Monkhouse the surgeon, and others of the scientific party, were very near perishing of cold on a botanical excursion up a mountain in Terra del Fuego. Two black attendants actually died. It should be recollected, that January is the midsummer of the Southern Hemisphere. But the brief summer of Lapland cheers not the dwellers of the extreme south.

On the 26th of January, our voyagers left Cape Horn behind them, and on the 11th of April came in sight of Otaheite. In this interval they discovered several small islands, which were named Lagoon, Thrumb Cap, Bow Island, the Groups, Bird Island, and Chain Island. Most of these appeared to be inhabited, and the verdant palm groves rising above the waste of waters were delightfully refreshing to eyes which for months had seen no earth but the desolate heights of Terra del Fuego. On the 13th the Endeavour anchored in Port Royal Bay, Otaheite.

As their stay in this island was not likely to be short, and much depended on keeping up a good understanding with the natives, the first measure of Lieutenant Cook was to set forth certain rules and regulations, according to which the communication between his crew and the islanders was to be conducted. His orders were to this effect:—

1st. To endeavour, by every fair means, to cultivate a friendship with the natives, and to treat them with all imaginable humanity.

2nd. A proper person or persons will be appointed to trade with the natives for all manner of fruits, provisions, and other productions of the earth; and no officer, or seaman, or other person belonging to the

ship, excepting such as are so appointed, shall trade, or offer to trade, for any sort of provisions, fruit, or other productions of the earth, unless they have leave so to do.

3rd. Every person employed on shore, on any duty whatsoever, shall strictly attend to the same; and if by any neglect he lose any of his arms or working tools, or suffer them to be stolen, the full value thereof will be charged against his pay, according to the custom of the navy in such cases, and he shall receive such further punishment as the nature of the case may deserve.

4th. The same punishment shall be inflicted on any person who is found to embezzle, trade, or offer to trade with any part of the ship's stores, of what nature soever.

5th. No sort of iron, or anything made of iron, or any sort of cloth, or other useful and necessary articles, to be given in exchange for anything but provision.

J. COOK.

There are few spots of earth so remote, so recently discovered, and so little connected with the politics of Europe, of which so much has been talked and written, as of the Isle of Otaheite. Sensual philosophers have extolled it as the very garden of delight and liberty—the paradise of Mahomet on earth—the floating island of Camoens come to an anchor; and stern religionists have referred to its Areois, its infanticides, its bloody sacrifices, as irrefragable proofs of the innate depravity of human nature. In later times, it has acquired a more honourable celebrity from the labours of the missionaries, whose smallest praise it is to have given more accurate accounts of the human natural history of barbarians than had ever been received before. Could a description of this celebrated island and its inhabitants form a

proper part of any biography, it would not be of Cook's, for he was not the discoverer of Otaheite. According to some assertions, it had been visited as early as 1606, by Quiros. But however this might be, the fame of disclosing its existence to modern Europe belongs to Captain Wallis, whose vessel, the *Dolphin*, struck on one of the coral reefs that beset and fortify the coasts of the Polynesian Isles, and which, if no comet or conflagration interrupt the generation of insect architects in their labour, may at last form a new continent in the Pacific. In the year following, Bougainville, the first French circumnavigator, visited the Cyprus of the South Seas, and had not long departed when our voyagers arrived. Thus the natives had become sufficiently acquainted with the European aspect to feel no panic at a new arrival, and when the *Endeavour* anchored in Matarai bay, she was presently surrounded with canoes, offering cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and other refreshments for barter. A friendly intercourse was soon established; and the commander having issued the rules aforesaid, for the regulation of commerce, turned his attention to the grand object of his mission.

The first consideration was, to fix on the best point from whence to take the observation, then to provide means of taking it in security. Having explored the coast for some distance westward, and found no harbour more convenient than that in which the *Endeavour* lay, he went ashore, accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Mr. Green, and a party of marines and sailors, to pitch on a site for the observatory. A piece of ground was selected, commanded by the guns of the ship, and remote from any native habitation. Here it was resolved to erect a small fort, and to deposit the astronomical instruments. While the space was marking out, the

natives, in straggling troops, began to gather round, but unarmed, and without any show of animosity or of fear. Mr. Cook, well knowing that a little salutary awe, timely impressed, might prevent the necessity of violence, signified that none should pass the line of demarcation, except Owhaw, (a native who had particularly attached himself to the English during Wallis's visit, and was inclined to renew his acquaintance,) and a single chieftain. These two approached accordingly, and they were given to understand by signs, that the ground was merely wanted to sleep upon for a night or two, and that no violation of person or property would be attempted. Whether this dumb communication proved intelligible or not, the work was allowed to proceed without interruption, the natives looking quietly on like children. The trench was drawn, and a tent erected, in which the scientific gentlemen placed their apparatus under a guard, and then, along with Mr. Cook, went on an excursion up the country. We can imagine Sir Joseph and Dr. Solander almost as happy as this state of probation permits frail man to be. The trees and the flowers, and the butterflies, the green and fragrant earth, all teeming and scaturient with new species. At every step a discovery. If to feel the firm land under foot, to behold grass and trees once more, after months' confinement on ship-board, where men, and most of all, unemployed men, are doomed to feel from day to day—

How like a cloud on the weary eye

Lay the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky—

if this be ecstasy even to an ignoramus, who has not an idea or an object to diversify the simplicity of pleasurable feeling, what must it be to a natural philosopher in a new discovered country !

Cool-headed readers at home, when they peruse the high-flown descriptions in old voyages, of fortunate islands, groves of perfume and melody, birds and flowers rivalling the rainbow, women fair and kind as sea-born Cytherea, and a life of perpetual "dance and minstrelsy," should always take the *voyage* into consideration: especially when female charms are the topic of panegyric. Even the philosophers, Banks and Solander, no doubt were delighted to see a woman again, thought the gay Otaheitan dancing girls very pretty, and tattooing a very agreeable fashion. But it is a moot point whether any Otaheitan, any Indian beauty, would pass muster at an English fair or merry-night, even putting complexion out of the question. We mean as to beauty of feature, for in beauty of form, it is probable that savages, in a genial climate, where simple food is plentiful, and spirituous liquors have not become common, excel the average of a civilised people. But this need not be, if civilised nations made use of the knowledge that is given them. Bad or scanty food, premature and unwholesome labour, and the vices which oppression engenders and avarice encourages, dwarf and deform multitudes in our cities, and not in our cities *alone*, while the bodies, like the minds, of the affluent classes are too often perverted by bad education. It must be added, that the rarity of mis-shapen or decrepit objects in savage tribes, arises as much from their crimes and miseries as from any other cause. The old and diseased are suffered (or more humanely assisted) to perish; the weakly infant is strangled at the birth, or dies of neglect and hardship—only the healthy and vigorous arrive at maturity. But these reflections would not occur to a stranger just landed, and we conclude that to the philosophers all things appeared *couleur de rose*.

Perhaps Mr. Cook's meditations were not of such unmingled bliss. He might have fears of what might breed in his absence, and unfortunately those fears were not altogether without cause. Almost as soon as his back was turned, one of the Otaheitans, (who were still assembled about the tent,) watched his opportunity to seize the sentry's musket, and make off with it. Though repeatedly summoned, he showed no disposition to give it up, and his countrymen were rather inclined to protect him than otherwise. This so far provoked the young midshipman who commanded the guard, that he gave the word to fire, and a volley was discharged among the multitude, who immediately fled in great terror and confusion. As it was observed that the thief did not fall, he was pursued and shot dead. This the tars probably thought no more than justice, (as in England it would have been law,) and good sport into the bargain, but the Lieutenant, on his return, testified the utmost concern and displeasure, and reprimanded the young midshipman in a style that, we hope, he profited by. Thenceforth, orders were issued and enforced, that for no pillage or depredation should a shot be fired on any native. Yet it was some time before confidence was restored; even Owahaw kept aloof. But at last, by the good offices and skilful management of Mr. Cook and Sir Joseph, the fears of the islanders were appeased, and they began to bring their plantains, cocoa-nuts, and bread-fruit, again to the fort. It may be remarked, that in all dealings between our countrymen and the Otaheitans, Sir Joseph was the principal mediator: he managed all the traffic, he made acquaintance with many of the chieftains, he traversed the country in all directions, he was a spectator, sometimes an actor in the religious, festal, and funeral ceremonies. The universal passion for knowledge,

and not less comprehensive benevolence of that excellent man, led him occasionally into situations bordering on the ludicrous, but they qualified him admirably to obtain the good-will of a people, who, by all accounts, seem to have been shrewd children with full-grown passions.

The small regard to the rights of property which the Otaheitans share in common with the South Sea islanders in general, (we might add, with all nations that have not been long *educated* by legal institutions—for the world are too little aware how much honesty is an artificial and conventional virtue,) had very near rendered the main purpose of the voyage abortive. Cook and the scientific gentlemen having gone upon an expedition into the interior, and not returned to the tent, (which was left unoccupied) till the next morning, found the great astronomical quadrant missing. The first suspicion fell on the ship's crew; strict search was made in vain, and it became evident that the treasure had been purloined by Otaheitan hands. In this emergency, Sir Joseph volunteered his services, and by a series of well-conceived manœuvres, not only discovered the place of its concealment, but obtained its restoration without a contest. All went on fair and friendly, and when the fort came to be thrown up, the islanders zealously assisted in carrying earth, piles, &c. So scrupulous was Cook, that he would not permit a stake to be cut in the woods, but what was purchased and paid for. When the guns were mounted, the natives were much disturbed. Some rumour or tradition of European rapine might have reached the isle of Ocean; for what land or sea have not Europeans stained with blood? But by the never-failing intervention of Sir Joseph, and the good offices of a chief called Tootahah, all apprehensions were

dispelled. About the same time Lieutenant Cook signalised his justice by a piece of necessary severity, which set the Otaheitan character in a very amiable light. The butcher of the Endeavour had violently assaulted a woman, who refused to exchange her hatchet for a nail. He had forcibly taken the hatchet, and threatened to cut the poor female's throat. The charge being fairly made out in the presence of Sir Joseph Banks, an information was laid before the commander. It was determined to make an example of the butcher. Several of the natives were invited on board to witness his punishment. They looked on in silence while he was tied to the rigging, but when the first lash was given, they began to intercede for the offender with most pathetic beseechings, and when the flagellation proceeded in spite of their intercession, they testified their sympathy with tears and lamentations. The ignorant savages were quite unacquainted with the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails. There would be small reason, however, to declaim against the cat on the score of humanity, if it never was employed but in cases like that of the butcher of the Endeavour.

On the 14th of May, which was Sunday, divine service was performed at the fort, and Mr. Banks, at the suggestion of the commander, brought Tubourai Tamaide, a native chieftain, and his wife Tomio, in hopes that their questions might open the door for some religious instructions. But the time for conversions was not yet. Neither to Captain Cook nor to Sir Joseph Banks was the glory assigned to turn the heathen into the way of truth. Tubourai and Tomio behaved very well, imitating Sir Joseph, who sat between them, most sedulously kneeling when he knelt, and standing when he stood; they seemed to be aware that they were engaged in some serious

business, for they imperatively called on the people without the fort to be silent, but when all was over they asked no questions and would listen to no explanations.

Tubourai Tamaide had hitherto showed a respect to property very unusual among his countrymen, but on the 15th the temptation of a basket of nails was too strong for his virtue. It was left in a corner of Mr Banks's tent, to which the chief had always access. It was irresistible. Five nails were missing, and one of them inadvertently peeped out beneath the chieftain's garment. Had Tubourai possessed the spirit of the Spartan boy, he would have preferred hiding the nails in his flesh to having them found upon him: but an Otaheitan is not a Spartan, so Tubourai confessed the theft, but was very unwilling to make restitution. Restitution, however, was insisted on and promised, but never performed. No rough means were resorted to; Tubourai took his departure to Epasse, (his province or government,) and did not appear at the fort till the 25th, when he was received with a coldness and reserve which seemed to give him pain, but did not make him bring back the nails. The good heart of Sir Joseph was much wounded by this dereliction of the only Otaheitan whom he had suspected of honesty. Tubourai had, on a former occasion, been accused unjustly of stealing a knife, and resented the imputation in a manner that showed him not altogether insensible to its disgracefulness. So, at least, our voyagers, or Dr. Hawkesworth for them, interpreted his tears, (for the tears of an Otaheitan are as fluent as a spoiled child's or an ancient hero's,) but we think it probable, that if his sense was at all aggrieved at the accusation, it was not on the score of dishonesty, but of ingratitude and dishonour. Moralists

are apt to consider honour as an acquired notion; honesty, or an equitable regard to the *meum* and *tuum*, as coeval with the earliest dawn of human reason. But we believe the reverse to be the case, as any one who closely observes the habits of children, or of uncultivated men, may easily perceive. It requires a high degree of moral education to make men understand the sacredness of property, abstractedly considered as such. Few school-boys feel any compunction at robbing an orchard, especially if it be their master's. Piracy and robbery were long the honoured employment of heroes. But school-boys and pirates always have acknowledged, if not observed, a bond amongst themselves, and can always understand the obligation of a kindness conferred or received.

On the 27th, Sir Joseph Banks suffered a much more serious inconvenience from the Otaheitan ignorance or disregard of the eighth commandment than the loss of the nails, which moreover furnished that wicked wag Peter Pindar with what he doubtless regarded as fair game. Oberea, a stately middle aged lady, whom Captain Wallis, erroneously, as it appeared, had taken for the Queen of the island, with her attendants, male and female, including her paramour Obadee, and her high priest and prime minister Tupia, paid a visit to Tootahah, at the same time that our voyagers were honouring him with a visitation, to procure the delivery of certain hogs, which had been promised and paid for. As the assemblage on this occasion was unusually great, there occurred an accident, that often results from royal visits in more civilised communities, a scarcity of sleeping accommodations. Sir Joseph, says Dr. Hawkesworth, in the name of Captain Cook, thought himself fortunate in being offered a place in Oberea's

canoe, (the canoes of the Otaheitans are often seventy feet long, but had Oberea's been less, it would have occasioned no scandal,) and, wishing his friends a very good night, took his leave. "He went to rest early, according to the custom of the country, and taking off his clothes, as was his constant practice, the nights being hot, Oberea kindly insisted upon taking them into her own custody, for otherwise, she said, they would certainly be stolen. Mr. Banks having such a safeguard, resigned himself to sleep with all imaginable tranquillity, but awakening about eleven o'clock, and wanting to get up, he searched for his clothes where he had seen them deposited by Oberea, when he lay down to sleep, and soon perceived that they were missing. He immediately awakened Oberea, who, starting up, and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost. Tootahah himself slept in the next canoe, and being soon alarmed, he came to them and set out with Oberea in search of the thief; Mr. Banks was not in a condition to go with them, for of his apparel scarce anything was left him *but his breeches*; his coat and his waistcoat, with his pistols, powder-horn, and many other things that were in his pockets, being gone. In about half an hour his two noble friends returned, but without having obtained any intelligence of his clothes or of the thief. At first he began to be alarmed; his musket had not indeed been taken away, but he had neglected to load it; where I and Dr. Solander had disposed of ourselves he did not know, and therefore whatever might happen, he could not have recourse to us for assistance. He thought it best, however, to express neither fear nor suspicion of those about him; and giving his musket to Tupia, who had been waked in the confusion and stood by him, with

a charge not to suffer it to be stolen, he betook himself again to rest, declaring himself perfectly satisfied with the pains that Tootahah and Oberea had taken to recover his things, though they had not been successful. As it cannot be supposed that in such a situation he slept very sound, he soon after heard music, and saw lights at a little distance on shore. This was a concert or assembly, which they call a *Helou*, a common name for every public exhibition, and as it would necessarily bring many people together, and there was a chance of my being among them with his other friends, he rose and made the best of his way towards it; he was soon led by the lights and the sound to the place where I lay with the other three gentlemen of our party, and easily distinguishing us from the rest, he made up to us more than half naked, and told his melancholy story. We gave him such comfort as the unfortunate generally give to each other, by telling him that we were fellow-sufferers. I showed that I myself was without stockings, they having been stolen from under my head, though I was certain I had never been asleep, and each of my associates convinced him, by his appearance, that he had lost a jacket. We determined, however, to hear out the concert, however deficient in point of dress; it consisted of four flutes, three drums, and several voices; when this entertainment, which lasted about an hour, was over, we retired again to our places of rest, having agreed that nothing could be done towards the recovery of our things till the morning.

“We rose at day-break (Sunday 28th), according to the custom of the country. The first man that Mr. Banks saw was Tupia, faithfully guarding his musket: and soon after Oberea brought him some of her country clothes as a succedaneum for his own,

so that when he came to us he made a most motley appearance, half Indian and half English. Our party soon got together, except Dr. Solander, whose quarters we did not know, and who had not joined in the concert; in a short time Tootahah made his appearance, and we pressed him to recover our clothes; but neither he nor Oberea could be persuaded to take any measure for that purpose, so that we began to suspect that they had been parties in the theft. About eight o'clock we were joined by Dr. Solander, who had fallen into honester hands, at a house about a mile distant, and had lost nothing."*

As our unfortunate adventurers were returning to the boat, they had the consolation (if such it was) of seeing the wonderful dexterity of the Otaheitans in swimming amid a tremendous surf. The inhabitants of tropical climates, who live in the vicinity of waters, are almost amphibious, and both sexes are alike aquatic. When the missionary vessel, commanded by Captain Wilson, in 1797, arrived off the Marquesas, the pious brethren were shocked by the appearance of two females in a state of nudity, who swam round the vessel for half an hour together, though the night was dark and tempestuous, crying in a plaintive tone, "*waheine, waheine*," signifying woman, or we are women; a cry which had never failed to gain admission to an European vessel before.

* Hawkesworth's Voyages, vol. ii., page 132.—Dr. Hawkesworth, by making the commanders, whose adventures he narrates, speak in the first person, has certainly made his book a great deal prettier reading than it would have been if he had appeared himself as the historian; but still, after all that has or can be said in defence of this method, it converts history into historical romance, and makes the Doctor, instead of the veracious recorder of important facts, no better than a poor imitator of De Foe.

As the day of the transit was now at hand, Mr. Cook, in pursuance of a suggestion of Lord Morton, sent out two parties provided with the requisite instruments; the one to Eimeo, an island to the westward of Otaheite, and the other to a station on the shore, to the east of the observatory, with a view to compare the different observations, and guard as far as possible against the chance of failure. All was now in readiness; the astronomers on the tip-toe of expectation, watching now the sky, now the chronometer, and then the barometer. The pleasures of science, however pure and salutary, are liable to disappointment as well as those of more questionable character. A cloud might have rendered futile a South Sea voyage. The men of knowledge slept not a wink on the night of the 2nd of June. But the sun of the 3rd arose without a speck, and the passage of Venus over his disk was seen plainly through its whole duration, which, according to Mr. Green, was from 25' 42" past 9 A.M. to 32' 10" past 3 P.M. The latitude of the observatory was found to be $17^{\circ} 29' 15''$ south, and the longitude $149^{\circ} 32' 30''$ west of Greenwich.* But there was

* According to Mr. Green—

The first external contact, or first appearance of Venus upon the sun was	H. M. S.	
	9 25 42	Morning.
The first internal contact, or total immersion, was	9 44 4	„
The second internal contact, or beginning of the emersion	3 14 8	Afternoon.
The second external contact, or total emersion	3 32 10	„

Our scientific readers may find a full account of the transit in the sixty-first volume of "Philosophical Transactions," where we would advise our unscientific readers not to look

some little diversity in the different observations, owing to a halo around the body of the planet,

for it, for we can say by experience, that it is neither entertaining nor instructive to persons endued, like ourselves, with a plentiful lack of mathematics, to the diligent study of which excellent branch of knowledge we seriously and earnestly exhort our younger friends. There is no reason why the rudiments of geometry should not be taught to every child as soon as it can read, and it is of great consequence that the dry and troublesome initiation should take place while the authority of masters can over-rule whatever obstacles the idleness or volatility of the pupil may present. No person ever neglects mathematics without bitterly repenting it, as we can testify to our sorrow. However little you learn, if it be well learned, it is a great deal better than none. Whereas, any proficiency in Greek or Latin short of that which enables to read and understand an author with vernacular fluency, and without the intervention of English, is of no use at all, any further than the practice of construing may give a command of language, very dearly purchased by the confusion which a superficial knowledge of derivations introduces into our apprehension of the primary meaning and collateral application of words. That a *good* classical scholar will understand his native tongue better than a man of only one language is more than probable, but the classic smatterer will be found to think more vaguely, and express his thoughts less precisely, than the mere English scholar of the same calibre of intellect. Sensible women, who have small French and no Latin, commonly express themselves both *vis à voce*, and on paper, much better than their husbands and brothers, because they say the words which their thoughts bring along with them, whereas men used to construe, are always construing their thoughts into a diction as alien and unnatural as if they actually thought in one language and spoke in another. To the female language is the body of thought; to the half taught male, the drapery. When we consider that in nothing has the discipline of intellect so strong a bearing on the moral being,

supposed to be its atmosphere, which very much disturbed the times of contact, particularly the internal ones, *i. e.* the points when the planet was completely immersed in the sun, and when it began to emerge. From this celestial phenomenon, the ground on which the observatory stood was christened Point Venus, though possibly it might have deserved the appellation on other accounts.

This was the astronomers' day of happiness ; the reward of all their pains, privations, shiverings, scorplings, salt diet, tossing to and fro, sea-sickness, and incarceration on ship-board, which, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, only differs from imprisonment in the county gaol by being much more disagreeable.

While the officers and *savans* were absorbed in observation and calculation, some of the ship's crew

as in what regards the just appreciation of words, we cannot think this a matter of light importance. Far be it from us to favour any system of education which would consign the beautiful works of antiquity to neglect and oblivion ; but for those whose school days must necessarily be few, we very much doubt the expediency of giving any of that precious time to grammars and lexicons, unless the mind be of a very fanciful or poetical turn, or possess the peculiar faculty of a linguist. Latin and Greek should always make a part of the erudition of an idle gentleman, and of a professional scholar, but may well be dispensed with by the great and valuable class, who are destined to the active employments of life.

For the satisfaction of the few, who are unfortunate enough to be even more ignorant of astronomy than ourselves, we may take the liberty to state that the transit, or passage of a planet over the sun's disk, is an unfrequent phenomenon, only incident to the *inferior* planets (those revolving between the earth and the sun), and of great importance in determining the distances of the heavenly bodies from the sun, from the earth, and from each other.

broke into one of the store-rooms, and stole a quantity of spike nails. This was a very serious disaster, for the improvident distribution of the booty among the islanders tended to bring down the value of iron, the staple commodity. One of the thieves was detected, but, though punished with two dozen lashes, he refused to inform against his accomplices.

Sunday the 4th of June was, in strictness of speech, the King's birthday, but the celebration was deferred till the 5th, in order that all the parties might unite in the festivities at Point Venus. Events, trivial as this, are not without interest, when they carry the thoughts and feelings of man half across the globe. Narratives of voyages never are dull books, though they may sometimes have been written by very dull men. Their tedious minuteness is often their greatest charm. We are always interested to know what an Englishman was doing at half-past ten at night on the Pacific Ocean. Several native chieftains were present at the commemoration, who drank the King's health under the name of Kihiaro, the nearest approximation their organs could make to King George. It was extremely amusing to hear the metamorphoses which these islanders, whose own language, soft, liquid, and melodious, was easily mastered even by the common seamen of the Endeavour, effected upon the crabbed, consonant-crowded names of their visitors. The commander was *Toote*; Mr. Hicks, *Hete* (a manifest improvement); *Boba* was Mr. Robert Molineux, the sailing master, for Molineux was quite unapproachable; Mr. Gore was *Toaro*; Dr. Solander, *Toruno*; Mr. Banks, *Tapank*; Mr. Parkinson, *Patini*; Mr. Green, *Eteree*, and Mr. Petersgill, *Petrodero*. It is manifest how much the northern roughness of our appellatives is softened by Otaheitan Italianisation.

A skilful linguist might have derived many useful hints and agreeable speculations as to the formation of languages from this pretty miscalling.

Soon after the transit, our voyagers had an opportunity of witnessing an Otaheitan funeral. In few matters have savage, not to say civilised nations, betrayed greater absurdities than in funeral rites; and yet, the respect almost universally paid to the remains of mortality has been held, and not unwisely, a symptom of a stirring instinct and foreboding of immortality. The Otaheitan custom seems admirably calculated to bring on a pestilence; yet, before their commerce with Europeans, it is said that epidemic disease was unknown among these islanders. Previous to interment the bodies are exposed in a shed, and not removed till all the flesh is putrefied away; then the bones are buried. In so warm a climate the decomposition must go on rapidly. Along with the body, which is laid out under a canoe awning, covered with fine cloth, some articles of food are placed, as an offering to the gods, though, as they do not believe that the gods eat, this offering must be considered as merely ceremonial. Like the ancient Greeks and Orientals, the Otaheitans signalise their grief by wounding their bodies, which is performed with a shark's tooth. Fragments of cloth stained with blood and tears are thrown upon the body. The relatives of the deceased occupy, for some time, a habitation near the place of sepulture, and the chief mourner another.*

On the 12th of June, some of the islanders came to complain that two of the seamen had stolen their

* The following account of an Otaheitan funeral is taken from the "Family Library," vol. xxv. It refers to the period of which we are writing, and admirably illustrates the two

bows and arrows, and some strings of plaited hair. The charge was investigated, and brought home; the

points of character we so much love and commend in Sir Joseph, his passion for observation, and his catholic spirit of accommodation, undaunted by "the world's dread laugh."

"An old woman having died, Mr. Banks, whose pursuit was knowledge of every kind, and who, to gain it, made himself one of the people, requested he might attend the ceremony, and witness all the mysteries of the solemnity of depositing the body in the Morai or burying-place. The request was complied with, but on no other condition than his taking a part in it. This was just what was wished. In the evening he repaired to the house, where he was received by the daughter of the deceased and several others, amongst whom was a boy about fourteen years of age. One of the chiefs of the district was the principal mourner, wearing a fantastical dress.

"Mr. Banks was stripped entirely of his European dress, and a small piece of cloth was tied round his middle. His face and body were then smeared with charcoal and water, as low as to the shoulders, till they were as black as those of a negro. The same operation was performed on the rest, among whom were some women, who were reduced to a state as near nakedness as himself—the boy was blacked all over; after which the procession set forward, the chief mourner having mumbled something like a prayer over the body.

"It is the custom of the Indians to fly from these processions with the utmost precipitation. On the present occasion, several large parties of the natives were put to flight; all the houses were deserted, and not a single Otaheitan was to be seen. The body being deposited on a stage erected for it, the mourners were dismissed to wash themselves in the river, and to resume their customary dresses, and customary gaiety."

There is at least a consistency in blacking the body for mourning, where the body is tattooed for ornament. To the latter operation Sir Joseph Banks never submitted, though we doubt not he would have endured it, if his so doing would

offenders were punished with two dozen lashes. It is not mentioned whether the Otaheitans betrayed the same sensibility on this as on a former occasion.

Their bows and arrows are merely used for sport, or for killing birds. In battle they use only slings and javelins. Tubourai Tamaide could send a shaft more than the sixth part of a mile. He shot kneeling, and dropped his bow as soon as the arrow

have elucidated any point in the history of nature or of man; especially as the Otaheitans seldom tattoo the face.

A man who makes the pursuit and enlargement of knowledge his main earthly object, should stop at nothing but crime to obtain it. Such a man was Sir Joseph Banks, and no duty, inherited or assumed, forbade the indulgence of his passion. But there are many situations in which it is, in the present state of society, a moral obligation to refrain from whatever has a tendency to the ridiculous. It would have been by no means proper for Captain Cook to have appeared at the funeral in Otaheitan mourning. It would neither have suited the dignity of his office, nor the gravity of his character. In fact, there are some people that may be laughed at, and not the less respected, and others who may not. In order to ascertain which *genus* you belong to yourself, you have only to consider whether there is anything in your personal or official character which any one with whom you are likely to come in contact wishes to despise. Now, if you exercise an authority founded on that vague kind of fear which is the common substitute for respect, you may be pretty sure that you have. If your duty or vocation oblige you to exercise sway over coarse, boisterous, uncultivated minds—over men of strong passions and little sensibility—over proud men, or conceited boys, be sure that you have those who would hold you in contempt if they dared. Or if your virtue wears a severe aspect, and requires to be well known before it can be loved, depend upon it that the world is weary of reverencing you, and will shout triumph when you furnish it with a *reasonable* pretext for holding you up to scorn.

was discharged. Sir Joseph Banks in his morning walk met some Otaheitan minstrels, who poured forth extempore strains, mostly in praise of their English visitors, accompanied by the music of two flutes and three drums. The drummers were the *improvisatori*.

The filching disposition of the Otaheitans increasing with impunity, Mr. Cook resolved if possible to check it by some decisive step. He had strictly prohibited his men from firing on any pretext at the natives, as he justly thought that he had no right to act after the English law, in a country where no such law had been promulgated. It seemed the best expedient to retaliate by seizing certain canoes laden with fish. Twenty canoes and their freight were detained, and notice was given, that unless the stolen articles were restored, the canoes would be burned; a threat which there was no intention of putting in force. A list of the lost and stolen was made out, consisting of a coal-rake, the sentry's musket, Sir Joseph's pistols, a sword, and a water cask. The Otaheitans thought to compound the matter, by bringing back the rake only, and begged hard to have their canoes released, as the fish was spoiling. But Mr. Cook insisted on the original condition. This firmness, however, did not produce its usual effects, and he was obliged at last to give up the canoes without recovering the lost property.

About the same time a deadly offence was committed by an officer of the Endeavour, who had gone ashore to get ballast for the ship, and not finding any stones adapted for the purpose, began to demolish a Morai or sepulchral pile. The islanders violently opposed this proceeding, and sent a messenger to the fort, signifying that no such profanation would be permitted. Sir Joseph, as usual, was the peacemaker. The petty officer must have been a blockhead.

On another occasion, Mr. Monkhouse, the surgeon, pulling a flower from a tree in a sepulchral enclosure, received a violent blow on the back of the head from one whose forefathers slept beneath the violated shade. He grappled the assaulter, but two other natives came and rescued him. Most nations, however ignorant, pay some respect to the depositories of the dead, nor has any refinement of philosophy been able to argue the feeling away.

On the 19th, while the canoes were still detained, Oberea and her train arrived at the fort. She blushed not to request a night's lodging in Sir Joseph's tent; but his loss was too recent for even his gallantry to forget, so the lady was obliged to spend the hours of repose in her canoe. She had spirit and sensibility enough to feel this rebuke very severely, and the next morning she returned to the fort, and put herself, her canoe, and all that it contained into the power of the stranger. A hog and a dog were the price of reconciliation; and now, for the first time, Captain Cook and his friends tasted dog's flesh. Tupia, the priest, after the manner of the ancient Popæ, was both butcher and cook; but his method of extinguishing life by holding his hands over the animal's nose and mouth, took a full quarter of an hour; and his mode of baking the dog with hot stones, in a hole dug in the ground, was very tedious; but the dog made an excellent dish. The esculent dogs are fed entirely upon yams, cocoa-nuts, and other vegetables. All meat and fish is cooked in the same way; but hogs and dogs are the only quadrupeds eaten, and the poultry is very indifferent.

On the 21st the fort was visited by Oamo, the husband of Oberea, from whom she was separated by mutual consent, and they lived as amicably as any other neighbours; with him came the heir-apparent,

a minor, under the guardianship of Tootahah, who exercised command in his name. Oberea and her attendants made their obeisance, by uncovering themselves from the waist upward. By a most singular law of succession, the child succeeds to its father's authority and title as soon as it is born, the father continuing to administer government as regent; but in this case the claims of Oamo were superseded in favour of Tootahah, who had distinguished himself as a warrior. The young prince was betrothed to his sister, an Egyptian fashion; though she was sixteen and he no more than seven. Neither of these young people were permitted to enter the tent. They were the children of Oamo and Oberea.

On the 26th of June, Mr. Cook with Dr. Solander, Mr. Banks, and a communicative Otaheitan called Tituboalo, set out to make a circuit of the island, and discovered that it consists of two peninsulas united by a neck of swampy ground, about two miles across, over which the islanders used to carry their canoes, as the Greeks in the Peloponnesian war transported their triremes over the isthmus of Corinth. By their guide, Tituboalo, they were informed that each peninsula has its own king (though the whole island was formerly under one head). The sovereigns are independent, but the ruler of Opoureonu, the north-western peninsula, claimed a sort of homage from him of Tiarraboo or Otaheite Nuz, the eastern moiety of the isle. Our voyagers were introduced to Waheatua, the king of Tiarraboo, who was seated at ease under a canoe awning, no inelegant or unfitting canopy of state in a country where marine has far outstripped civil architecture. They also visited their friend Tootahah, and other chieftains, and were exceedingly well received everywhere. Hospitality, and something like politeness to strangers, are amiable

qualities that cling to man in a lower state of moral culture than any others; they seem to precede or survive the maternal affection itself. Hospitality and revenge are the highest moral obligations of savage ethics. The gods of Homer, though not remarkable for their care of morals, except where their personalities were concerned, as in case of perjury and sacrilege, broken vows and neglected sacrifice, nevertheless avenged the poor and the stranger.* In civilised communities, strangers are generally objects of caution and mistrust. To the barbarian, the new-comer must be either a guest or an enemy.†

The most remarkable objects which our voyagers beheld in this excursion bore relation to death. The one was a semicircular board, to which were appended fifteen human jaws, fresh, and with all the teeth entire. No account could be obtained of this ghastly exhibition; but it might easily have been conjectured that these jaws were trophies, like the scalps of the North American Indians, the bones with which the Ashantees ornament their drums, or the bleeding heads which the Huns fastened to their horses' necks. Was it in a milder spirit that the heroes of Morat piled up the skulls of the Burgundians, and affixed thereto that memorable inscription—"A. D. 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, unjustly invading Switzerland, left this monument."

* See *Odyssey*, B. xi. 207; xiv. 57; ix. 270.

† I remember to have heard a lady, who had spent much time among the North American Indians, describe the opinions of one of the nations as to a future state to this effect:—The way to their paradise lies over a bridge of a hair's breadth, like the *Alsirat* of the Moslems; over this narrow passage those only can go in safety who can produce the scalps of their enemies, and from whose door the stranger was not turned away.

The other was the grand Morai or Mausoleum of Oberea. There is scarcely a cape or promontory in the whole circuit of the isle, on which one of these sepulchral edifices is not to be seen ; but the royal sepulchre was far more magnificent than the others. Had the Otaheitans been a Christian, or any wise a religious people, we might laud their piety in dedicating their only solid architecture to the departed. As it is, there is a whimsical contrast between the slight sheds which suffice for their living bodies, and the massy piles they prepare for their lifeless relics. An Otaheitan house, if it deserve that appellation, is merely a pointed roof, thatched with palm or banana leaves, and supported by three rows of posts, about nine feet high in the centre, while the eaves reach to within two feet of the ground. It is open on all sides ; no wattling fills the intercolumniations. The floor is uniformly covered with soft hay, on which the family sleep by night and recline by day ; the master and his wife in the middle, the unmarried females on one side, and the young bachelors on the other. If European delicacy be shocked at this, be it recollected that not so much separation obtains in many a hovel, rustic and urban, Cornish and Irish, that owns the sway of the "Defender of the Faith." In these levelling days, too, some may take offence at another regulation ; the Toutoos, or domestics, are not allowed to sleep under the thatch at all, unless it rains very hard, and then they *may* just creep under the eaves. But there is no great difference in Otaheite whether you sleep under a shed or under a tree, except for the honour of the thing, far less than there is between the scullion's attic in a great English house, and the hovels which serve the really servile part of our population for chamber, kitchen, parlour, and all, to say nothing of the multitudes who seldom pass

the night under a roof, except when they are in prison.

But although these dormitories* (for they are nothing else) may seem to contribute little to the comfort, and not at all to the privacy of the Otaheitans, they must add greatly to the beauty and interest of the prospect. They are almost invariably erected in the woods, and only just enough space is cleared for them to prevent the thatch from being injured by the drippings of the trees; so that the inmates have but to step from their own—door we cannot call it—into the delightful groves of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, from which they derive at once shade, provision, and clothing. So that the reproach of Horace against the Romans of his time, that the useful olive and fig tree were supplanted by the umbrageous barrenness of the plane, is inapplicable to Otaheitan arboriculture. These groves are free from underwood, and every where intersected by the paths leading from one habitation to another. There are few effects of human neighbourhood more beautiful than the net-work of tracks in a peopled sylvan region.

Such are the abodes of the living Otaheitans, quickly set up, and readily abandoned. Our voyagers found some districts sprinkled thickly with the remains

* Besides these pervious homestalls, which serve the bulk of the population, there are another sort of tabernacles, appropriated to the chiefs; moveable pavilions, formed of trellis-work, closely covered with cocoa-nut leaves. They are, like the sheds of the commonalty, seldom used except in the hours of repose; but the chieftain and his wife are privileged to lie by themselves.

There are also public buildings, large enough to accommodate the whole population of a district, at times of general assembly, some of them as much as 200 feet long, and 50 feet high in the centre.

of deserted dwellings. But in the repositories of their dead, they affect a permanence, and exhibit some skill in architecture. The Morais are erected on points and headlands, in the most conspicuous situations. The main ambition of an Otaheitan, is to have a respectable Morai, as a son of Erin sets his heart upon a numerous and jovial attendance at his funeral.* The bodies are first left to putrefy under

* Of all people the Otaheitans are the most aristocratical, for they carry their aristocracy beyond the grave. They believe in no hell, but in an upper and lower heaven, distinguished by different degrees of happiness, apportioned, not according to merit, but to rank. The heaven of the chiefs is *Tavirua l' erai*; the limbo of the plebeians is *Liahoboo*. But it were well if the spirit of caste appeared in no more practical form. If a patrician female bear a child to a man of inferior condition, the offspring of the misalliance is never allowed to live. Yet this regulation no more prevents such connections, than the insuperable disgrace attached to colour in the slave-states of America prevents the breeding of mulattoes. Wherever a degraded caste exists, a gross profligacy of manners will be found to prevail.

When the missionaries first arrived at Otaheite, in 1797, Iddeah, wife of Pomare, had a child by her *Cicisbeo*, a Toutoo or Plebeian. The brethren vainly strove to save its life. Iddeah declared that she would abide by *the customs of her ancestors*!

If some of the issues of savage aristocracy are loathsome and revolting, others are exquisitely ridiculous. An Otaheitan chieftain is fed by his attendants, like a baby, because it does not comport with his dignity to feed himself.

When it is deemed necessary to propitiate the divinity with a human sacrifice, the victim is always chosen from the lowest class. He is not apprised of the honour intended him, but secretly assassinated. This selection is not without parallel in ancient history. When the Massilians were afflicted with any pestilence, or public calamity, they took the most miserable wretch they could lay hold of, decked

a shed, called Tapowow, and then the bones are buried in the Morai, which is a sort of pavement, with a pyramid of stone on one side. The description and dimensions of Oberea's, or the royal Morai of Opoureonu, are thus given in the narrative of Cook's first voyage. "It is a pile of stone raised pyramidically on an oblong base or square, 267 feet long, and 87 feet wide. On each side is a flight of steps; those at the sides being broader than those at the ends, so that it terminates not in a square of the same figure as the base, but in a ridge, like the roof of a house. There were eleven of these steps to one of these Morais, each of which was four feet high; so that the height of the pile was forty-four feet; each step was formed of one course of white coral stone, which was neatly squared and polished; the rest of the mass, for there was no hollow within, consisted of round pebbles, which, from the regularity of their figures, seemed to have been wrought. The foundation was of rock-stones, which were also squared. In the middle of the top stood an image of a bird, carved in wood, and near it a broken one of a fish, carved in stone. The whole of this pyramid made one side of a spacious area or square, 360 feet by 354, which was walled in with stone, and paved with flat stones through its whole extent. About a

him with garlands, and offered him as a plenary satisfaction to the divine wrath. These idolaters must have thought their deities more gluttons than epicures in blood, since they gave them the vilest they could find.

In speaking of Otaheite, though we speak in the present tense, we would be understood to speak of the times when it first became known to Europe. Great changes have been wrought since, and good men have done wonders to eradicate both the vices which were indigenous to the island, and those which Europeans had superadded to the original stock.

hundred yards to the west of this building was another paved area or court, in which were several small stages raised on wooden pillars, about seven feet high, which are called by the Indians *Eatuahs* or *Whattuas*, and seem to be a kind of altars, as upon these are placed provisions of all kinds, as offerings to their gods."

Thus it appears that the Morai is at once church and church-yard, which might incline us to an opinion, that the spirits of the dead were the objects of Otaheitan worship. This, however, our voyagers did not discover to be the case. There are male and female Morais—and others, probably those of the inferior classes, which are common to both sexes. There are also male and female deities—worshipped by males and females respectively. Every individual is supposed to have a guardian power, of appropriate sex: as among the Romans, every man had his Genius, and every woman her Juno. The priestly office is always performed by men, but some officiate for their own sex, and others for the women. The Otaheitans do, however, acknowledge one supreme deity. The practice of human sacrifice was not fully ascertained during Cook's visit, though strong evidence of it appeared in the skulls exposed on the Morais. Our voyagers, in this trip, not only gained correct knowledge of the dimensions of Otaheite, and the bays, harbours, and indentations of the coast, but became well acquainted with the general aspect of the country. The centre rises in ridges of mountains, visible at the distance of sixty miles, ragged and craggy, yet clothed with vegetation to the very top; the trees, and tree-like herbs, hang from every steep, shoot up in every fissure, and stretch over every ravine; numerous rivulets, and some streams of respectable breadth and depth, descend from these

hills to water and fertilise the flat land which girdles the isle, as it were, with a garland of fruits and flowers, and here are the roofs and the gardens of the natives. A little plot suffices for each; for the banana, which, with the bread-fruit, and cocoa nuts, forms their staple of food, produces a large quantity of sustenance in a small space.* No species of grain seems to have been known in Otaheite at the date of Cook's arrival. Cultivation, therefore, where it existed, would scarcely vary the picture. There was nothing that could be called a town, or even a village; and the habitations, lurking among the trees, would not affect the prospect much more than the sheds erected by wood-cutters or charcoal-burners in an English woodland, which, though they address themselves very pleasantly to the feelings, make little impression on the eye. The Morais and the canoes alone remind the sailor who coasts the shores of this gay island of human handiwork. The latter were very numerous, gliding along the waters, or drawn out upon the

* "A spot of a little more than a thousand square feet will contain from thirty to forty banana plants. A cluster of bananas, produced on a single plant, often contains from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty fruits, and weighs from seventy to eighty pounds. But reckoning the weight of a cluster only at forty pounds, such a plantation would produce more than four thousand pounds of nutritive substance. M. Humboldt calculates, that as thirty-three pounds of wheat and ninety-nine pounds of potatoes, require the same space as that in which 4000lbs. of bananas are grown, the produce of bananas is consequently to that of wheat as 133, and to that of potatoes as 44."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

Linnæus has been particularly complimentary to the banana, naming it *Musa paradisaica*, either from *Mouza*, a native term for the plant, or in honour of Antonius Musa, the favourite physician of Augustus.

beach. The large double war-canoes, with their high curving prows, and the passage-canoes, with their shady awnings, had a picturesque and classical effect. On the 1st of July, the Lieutenant and his scientific companions returned to the fort.

This excursion had not quite satiated the curiosity of Sir Joseph. On the 3rd of June he set out again with some Indian guides to trace a river to its source, and ascertain how far its banks were inhabited. Having past a house, which he was told was the last they should see, where they were hospitably entertained with cocoa-nuts, they continued to follow the course of the stream, which led them a wild and rugged way, often passing under vaults of native rock. "The way up the rocks was truly dreadful, the sides nearly perpendicular, and in some places one hundred feet high; they were also rendered exceedingly slippery by the water of innumerable springs, which issued from the fissures on their surface; yet up these precipices a way was to be traced by a succession of long pieces of the bark of the *Hibiscus tiliaceus*, which served as a rope for the climber to take hold of, and assisted him in scrambling from one ledge to another, though upon these ledges there was footing only for an Indian or a goat. One of these ropes was nearly thirty feet in length." From examination of these rocks, Sir Joseph formed an opinion that Otaheite, like Madeira, is of volcanic formation.

On the 4th, he benevolently employed himself in planting a variety of seeds, water-melons, oranges, limes, lemons, &c. Whether any of the stock survive, to testify the good man's kind intent, or any recollection of his beneficence abide in the minds of the natives, we are not informed; but in Otaheite, as in other places, the remembrance of evil seems to

outlast that of good, for its inhabitants exactly chronicle the importation of European maladies, and will tell what particular ships brought the small-pox, the measles, and the avenging pest, which Europe derived from the isles on the opposite side of the American continent.

Our voyagers were now preparing for their departure, when a greater embarrassment occurred than had befallen them since their arrival. Webb and Gibson, two young marines, absconded on the night of the 8th of July, and were not missed till next morning. The Commander, who readily guessed the cause of their absence, waited a day or two for their return, but seeing and hearing nothing of them, he began to inquire of the natives where they were concealed; and was informed that they had fled to the mountains, where it would be impossible to find them. It was plain enough that their purpose of remaining behind was favoured by the people among whom they wished to naturalise themselves; but Cook, though he might feel some compunction in tearing them from the objects of their affections, could not suffer the example of desertion to be set with impunity, or he might soon have been left without hands to navigate the vessel. In this emergency, he had recourse to a harsh proceeding; but such as the laws, even of civilised nations, have generally justified. He seized on Tubourai Tamaide, Tomio, and Oberea, all of whom were in the fort at the time, and made it known that they would not be dismissed till the marines were delivered up. Tootahah was also taken, with the rest, aboard the Endeavour. The poor creatures, especially the women, wept bitterly, when forced into the boat. This measure did not produce the intended result. The party who were sent to fetch back the deserters,

did not return. At nine o'clock on the 10th, Webb, and several of the islanders, arrived at the fort with intelligence that Gibson, together with the petty officer and the corporal of marines, who were sent after him, would be detained till Tootahah was discharged from custody. The tables were now turned—but Cook had gone too far to retreat. He despatched Mr. Hicks in the long boat, with orders to rescue the prisoners by fair means or force, and exhorted Tootahah, at his personal peril, to use his influence in bringing about an amicable arrangement. Tootahah's missives soon brought the negotiation to a favourable issue. The fugitives returned, and the hostages were set at liberty. The two Englishmen had actually formed matrimonial connections with Otaheitan girls, purposed to make the island their country, and, in all probability, to adopt all the customs of its inhabitants.

On the 13th July, the Endeavour weighed anchor. At an early hour, the ship was crowded with chieftains, and surrounded by canoes. When she got under weigh, the superiors took leave, "with a decent and silent sorrow," the multitude with loud and emulous lamentation. It was not merely a parting of strangers from strangers. Tupia, the high-priest of Otaheite, and some time minister of Oberea, accompanied the British as pilot and interpreter, and took with him a native boy, about thirteen years old. He bade adieu to his countrymen with pathetic dignity, and, as a last memorial, sent a shirt to Tootahah's favourite paramour; then went with Sir Joseph to the mast-head, and continued waving as long as the canoes were in sight.

The period of our voyagers' sojourn in Otaheite was three months, during which they had acquired a more extensive knowledge of its surface, products,

and inhabitants, than many persons, after a long life, possess of the district within a mile of their dwellings. One natural effect of their tarrying was to raise the market. At their first arrival, provisions were to be obtained in abundance for beads: after a little while, nothing would pass current but nails, and before their departure, hogs and poultry were only to be had for hatchets.

At Tupia's suggestion, Cook directed his course northward, for Tethuroa, an island situate about eight leagues N.W. of Point Venus, and visible from the hills of Otaheite. It was found to be small and low, without fixed inhabitants, but occasionally used by the Otaheitans for a fishing station. On the 14th, they passed by Eimeo and Tapomanao. The 15th was hazy, and little way made. Tupia displayed his priestly craft by praying for a wind to his god Tane, and constantly boasted of the efficacy of his prayers, which he secured by never praying till he perceived the breeze on the water.

On the morning of the 16th the Endeavour made the N.W. point of Huaheine. Canoes soon appeared; shy at first, but grew bolder when they saw Tupia on deck. The king and queen of Huaheine, with some persuasion, were induced to come aboard. After their astonishment was a little abated, they grew quite familiar, and so gracious, that his Majesty of Huaheine proposed to the king of the ship an exchange of names, the highest mark of amity among the potentates of the South Sea, as an exchange of armour among Homeric warriors, or of orders among European princes. Of course the offer was embraced; and King Oree was Cookee, and Captain Cook was Oree, in all subsequent interviews.

The people of Huaheine speak the language of Otaheite, and resemble the Otaheitans in all particulars,

except that, according to Tupia, they would not steal; but this national distinction they were not careful to preserve. The Endeavour anchored in Owharree bay, a commodious harbour on the west side of the island. Captain Cook, *alias* Oree, King Cookee, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and others, went on shore. Tupia performed some priestly ceremonies, and an exchange of presents was made in behalf of the *Eatuas*, or gods of the respective parties, which was equivalent to the ratification of a treaty. No European ship had previously touched at Huaheine. In order to establish his claim as discoverer, Cook presented King Cookee with a piece of pewter, on which was inscribed, "His Britannic Majesty's ship Endeavour, Lieutenant Cook commander, 16th July, 1769." With this testimonial his Huaheinian Majesty promised never to part.

In this island Sir Joseph Banks observed a curious ark or coffer, which, as he was informed by Tupia's boy, was called *Ewharree no Eatua*, the house of God. No information could be obtained respecting its uses; but it reminded the philosopher of the ark of the covenant, and he reverently abstained from looking into it. Similar coffers were afterwards seen in other islands.

The natives of Huaheine are less timid than the Otaheitans, at least they showed less alarm at the explosion of powder; but they are still more indolent, and excessively tedious in trading. Though so near to Otaheite, this island was at least a month forwarder in vegetation. Sir Joseph discovered few new plants, but several nondescript insects, and a remarkable variety of scorpion. He could not persuade any of the natives to climb the hills with him. They declared that the fatigue would kill them. The stay of our voyagers at Huaheine was only three days.

The next island visited was Ulietea, which, according to the information of Tupia, had been recently subdued by the Bolabolans. As soon as the Endeavour hove in sight two canoes put forth, in each of which was a woman and a pig. The ladies were complimented with a spike-nail apiece, and some beads, and were highly gratified with the acquisition. On landing, Tupia went over the same ceremonies as at Huaheine, and Cook took possession of the island in the name of the King of England, by planting the British flag, a ceremony not much wiser than Tupia's, as Cook doubtless felt, but which his commission made it unseemly for him to omit.

The most noticeable things in Ulietea were, 1st, A Morai, not pyramidal, as those of Otaheite, but square, and covered at the top with carved planks: at a little distance was an altar or Ewhatta, on which lay the last oblation—a hog of eighty pounds weight, roasted whole. 2nd, Four or five arks like that at Huaheine. Sir Joseph, unable to restrain his love of knowledge any longer, attempted to peep into them, which gave extreme offence. 3rd, A long house, wherein, besides several rolls of cloth, and other consecrated articles, was the model of a canoe, ornamented with eight human jaws, the trophies of recent battle. 4th, A tree of the Banian kind; a congeries of stems of vast bulk and circumference.

Hazy weather and foul winds till the 24th, when the Endeavour encountered imminent danger of striking against a reef, but providentially passed along a smooth ledge of coral, without damage. There are many of these walls of coral in the South Seas, as perpendicular as a house side.

Passing several small islands, on the 27th the Endeavour made Otahah, the usual residence of the conquering King of Bolabola, whose very name was

enough to agitate Tupia with terror. The scientific party went on shore, procured three hogs and some plantains, the latter peculiarly acceptable as a substitute for bread; the rather as the ship's biscuit was all alive with animalcula, of so pungent a taste, that they blistered the tongue like cantharides. Otahah is, in comparison with others in the same group, a thinly peopled isle; but the population are evidently of the same race. They flocked round the ship, offering provisions for barter. When informed by Tupia of the rank of the strangers, they made obeisance by stripping to the waist as in the presence of their own sovereigns.

On the 29th our voyagers arrived under the Peak of Bolabola, a high, rugged, and inaccessible cliff, beneath which it was impossible to land. It took till twelve o'clock at night to weather it. At eight next morning, they spied a small isle, called Maurua, *i. e.*, the Isle of Birds, surrounded by coral reefs and destitute of harbours, but inhabited, and bearing the same produce as the neighbouring isles. They did not attempt to anchor here, but on Sunday 30th, put into a harbour on the west side of Ulietea, in order to stop a leak and take in fresh ballast. In entering the port they met with some nautical difficulties, not easily comprehensible by landsmen.* The natives of

* "As the wind was right against us, we *plied off* one of the harbours, and about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August we came to an anchor in the entrance of the channel leading into it, in fourteen fathom water, being prevented from *working in* by a strong tide setting outwards. We then *carried out the kedg anchor* in order to *warp into* the harbour; but when this was done, we could not *trip the lower anchor* with all the purchase we could make; we were, therefore, obliged to lie still all night, and in the morning, when the tide turned, the ship going over the anchor, it

Ulietea appear to be civil, well-disposed people, and not being spoiled by the habit of European traffic, parted with their hogs and poultry at reasonable rates. Sir Joseph and Dr. Solander spent a day ashore, very pleasantly; everybody seemed to fear and respect them, placing in them at the same time the greatest confidence, behaving as if conscious that they possessed the power of doing mischief without any propensity to make use of it.* Their respect, however, must have been somewhat troublesome, for if any dirt or moisture happened to be in the way, the Ulieteans strove which of them should carry the gentlemen over on their backs. The manner of receiving the visitors at the principal habitations was somewhat different from what had been observed

tripped of itself, and we warped the ship into a proper berth with ease, and moored in twenty-eight fathom, with a sandy bottom."—*Hawkesworth*, vol. ii., p. 62. This Dr. Hawkesworth thought was sustaining the character of the mariner, just as a farce-writer makes an apothecary's diction of cataplasms, emulsions, and carminatives, and a sailor's of sea-terms, oaths, love, and loyalty. The doctor has indeed thought it necessary to apologise for his tedious detail of marine technicals, and shelters himself under the authority of Pamela. Unintelligible as this sort of language must be to many, it is by no means objectionable in the journal of a real sailor, nor is it improper in a fictitious auto-biography, like Robinson Crusoe, but it is surely unseasonable in a work composed by a professional writer, on a subject that needs not the *adscititious* recommendation of adroit mimicry.

* Whether this remark was Captain Cook's or Sir Joseph Banks', or was introduced by the compiler *suo periculo*, it is just and philosophic. Respect always includes fear, but it also includes esteem—an awe of superior power, combined with a confidence in rectitude of intention. There may be fear without respect, but no respect without fear.

elsewhere. The people who followed them while they were on their way, rushed forward as soon as they came to a house, and went in before them, leaving a lane for them to pass. When they entered they found those who had preceded them ranged on each side of a long mat, which was spread upon the ground, and at the further end of which sat the family. The children were pretty, well-dressed, and well-behaved, although, like spoiled children in the Old World, they manifestly expected presents as soon as they saw visitors. As they were *pretty* children,* the presents were freely given and prettily received. One girl of six years old, evidently a little lady of consequence, stretched out her hand as the philosophers approached, and accepted the beads which they offered as gracefully as any *European princess*.

These presents propitiated the islanders wonderfully; they were intent upon nothing but how to entertain the strangers, not aware how easily they were entertained. In one place they had an opportunity of seeing a dance performed by one man, who put upon his head a large cylindrical piece of wicker work, about four feet long, and eight inches in

* Sir Joseph, like all philosophers in whom much genius is combined with much simplicity, seems to have been more open to the influence of beauty than certain soi-disant *philosophes* (we scorn to degrade the English term), whose philosophy consists of equal portions of dulness, grossness, and malignity, would altogether approve. We like him the better therefore; only he should not have forgotten his gallantry so far as to let any lady discover from his behaviour, that she was not beautiful. On one occasion, he gave very serious offence to a chieftain's wife, who was disposed to be gracious, by lavishing all his attentions on her pretty hand-maiden.

diameter, faced with feathers placed perpendicularly, with the tops bending forwards, and edged round with shark's teeth, and the tail-feathers of tropic birds; when he had put on this head-dress, he began to dance, moving slowly, and often turning his head, so as that the top of his high wicker cap described a circle, and sometimes throwing it so near the faces of the spectators as to make them start back; this was held among them as a very good joke, and never failed to produce a peal of laughter, especially when it was played off on one of the strangers.

On the 3rd, our voyagers were spectators of another dance, executed by two women and six men, accompanied by three drums. The females had their heads dressed in a novel and elegant style; the coiffure consisting of long plaits of braided hair wound many times round their heads, and ornamented with tastefully disposed flowers of the Cape Jessamine. The Ulietean dancers and musicians performed gratuitously, whereas the stroller minstrels of Otaheite were as craving as the finest singers in Europe. One of the girls had three pearls in her ear, which Sir Joseph Banks was vainly desirous of purchasing. Between the dances the men performed a sort of "play extempore," which was not very intelligible to the English; yet here they might see the drama in its infancy. Just such exhibitions suggested the first idea of tragedy and of comedy in Greece. Another drama, which the gentlemen saw, was regularly divided into four acts. What a pity there were not five, that the critics might have proved the precept of Horace to be grounded in universal nature!!!

Soon after the King of Bolabola arrived in Ulietea. From the terror that seemed to attach to his name, the English naturally expected to see a fine specimen of barbaric heroism, but he proved a feeble old man,

half blind, and particularly stupid. He received the deputation without any of the usual ceremonies, and scarcely could understand whether hogs or women would be acceptable to his visitors. He treated them however with sufficient respect, and of course did not insult his Britannic Majesty by refusing the presents of his representatives. His name was Opoony; he reigned over three islands, Bolabola, Ulietea, and Otahah, and must have been a very potent prince. The retention of sovereignty by an imbecile old man is an extraordinary circumstance in savage polity. As we have already remarked, the son, in Otaheite, as soon as born, nominally succeeds to his father's estate and office. The father becomes trustee for his son till the son's majority, and then becomes the subject and dependant on his own offspring. Such an unnatural arrangement has doubtless its effect in producing the slight esteem of marriage, and yet more fearful frequency of infanticide, which make that beautiful island a foul speck on the ocean. "Bearer of children," is an Otaheitan expression of contempt, used to designate such women, as from weak compassion to their babes, renounce the privileged and Nicolaitan community of the Areoi, for the drudging existence of a wife and mother.*

* It is no rare phenomenon among the tribes of earth to find social institutions and mechanic arts considerably advanced where the moral education has never begun; or which is more probable, has perished from neglect. The reverence of age, and the parental affection, the foci of the orbit in which all human virtue revolves, are sure to be thrust out of their place, where a moral religion is not the sun of the system. The Otaheitans were in many respects a civilised people at the period of their discovery; they had even a highly artificial construction of society, they had established orders, and a law of property; they had kings, nobles, priests, poets, musicians; they had much natural

Though it does not appear that Ulietea was ever united in government with either division of Otaheite, yet Tupia previous to the Bolabolan conquest had possessed an estate in the former island, the loss of which he bitterly resented.

* The six islands, Ulietea, Otahah, Bolabola, Huaheine, Tubai, and Maurua, constitute the group called by Cook, the "Society Islands." There are slight diversities of dress and character among them, and probably peculiarities of idiom and pronunciation; yet, upon the whole, they do not appear to differ more than the contiguous counties of England; and the communication between them, by means of canoes, is more constant and easy than that between Britain and her neighbouring islands was a century ago. Compared to our northern seas, the Pacific Ocean deserves the name which Magalhaens bestowed on it in 1521; and to a people who can swim as soon as

amiability and considerable docility of intellect—yet they hardly recognised a distinction of right and wrong.

Wherever old age is held in reverence, we may conclude that the tradition of patriarchal morals, however obscured, is not utterly lost. But in all savage communities, the condition of the infirm must be deplorable, and it is not difficult to account for the custom so common among the barbarians of the ancient world, of dispatching the wretched creatures that could no longer defend or cater for themselves. Take away the belief of immortality in connection with moral accountability, and man's life is cheap as beasts'. On his own principles, Marat was perfectly humane and just, when he proposed to secure the liberty of France by striking off 300,000 heads; and surely if the dead rise not, the practice which has but lately become obsolete among the Battahs of Sumatra, of eating their relatives when they are past work, is as unobjectionable when applied to a biped as to an ox, and far more merciful than suffering them to die so slowly that none call it murder.

they can walk, the great waters are nothing dreadful. The length of the voyages undertaken by these islanders in their canoes, appears wonderful, and clearly does away with the difficulty which some sceptical speculators have made concerning the original peopling of spots remote from the ancient continent. Tupia assured Captain Cook that he had visited islands to the west, which it took twelve days to arrive at, in a *Páhie*,* though the *Páhie* went much quicker than the ship; but that in returning thence to Otaheite his company had been thirty days.

Declining to land on Bolabola, the approach whereto was dangerously beset with coral reefs, the Endeavour got under weigh on the 9th of August. The purpose of the Commander was now to ascertain or disprove the existence of the *Terra Australis Incognita*, which had been so positively assumed by geographers, that ardent projectors had begun to lay plans for the colonisation and conquest of this golden region of the south, and calculated the boundless profits of its trade. Various points of land seen by former navigators had been described as portions of the unknown continent, and probably Cook had little doubt of its reality.

As they were sailing out of harbour, Tupia earnestly requested that a shot might be fired in the direction of Bolabola, an island for which he had a special antipathy, arising partly from the loss of his property in Ulietea. His wish was complied with, though Bolabola was seven leagues off.

On the 13th, about noon, land was seen to the south-east, which proved the Isle of Oheteroa. From the natives of this place, our voyagers expe-

* The *Páhie* and the *Tramah*, are different species of canoes, the former the most useful for long trips, the latter for fishing and fighting.

rienced more decided hostility than from any they had hitherto met with, and could obtain no supply of provisions. As they had furnished themselves with a considerable number of living hogs and poultry, at more hospitable stations, they hoped to fare well on the waves, but the hogs would eat nothing they had to give them, and the poultry perished of disease in the head.

Few incidents worthy of note took place in the passage between Oheteroa and New Zealand. On the 25th the voyagers celebrated the anniversary of their leaving England, by cutting a Cheshire cheese and tapping a barrel of porter, which proved very good. On the 30th a comet appeared—when Tupia observed it, he cried out in consternation that as soon as the Bolabolans should see it they would massacre the people of Ulietea, who were doubtless even then flying to the mountains. Was astrological prediction a part of his priestly function? or was this the sincere surmise of his terrors?

On the 27th of September, a seal asleep on the surface of the water, and several bunches of sea-weed, announced the neighbourhood of land; next day, more sea-weed—on the 29th, a bird resembling a snipe, with a short bill, which they hoped was a land bird—on the 1st of October, birds in plenty, and another seal asleep on the water. They now began to look eagerly for terra-firma. A bird, or a piece of wood—anything is an incident in a sea voyage. On Friday, October 6th, land was seen from the mast-head—On the 7th it fell calm, and when a breeze sprung up in the afternoon, the land was still distant seven or eight leagues. As more distinctly seen it appeared the more extensive; with four or five ridges of hills, each rising above the other, and over all a chain of mountains that seemed to be of enormous height.

The general opinion was that this was the *Terra Australis Incognita*. As the vessel approached the shore, one object after another grew upon the sight. They saw the hills clothed with wood, the valleys sprinkled with tall trees ! then huts, small but neat ; and on a small peninsula, a high and regular paling, enclosing the whole top of a hill, which one of the crew insisted upon it must be a park for deer. Canoes were gliding across a bay which ran far inland, and by-and-by, a considerable collection of people were seen gathered on the beach. About four, P.M., the ship anchored on the north-west side of the creek, in ten fathoms water. The sides of the bay are white cliffs. Did they not remind the roamers of dear England ? The middle low land with towering tiers of hills in the distance.

In the evening of Sunday, the 8th of October, 1769, Lieutenant Cook, Banks, Solander, and a party of men went ashore, as they vainly deemed on the long sought southern continent. But ill omens met them at the very threshold of their hopes, and it was destined that their arrival should be signalised with immediate bloodshed. A party of natives were seen on the west side of the bay. Cook and his company made for them, but as soon as their approach was perceived, the Indians all ran away. Their flight, however, was no effect of timidity, for presently there rushed from the wood four men armed with lances, and evidently with bloody intentions. The coxswain of the pinnace twice fired over their heads, but as they continued brandishing their javelins, and one of them was in the act of darting, the coxswain fired with ball, and shot him dead. By this time Cook and his party, who had been unaware of the attack till they heard the shots, came up, and found the body lying lifeless, the ball having pierced the heart.

The deceased was of middle stature, a dark brown complexion, curiously tattooed, his hair fastened in a knot at the top of his head; his dress composed of a cloth different from any they had seen before, but corresponding exactly with the description in the voyages of the Dutch navigator, Tasman, which perhaps first suggested the probability that this was the land which he had discovered, and called, first, Staten Land, and afterwards New Zealand. They then returned to the ship, and as their boat rowed off, heard the natives in loud and earnest discourse, as if debating on what had happened and what was to be done.

As the coxswain's firing was merely an act of self-defence, and these people were not to be repelled by the smoke and noise of musketry, he was not censured for the proceeding. A similar occurrence, but without the same apology had not prevented the most friendly intercourse at Otaheite, and Cook resolved to omit nothing that might procure the good-will of the nation to whom he was so unexpected and unwelcome a visitor; but he was never able to come to any agreement with them, though Tupia, who soon found, to the great satisfaction of his English friends, that his language was almost the same as that of the natives, performed the part of a skilful negotiator, assuring them that the strangers wanted nothing but provisions and water, and would give iron, the use of which he endeavoured to explain. Their aversion was not to be overcome; they did indeed consent to trade, but nothing that was offered appeared to them of any value. Beads they slighted, and of iron they did not see the utility. In this difficulty, Cook thought the best plan would be to entice some of the natives on board, that by kind usage and accustoming them to the sight of European articles, he might promote a

treaty of commerce. This scheme was not successful, and produced the most culpable act in which the great navigator was engaged. On Monday the 9th, he had set out with three boats to make a circuit of the bay, in search of fresh water. He saw two canoes coming in from sea, one under sail, and the other worked with paddles. He endeavoured to intercept one of them, which contained four men and three boys, before it got to land. In this he failed, for their paddles outran the boat. Tupia called to them, but they would not stop. A musket was fired over their heads, which provoked instead of terrifying them. They ceased paddling and began to strip, clothes like theirs being an incumbrance in battle, and when the boat came up attacked it so lustily with their paddles, staves, and pikes, that the crew were forced to fire in their own defence, and the four men were killed. The three boys then leaped into the water, but were taken and forced into the boat in spite of their resistance. At first the poor youths were overwhelmed with grief and consternation, expecting nothing but instant death. But as soon as they were convinced that their lives were safe, their terror was converted to an ecstasy of joy and gratitude. They sang, danced, and ate voraciously, particularly of salt pork, which was peculiarly agreeable to their palates, possibly from the alleged resemblance of swine's to human flesh. Inordinate devouring is common to all islanders of the Pacific, perhaps to savage tribes in general, whose stomachs possess an elasticity which enables them to endure degrees of inanition and of repletion incredible to an European gastronome. The utmost civic achievements in the turtle way fall farshort of a Kamtschadale's excesses in whale blubber. After an enormous supper, the three young Indians retired to rest. When left alone, their melancholy

returned, and they were heard to moan and sigh deeply, but by the enlivening assurances of Tupia, whom they regarded, if not quite as a countryman, yet as a creature of the same species as themselves, they recovered their spirits in the morning, did abundant justice to breakfast, and favoured the company with a song. "The tune," says Cook, "was slow and solemn, like our psalm tunes, containing many notes and semitones." They were then dressed and adorned with bracelets, anklets, and necklaces, which gave them the utmost delight. When first told that they were to be set ashore, they expressed great satisfaction, but being shown the place where it was proposed to land them, their courage sank within them, and they earnestly implored not to be left there, "because," said they "that district belonged to their enemies, who would kill and eat them." This the English took at first for the exaggeration of terror, for they had not yet ascertained the existence of cannibalism among this people. Their fears were once more dispelled, when on going ashore with their commander and a boat's crew, one of them espied his uncle among a group of Indians on the beach. Still they were unwilling to be left, changed their minds several times, and when the boat finally rowed away, earnestly entreated to be taken on board. Had Cook devoted his youth to the classics, instead of the coal trade, he might have been reminded of the fair captives in Greek and Roman story, who looked on a separation from their captors as a renewal of their captivity.

Of this abduction and the bloodshed attending it, Cook, through his secretary, Dr. Hawkesworth, speaks thus—"I am conscious that the feelings of every reader of humanity will censure me for having fired upon these unhappy people, and it is impossible that

on a calm review, I should approve it myself. They certainly did not deserve death for not choosing to confide in my promises, or not consenting to come on board my boat, even if they had apprehended no danger ; but the nature of my service required that I should obtain a knowledge of their country, which I could no otherwise effect than by forcing my way into it in a hostile manner, or gaining admission through the confidence and good will of the people. I had already tried the power of presents without effect, and I was now prompted, by my desire to avoid further hostilities, to get some of them on board, as the only method left of convincing them that we intended them no harm, and had it in our power to contribute to their gratification and convenience. Thus far my intentions certainly were not criminal, and though in the contest, which I had no reason to expect, our victory might have been complete without so great an expense of life, yet in such situations, when the command to fire has been once given, no man can restrain its excess, or prescribe its effect."

Failing in all endeavours to procure supplies where he then was, Cook bestowed the name of *Poverty Bay* on the scene of his disaster, and next morning weighed anchor. The kind treatment of the boys had not been wholly thrown away, for when, in the afternoon, the ship lay becalmed off the new-named Bay of Poverty, several islanders came on board, manifested friendly dispositions, and invited the commander to return to his old station. But he resolved to pursue his discoveries, and sailed away southward, in hopes of obtaining better anchorage than he had yet seen. While the ship was hauling round the south end of a small island, which Lieutenant Cook, delighted it may be, with any

thing in nature that wore an European aspect, named the Isle of Portland, from its very great resemblance to Portland in the British Channel, she fell suddenly into shoal water. The natives observing that the working of the vessel was less regular than usual, and the crew apparently at a loss, conceived a project to turn her distress to their own advantage. The white cliffs were peopled with a dusky multitude, moving to and fro in busy deliberation, and presently five canoes, full of armed warriors put out, with shouting and brandishing of lances. But a four-pounder fired wide, so that the ball was seen leaping along the water, effectually cowed them. They rose up, and shouted, stood awhile in consideration, betook them to their paddles, and made a precipitate retreat. The 14th of October again threatened hostilities. Just as the pinnace and long-boat were hoisted out to search for fresh water, five canoes, manned with between eighty and ninety New Zealanders quitted the shore, with the usual warlike demonstrations. To avoid extremities, Tupia was directed to explain to them the destructive nature of the thunder with which the ship was armed, and though the savages seemed to give little credit to his statements, the four-pounder, fired wide as before, and loaded with grape-shot, overcame their incredulity, and sent them away paddling with all their might. By Tupia's persuasion, the people of one canoe, so far laid aside their fears as to come aboard the Endeavour, and receive presents. On the 15th, a trading transaction took place, which proved that civilisation is not necessary to make men knaves. In a large armed canoe, which came boldly along side the ship, was a man, who had over his back a black skin, like that of a bear. Cook, wishing to know from what animal it had been taken, offered him a piece of red baize in

exchange for it. The bargain seemed to give great satisfaction. The man held out the skin as if willing to receive the baize, but when he had got the cloth in his possession, he began to wrap it up with the utmost nonchalance, showing no intention whatever of parting with his furry mantle, and so the canoe pulled off, none of its crew paying any regard to the British demands for restitution.

Cook was too prudent to revenge this piece of primitive swindling, which probably gained its perpetrator as much applause in New Zealand as the best managed roguery ever received in the oldest country ; but soon after an act of violence was attempted, which although preceded by his own example in Poverty Bay, was not to be passed over so easily. During some traffic for provisions, Tayeto, Tupia's boy, was placed with others on the ship's side to receive the fish which the New Zealanders were to deliver ; some of the men in the canoe that then lay alongside the Endeavour, watching their opportunity, caught hold of the child, and began to make off with him, while two of their number held him forcibly down in the forepart of the canoe. Nothing could be done but to order the Marines who were under arms on deck to fire ; though they purposely fired wide to avoid the chance of hitting Tayeto, yet one man dropped, and in the confusion the boy got loose and leaped into the water, a canoe pulled round to re-capture him, and did not desist till some muskets and a great gun had been fired. The poor little Otaheitan gained the ship unhurt. The point off which this incident took place was forthwith named Cape Kidnappers.

October 18. The Endeavour lay abreast of a peninsula, called Terkake, within Portland Isle. Two native chiefs were so taken with the English, or their presents, that they insisted on remaining aboard

all night, to which Lieutenant Cook somewhat hesitatingly consented, but the frank, open countenance of one of them disarmed his suspicions. Next morning, when sent ashore, they expressed their surprise at finding themselves so far from their own habitations.

Monday, October 23. Endeavour laying in Tegadoo Bay. Cook went ashore to examine the watering-place, and found every thing to his wishes. The boat landed in the cove without the least surf; wood and water were plentiful, and the people well disposed.

Tuesday 24th. Mr. Gore, with a guard, was sent to superintend the cutting of wood, and the filling of water. On this day, Sir Joseph and Dr. Solander landed and enjoyed the sight of several natural curiosities, among the rest of "a rock perforated through its whole substance, so as to form a rude but stupendous arch, or cavern, opening directly to the sea; this aperture was seventy-five feet long, twenty-seven broad, and five and forty feet high, commanding a view of the bay, and the hills on the other side." Tegadoo Bay was found by observation to be in latitude $38^{\circ} 22' 24''$ south. Having sailed in a southern direction as far as Cape Turnagain in latitude $40^{\circ} 34'$, our voyagers turned to the north. On the 28th October they were in Tolaga Bay. The scientific gentlemen went ashore on a small island at the entrance of the bay, where they observed the largest canoe they had yet seen; her length being sixty-eight feet and a half, her breadth five feet, and her height three feet six. They also saw a house of unusually large dimensions, but unfinished. Dr. Solander, among other trifles purchased a top of the natives, exactly resembling that European toy to which Virgil did not disdain to compare a queen. The sellers made signs that it was to be set in motion by whipping.

At day-break, on the 1st of November, lying in a bay which Lieutenant Cook named after his faithful officer Hicks, the Endeavour was surrounded by no less than forty canoes, followed by others from a different quarter, and manned by as impudent thieves as are commonly to be met with, taking what was offered as the price of their commodities, making no return, and laughing triumphantly at their own cleverness. One fellow in particular displayed a valour and coolness which it is hard not to admire even in so barefaced a pilferer. Some linen hanging over the ship's side to dry, he calmly untied it and put it into his bundle, then dropping astern with his canoe he laughed heartily. A musket fired over his head did not put a stop to his mirth, and though a second musket charged with small shot struck him on the back, he minded it no more than a jack-tar would do the stroke of a rattan, but persevered in packing up his booty. All the canoes dropped astern, and set up a song of defiance. Cook was loth to hurt these bold *free-traders*, whose offence certainly did not deserve death by the universal law of reason, yet it was necessary to show that the English were not to be robbed and insulted with impunity. To have suffered this bravado to become a national boast and precedent would have superinduced the necessity of wholesale slaughter, or obliged the Endeavour to quit the shores of New Zealand without accomplishing one object worthy of her destination. To convince the savages that their security arose, not from the impotence, but from the forbearance of the civilised, the four-pounder was fired in such a direction that the shot only just missed the canoes, whizzing, and making ducks and drakes along the waves. This put the rowers upon their speed, and effectually quashed their exultation. The same method was

occasionally resorted to in subsequent emergencies, and sometimes seconded by a discharge of small shot, by which some peculiarly insolent personages were slightly peppered; but the case of these condign sufferers excited little apprehension and no compassion in their comrades, any farther than to render them rather more circumspect in their attempts at imposition.

Continuing their course to the north-west after nearing the islet of Mowtohora, and narrowly escaping some very dangerous rocks, our voyagers fixed on a convenient bay, defended by an island which they christened the Mayor, (probably in honour of Lord Mayor's Day,) to observe the approaching transit of Mercury.

On the 9th of November, being Lord Mayor's Day, Lieutenant Cook, Mr. Green, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and others, equipped with the requisite instruments, went ashore to make the observations, which were performed by Mr. Green alone, the commander meanwhile taking the sun's altitude; the weather which had been hazy in the early part of the day, cleared up in time to allow the transit, and its attendant phenomenon to be accurately observed. By taking the mean of several observations it was ascertained that MERCURY Bay, lies in south latitude $36^{\circ} 47'$, west longitude $184^{\circ} 4'$."

It seemed to have been appointed by destiny that the value of Cook should ever and anon be testified by some fatal accident in his absence. While he was engaged in the astronomical business on shore, an affray took place between his crew and the natives, on the usual ground of fraudulent dealing and defiance, in which Gore, the officer in command, shot one man dead. Had the great navigator been on board, a few small shot would have answered every good purpose,

that could be intended by the murderous bullet. Yet Gore probably had no greater love of bloodshed than belongs to every sportsman ; he felt that the honour of the British flag was to be vindicated from foreign insult, and did not reflect that a savage, like an idiot or a maniac, is incapable of insulting.

Several days were spent in exploring the vicinity of Mercury Bay, the accommodations of which Cook was desirous of noting down for the benefit of future navigators. Not the least of these was an excellent supply of oysters, no way inferior to those of Colchester, whose fame was rife in imperial Rome, and worthy of comparison with the more recently celebrated Powldoodies. From these testaceous dainties, the river, which disembogues itself into Mercury Bay, received the name of Oyster River. Thus astronomy and gastronomy contributed to form a nomenclature at the Antipodes.* Another stream enters the bay, which, from the quantity of mangroves growing in it, was named Mangrove River. Both the rivers brought down much iron-sand, a sure indication that the metal exists in the island, though the natives were quite ignorant of its use, and could not readily comprehend its value. Unlike the Otaheitans, who would hardly trade for anything but iron, the New Zealanders preferred cloth, beads, or indeed the merest trifles.

On the 15th of November, the Endeavour sailed out of Mercury Bay, but not before the names of the ship and its commander, with the date of the year and month, were carved on a tree at the watering-place. Men ever like to leave records of their existence. How many of us have scribbled our insignificant names, where they had less chance of being recognised than those of Cook and his comrades

* New Zealand is very near the Antipodes of London.

of being read, though in a land where letters were unknown! The usual ceremony of taking possession by hoisting the British flag in the king's name, which does not typify half so kindly a feeling, was not omitted, though the right of discovery, the only right which England could pretend, was clearly anticipated by Tasman, for the Dutch republic.

In the range from Mercury Bay, a threatened attack of the natives afforded Tupia an opportunity of displaying his eloquence and readiness of mind in a very creditable manner. Indeed, the Otaheitan priest possessed abilities which needed nothing but cultivation and a fair field to have set him on a par with the most famous diplomatic cardinals of European history: and then, to his praise be it spoken—

“Peace was *his* dear delight, not Fleury's more.”

On the 18th, several canoes put forth from different points, but evidently with a common purpose of hostility. Two of them, in which there might be as many as sixty men, as soon as they came within hearing, set up the war-whoop, and advanced in fighting attitude. Seeing little notice taken of them, they commenced throwing stones, then fell back, then advanced again, studiously provoking a contest. Tupia, of his own accord, without hint or command, began to expostulate and warn them of their peril, saying that the English had weapons against which theirs were utterly unavailing, and which would destroy them all in an instant. The undismayed islanders retorted, “Set a foot on shore, and we will kill you every one.” Tupia rejoined—“Well, but why molest us while we keep the sea? We do not wish to fight, and shall not go ashore, but the sea is no more yours than the ship.” These arguments,

though they surprised the English by their reasonableness, had no effect on the New Zealanders, but a musket-ball passing clean through one of the canoes sent them ashore in a hurry.

The next station where the Endeavour rested was the Bay of Islands, into which flows a river, called, by our voyagers, the Thames. Here the botanists examined some very lofty trees, similar to those which they had seen in Poverty Bay, but not near enough to ascertain their dimensions or species. One was nineteen feet, eight inches, in girth, at six feet from the ground, and Cook, taking its altitude with a quadrant, found it eighty-nine feet in height, and as it tapered very little, he computed that it must contain at least three hundred and fifty-six feet of solid timber, straight as a mast, for which, however, it was too heavy, unless, as the ship-carpenter suggested, like the pitch-pine, it might be lightened by tapping.

So little comprehensible was the humanity of Cook to the mere men of action whom he was set over, that they seemed to delight in making up, during his absence, for the forbearance enforced upon them when under his eye. On the 22nd, while he was engaged on shore, Hicks thought proper to inflict the novel discipline of a round dozen on a young Zealander, who had laid hands on a half-minute glass. His countrymen on deck vainly attempted his rescue; Sir Joseph and Tupia interceded in vain; canoes crowded round the vessel, but dared not show fight; and when the criminal was untied and delivered up, he received a second bastinado from an old man, supposed to be his father, who probably was more enraged at the disgrace incurred by his family and tribe, than indignant at the theft. This piece of subaltern authority produced a great alienation on

the part of the natives, and next day Cook and the gentlemen with him were surrounded in a small island where they had landed, by an armed multitude, which exposed them to great peril, but, by the excellent management of the commander, they were dispersed without bloodshed. On the same day Mr. Cook made three of his own crew feel the cat-o'-nine-tails. These honest Englishmen, who were so ready to avenge the violation of property, had broken into the native plantations, and violently taken up the roots* with which they were stocked, maintaining, in the

* The potato, properly so called, was unknown to the New Zealanders till Cook's second voyage, but they cultivated several species of roots, and the neatness of their plantations, considering their very clumsy gardening tools, was remarkable. Their staple food was a sort of fern root, which grows without culture all over the country; but they planted the sweet potato, (called in their language *coomera*) *cocos* or *eddas*, (a plant well known both in the East and West Indies,) some gourds, &c. Grain of any kind they were utterly unacquainted with, and when wheat was first sown amongst them, dug it up, expecting to find the edible part at the root, like potatoes.

Mr. Banks saw some of their plantations where the ground was as well broken down and tilled as even as in the gardens of the most curious persons among us. The sweet potatoes were placed in small hills, some ranged in rows, some in quincunx, all laid by a line with the greatest regularity. The *cocos* were planted upon flat land, and the gourds were set in small hollows, much as in England. These plantations were of different extent, from one or two acres to ten.—Cook's *First Voyage*, vol. ii., p. 113.

We have been informed, that the potato mentioned by Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, as contributing to "the tempest of provocation" upon which the commentators have been so diffuse, was the sweet potato or *coomera*, and not our potato. It is but just to vindicate that useful vegetable from false accusations.

teeth of their captain, that English Christians had a right to plunder savages.

On the 5th of December, the Endeavour was in imminent danger of being wrecked while getting out of the Bay of Islands. She weighed anchor about four in the morning, but owing to the light breeze and frequent calms, made little way till in the afternoon, the tide or current setting strong, she drove so fast towards land, that before any measures could be taken for her security, she was within a cable's length of the breakers. The pinnace was hoisted out to take the ship in tow, the men exerted themselves to the utmost, a breeze sprang up off the land, and our navigators rejoiced in their supposed deliverance. So near were they dashing on shore, that Tupia, who knew nothing of the peril which would have been none to *Ivamah* or *Pahie*, kept up a conversation with the people on the beach, whose voices were distinctly audible, in spite of the breakers. About an hour afterwards, the man in the chains cried out "seventeen fathom" at the instant the ship was striking. So uneven, and if the term be allowable, mountainous is the sea's bottom in those parts. The rock being to the windward, the ship providentially came off undamaged, and sailed away gallantly.

On the 9th of December, the Endeavour being becalmed in DOUBTLESS BAY, the unavoidable delay was turned to profit by useful inquiries among the natives, from whom, by Tupia's good interpretation, our navigator learned that at the distance of three days' row of a canoe, was a point called Moore Whennua, at which the land would take a short turn to the south, and thenceforth extend no farther to the west. This point was concluded to be Tasman's Cape Maria Van Diemen, so named by the Dutch discoverer, after the daughter of the Batavian Governor,

the lady whose beloved image haunted him in all his wanderings over the deep. Finding the people disposed to be communicative, Mr. Cook questioned them whether they knew of any country besides their own; they told him that they had seen no other, but that some of their ancestors had reported that there was a land to the north-west, of great compass, called Ulimaroa, where the inhabitants eat *Booak*. Now *Booak* is the word used in Otaheite and the neighbouring islands for a hog, an animal which was at that time unknown in New Zealand. This little word therefore gave a perfect confirmation of the tradition.

On the 13th of December, our voyagers came in sight of Cape Maria Van Diemen. About Christmas, the midsummer of the southern hemisphere, they were assailed by so tremendous a gale of wind, that had they not had good sea-room, it is questionable whether one would have returned to tell their tale.*

* The Endeavour was not the only European vessel beating about the shores of New Zealand in that tremendous gale. On the very same day (Dec. 12) that Cook left Doubtless Bay behind him, a French vessel, the *Saint Jean Baptiste*, under the command of M. de Surville, came in sight of the same part of New Zealand. De Surville had sailed from India, in consequence of a report that the English had discovered an island, seven hundred leagues to the west of Peru, abundant in the precious metals, and inhabited by Jews. The inlet which Cook had called Doubtless, he named LAURISTON Bay, in honour of the French Governor of India. He was most hospitably received by the natives, and by the natural address of a Frenchman, won their confidence and affection to a degree which the English could never attain. He suffered very severely by the Christmas storm; a boat containing the invalids of his crew, after the utmost peril of perishing, got into a small creek, which received the name of *Refuge Cove*. The sick men were treated with all possible kindness by Naginoui, the chieftain of the adjoining village;

They were five weeks in getting fifty leagues. On the 14th of January, they put into a harbour in QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SOUND, where it was proposed to careen

they remained in his care, and fed upon his bounty (for which he would accept of no remuneration) till the storm was blown over. Such is the charm of French manners ! but mark the sequel : De Surville on some suspicion that a boat of his had been stolen, enticed Naginoui on board the *Saint Jean Baptiste*, (why are holy names thus desecrated ?) and forcibly took him away as a captive, and not content with this, ordered the village where his invalids had been tended and cherished, to be burned to the ground—he must have been a very civilised villain. Poor Naginoui died of a broken heart, off Juan Fernandez. Singular enough that two Europeans, of two nations, and of such opposite characters, without any mutual communication, should arrive at the same point of an unknown land, in the same month. It is not at all singular that the worse of the two was the better received ; it only shows that New Zealand is composed of the same stuff as the rest of the Planet. This story, be it observed, is taken from the *French* narrative of the Abbe Rochon. We do not tell it to disparage the French character ; if the best read man in France, and the best read man in England were pitted against each other, each to relate a villainy committed on the high seas by his opponent's countrymen, and he that had first played out his hand should forfeit, the game would hardly be decided in one year. But the tale is of some use to better ends than the fostering of national antipathies. Some writers, blessed with short memories or plentiful ignorance, ascribe all the real and imaginary crimes of the French in modern times to the Revolution, and thence take occasion to condemn all efforts of all nations in behalf of liberty. Now M. de Surville visited New Zealand some years before the Revolution, and yet was as cruel, as treacherous, and as ungrateful, as if he had sailed with the tri-colour at his mast head. The demoralisation which made the Revolution what it was, grew up under the monarchy.

and repair the ship, and take in supplies of wood and water. Good water was plentiful, and for wood the country was one vast forest. In this station they first obtained proof that cannibalism was actually practised in New Zealand. Having one day gone ashore for provisions, they found a family engaged in cooking victuals after their fashion. "The body of a dog was buried in their oven, and many provision baskets stood near it. Having cast our eyes," says Cook, "carelessly into one of these as we passed by it, we saw two bones pretty cleanly picked, which did not seem to be the bones of a dog, and which, upon a nearer examination, we discovered to be those of a human body. As we could have no doubt but that the bones were human, neither could we have any doubt that the flesh which covered them had been eaten. They were found in a provision basket, the flesh that remained appeared manifestly to have been dressed by fire, and in the gristles at the end were the marks of the teeth which gnawed them. To put an end, however, to conjecture, we directed Tupia to ask what bones they were; and the Indians, without the least hesitation, answered 'they were the bones of a man.' They were then asked what had become of the flesh, and they replied that they had eaten it; 'why did you not eat the flesh of the woman whose body we saw floating on the water?' 'Because,' said they, 'she died of disease; besides she was our relation, and we only eat the flesh of our enemies who are killed in battle.' One of us asked if they had any human bones with the flesh remaining upon them; and upon their answering that all had been eaten, we affected to disbelieve that the bones were human, and said that they were the bones of a dog; upon which one of the Indians with some eagerness took hold of his own fore-arm, and thrusting it towards me, said that the

bone which Mr. Banks held in his hand had belonged to that part of the human body ; at the same time to convince me that the flesh had been eaten, he took hold of his own arm with his teeth and made show of eating : he also bit and gnawed the bone which Mr. Banks had taken, drawing it through his mouth, and showing by signs that it had afforded a delicious repast."

Voyagers and travellers of all kinds, that have seen mankind in many shapes, have generally "supped full of horrors," and learn to look as calmly on the moral aberrations of the species, as a physiologist considers the ghastly appearances of morbid anatomy ; rather feeling power, and therein delight, from the extension of their knowledge, than dejection from the infirmity of their nature : yet we can scarcely imagine that the philosophers did not dream of cannibals ; perhaps—nothing indeed more likely—that they were turned cannibals themselves, possessed with an unclean spirit, that compelled them all loathing to gnaw and gnash at the festering bones of some living corpse, that all the while glared at them with its supernatural, unmoving eyes. If their dreams were such, how pleased must have been their waking in the early morn by the sweetest melody of little birds that ever "broke the silence of the seas." The ship lay about a quarter of a mile from shore, and the distance and intervening waters made the music more harmonious. It was a throng of notes, from countless warblers singing as it were in emulation, and the sound was "like small bells exquisitely tuned." Such bells, as in the voluptuous fancies of the East, ring the welcome of the blessed into paradise. These birds begin to sing about two hours after midnight, and continue their song till sunrise ; what fairy land of love and music might not a

youthful poet have anticipated, who had heard these songsters while floating on the dark blue waters to an unknown isle. Unfortunately, our navigators could not forget that they sang to cannibals—no matter, they sung for their own delight and their Maker's glory, and will sing when every child in that long-savage region is taught to lisp its Maker's praise.

The Endeavour had now nearly circumnavigated the more northerly of the two islands which go by the common name of New Zealand. Queen Charlotte's Sound, in which she was lying, is in the north-eastern coast of the southern island, called by the natives Tavai-poenamoo. Cook was not yet aware of the strait which separates these islands, but his observation from a hill on the shore of Queen Charlotte's Sound, determined him to search for the passage. The bay he found to be of great extent, indented with smaller coves and harbours in every direction; the country for the most part an impenetrable forest. On one excursion, Mr. Cook and his friends fell in with a single man fishing in a canoe, at whom they wondered, because he did not seem to wonder at them; but this was nothing unnatural. Wonder is not the emotion of contented ignorance—it denotes the first quickening of the love of knowledge. Savages have, in general, as little curiosity as the utterly uneducated portion of civilised communities. He who never troubled himself to account for any thing, will not have his attention arrested by what he is unable to explain. When the comparing power is altogether inert, as in savages, idiots, and new-born babies, or suspended as in dreams, nothing appears extraordinary. The fisherman proved to be well-disposed enough, and readily drew up his net, to have it examined. The natives in the neighbourhood of Queen Charlotte's Sound appeared to be a good-

natured, intelligent race, ready to barter their fish for nails; whether they perceived, by a natural quickness of parts, the uses to which iron may be put (which are obvious and easily shown) or had become acquainted with its utility by some means, of which no record remains. There is indeed reason to conjecture that some European vessel had fallen on the New Zealand coast, between the period of Tasman's, and that of Cook's visit, probably not long before the latter, and that the crew had been entirely cut off. Cook, desirous to ascertain if any memory of Tasman lingered among the savages, directed Tupia to inquire of an old man, whether he had ever seen such a ship as the Endeavour before. The old man replied in the negative, but said that a small vessel with four men in it had come from Ulimaroa, the land to the north, and that all the men were killed. It will be recollected that the people in the vicinity of Cape Maria Van Diemen spoke of their ancestors having been at a land to the north, called Ulimaroa. Captain Cruise, who was in New Zealand for ten months in 1820, heard a very similar tale from an aged native, who said that a boat's crew, who had gone ashore to trade for provisions, had been massacred by his own countrymen: yet of this crew, or the vessel they belonged to, no account had been received in Europe. The further inquiries of Captain Cook in 1772 and 1774, still confirmed him in the opinion that some Europeans had perished in New Zealand between 1642 and 1769.

While the Endeavour lay in Queen Charlotte's Sound, Mr. Cook, by repeated observations, satisfied himself that the inlet of the seas, which he had partially explored, was a strait, and the country to the north (called by the natives, Eaheinomauwe) an island, and resolved to make the passage. Previous to sailing, he

erected two piles of stones, on separate eminences, in which he concealed bullets, shot, coins, and other articles of European manufacture, to convince whatever European might arrive in those parts, that the honours of discovery were anticipated. Not neglecting to take possession in the King's name, with the usual formalities, which, by an odd coincidence, was done on the 30th of January, and having christened the harbour Queen Charlotte's Sound, he prepared to depart, but was detained for some time by bad weather. The violent wind and rain on the 31st put to silence those sweet little birds whose nightly serenade had never before been intermitted. On the 5th of February, 1770, the Endeavour got under sail, but the wind failing, came again to an anchor. To turn this delay to some account, Sir Joseph and Dr. Solander went on shore to see if any gleanings of natural knowledge remained, and in the course of their excursion fell in with the most delightful family they had yet found in New Zealand; so pleasant, so affable, so unsuspecting, so communicative, that it was quite heart-breaking not to have made their acquaintance before. On the 6th of February, Lieutenant Cook cleared the sound, and stood away for the east. In passing the strait, which justly bears the name of its discoverer, the Endeavour was in great peril of shipwreck from the violence of the ebb-tide driving her upon the rocks in the narrow between Cape Tierawitte on the north and Cape Koamoroo to the south. Having escaped this, and surmounted some other difficulties, Mr. Cook established the insularity of Eaheinomauwe beyond contradiction; and then proceeding southward from Cape Turnagain, he circumnavigated the southern division of New Zealand (called Poenamoo), to the great advantage of geography and his own immortal honour, but without

meeting any adventure which need detain our narrative. We must not, however, forget to mention, that Mr. Cook and the whole ship's company were on one occasion seriously alarmed for the safety of our friend, Sir Joseph, who, intent on the pursuit of strange birds, had rowed away out of the reach of prompt assistance, when four canoes and fifty-seven men, were seen to put forth, apparently with evil designs against the philosopher. Signals were made to apprise him of his situation, but the position of the sun prevented his seeing them. However, his boat was soon observed in motion, and he got safe on board before the people in the canoes, who gazed at the ship from a distance with a sort of stupid irresolute astonishment, took any notice of him. We may be sure he was heartily welcomed, for he was a man whose good nature made him as dear to the tars, who doubtless had many a laugh at his scientific enthusiasm, as to the philosophic commander, who appreciated and sympathised with that passion for natural knowledge, which led him to forego the English comforts of a plentiful fortune, and undergo the dangers and privations of a voyage of discovery. From the mixture of wonder and timidity exhibited by the natives on this occasion, Mr. Cook denominated the land whence they had put off the LOOKERS-ON. An island further to the south, about five leagues from the shore, received the name of BANKS Isle. It is not the only spot in the Pacific that preserves the memory of the adventurous philosopher.

The circuit of Tavai Poenamoo commenced on the 9th of February, and was completed on the 27th of March, when the Endeavour anchored in Admiralty Bay, having surveyed the whole coast of New Zealand with an accuracy which has left little for subsequent navigators to do. So perfect is Cook's chart that

M. Crozet declared there were few parts of the coast of France so accurately laid down. The ingenuity of a discoverer is often severely tasked in the invention of names, and much of individual or national character appears in the nomenclature of new-discovered countries. The Spaniards and Portuguese, who mingle their religion with everything, with their common salutations, their loves, their wars, their very crimes, have filled sea and land with their saints and holy times, thick as the sky with heathen deities and mythological monsters. The English, who did not commence discoverers till they were Protestants, have had either too little affection or too much reverence for Divine things to bestow sacred names on earth or water. Any little circumstance attending the discovery, any fancied resemblance to what they had left at home, serves them to give a name, and these failing, their own names, or the king's, or queen's, or the ministers', or lords' of the admiralty will serve the turn. It is a pity that our surnames are the ruggedest part of our language, as any one who will cast his eye over a map of the United States may be convinced. Luckily, Cook's earliest patron was Palliser, and really, Cape Palliser would not disgrace a sonnet. But Hicks, and Banks, and Brett, and Hawke, and Saunders, absolutely make us regret the polysyllabic native nomenclature which they supplant, though Taoneroa, Shukehanga, Taranake, Wangarooa, Moore-whennua, and Tierawitte are a great deal too long for the shortness of English breath and human life. Seriously, it is always good to preserve native appellations when they can be ascertained, and this seems to have been Cook's general practice. When new names are to be given, they should be either descriptive or historical. No man will ever be remembered for having his name

affixed to a rock or a river, who would not be remembered without it. The calling of newly-erected or discovered places after towns or rivers in the Old World is very objectionable, as tending to confusion, though it arises from a natural feeling; a feeling which perhaps influenced Cook, when he marked out the banks of the Thames as the most eligible situation in New Zealand for a European settlement.

Though the coasts of the two islands were satisfactorily surveyed, and the connexion of New Zealand with a southern continent disproved during Cook's first visit, little was observed of the interior. The utmost diligence of the naturalists left them imperfectly acquainted with its natural productions. They saw no land quadrupeds but dogs and rats, and even these are supposed not to be indigenous. They heard, indeed, of great lizards, or alligators,* but never met with any. The paucity of quadrupeds in all the South Sea Islands is a strong presumption that the isles are of comparatively recent formation; raised from the depths of ocean by the agency of volcanic fire, or gradually constructed by the slow architecture of the coral insects, haply commenced at the beginning of time.† The prevalence of a

* According to Captain Cruise, the New Zealanders believe that the Atua, or destroying Daemon enters the body of the dying in the shape of a lizard, to devour his entrails. The animal is held in the utmost horror, and is said to make great havoc among children. But it does not appear that any European has seen it. May not its existence in New Zealand be altogether problematical, and the superstition connected with it traditionary from the first oriental settlers? Do not the lions and serpents of early Gothic fable, in like manner testify the oriental derivation of the Scandinavians?

† See Montgomery's "Pelican Island" for a beautiful illustration of this hypothesis.

mutually intelligible language proves indisputably that one race of men have peopled all the new-made spots that sprinkle the Pacific, and the radical identity of that language with the Malay, demonstrates that the population came, perhaps at no remote period, from the East. The cultivated vegetables, the bread fruit, the cocoa-tree, the banana, the plantain, the sweet potato, point to the same quarter, and probably the hogs and poultry of the Society Islands, and the dogs of New Zealand accompanied the first settlers in their migration.

Seals are common on the New Zealand shores. Of insects few were discovered, but birds are very numerous, and for the most part of peculiar species. The most interesting are a kind of mocking bird, and the little nocturnal songsters of which we have already spoken. There are also many sorts of wild ducks, sea-gulls, wood pigeons, rails, parrots, and parroquets. Before they had experienced the fatal powers of fire-arms, these birds had no fear of man, but would perch on the muzzle of a musket. Now they fly away at the sight of an European, or a native armed with a gun (for the bow is unknown in New Zealand). Who will say that birds are without understanding, or improgressive, seeing they are capable of experience?

Dr. Solander observed about four hundred species of plants, most of them new. The timber trees are majestically straight and tall, and furnish almost the only articles of commerce which New Zealand has hitherto supplied. There is a kind of flax, a beautiful plant, the fibre of which the women work into the cloth which composes their dresses. This business is performed by the hand alone, upon pegs, in a mode similar to lace making. Sir Joseph Banks had the honour of discovering a new sort of spinach,—the

Tevagonia expansa—which lasts all summer. Its cultivation has succeeded in England.*

It was now to be considered which way the ship should steer. The commander's wish was to return by Cape Horn, in order to ascertain the existence or non-existence of the long-expected southern continent, the expectation whereof was already much abridged. But the state of the vessel, and the season of the year, dissuaded the enterprise, which Cook was destined one day to perform. After some deliberation, it was resolved to steer westward, for the east coast

* Whoever is curious to be further informed concerning New Zealand and its inhabitants, and has not time, means, or inclination to consult many and bulky books, may be satisfied with a perusal of "*The New Zealanders*," one of the pleasantest volumes in that rightly-named series, "*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*." We know not of any work that within so comprehensible a compass, exhibits so true and vivid a picture of man in the state just above savage life. The New Zealander is a perverted rather than a degraded creature: he sometimes shocks, but he does not disgust; therefore he may safely be trusted with the youthful imagination. The little book which we recommend is written in a truly philosophic spirit. Clear alike from the Jacobinical paradox and misrepresentation which hold up the so-called *state of nature* as the proper *state of man*, and from the weak-stomached and nervous irascibility which regards the poor tattooed cannibal as an irredeemable monster, fit only for slavery or extirpation, the intelligent author teaches an important lesson of self-knowledge, thankfulness, and beneficence. Of self-knowledge—for what the New Zealander appears, every man by nature is; of thankfulness, for the civilisation which we inherit, and the light in which we live; of beneficence, by making us acquainted with beings of like passions and like capabilities as ourselves, to whom it rests with us to impart the blessings which we enjoy, and the faith in which we hope to be blessed eternally. Who is the compiler of this excellent book?

of New Holland, and then track that coast to its northern extremity, and so return to England by the East Indies. On Saturday, the 31st of March, 1770, our commander sailed from Cape Farewell,* so named to commemorate his adieu to New Zealand, around which he had now spent six months. New Holland came in sight on the 19th of April, and on the 28th of that month the ship anchored in a large inlet, which, from the richness and novelty of the surrounding vegetation, was afterwards called Botany Bay, and the botanists, Banks and Solander, gave their names to the two promontories that form its entrance. Botany Bay was doomed, however, to associations quite alien from the calm industry of botanical researches.

In the afternoon the boats were manned. Cook and his friends, with Tupia, made for a point whereon they had observed some sable human beings assembled, who, as they showed no sign of alarm at the approach of the ship, were not expected to make any opposition to their landing. This surmise proved false. As the British pulled up, most of the natives ran away; but two men, bearing lances ten feet long, advanced into the water, to forbid the invaders' ingress, brandishing their weapons, and uttering harsh sounds unintelligible to Tupia. Two against forty, they seemed resolute to preserve their father-land from the pollution of a foreign foot. Cook, who could not but admire their courage, (which, after all, was not more extraordinary than that of the New Zealand birds, before they learned the power of fire-arms,) ordered his boat to lay on her oars, and parleyed with them by signs, threw them nails, and such like trifles, with which

* Cape Farewell is the north-western extremity of Tavai Poenamoo. There is another Cape Farewell, named no doubt, from a similar circumstance, at the southern point of Greenland, and eastern entrance to Davis' Straits.

they seemed pleased, and then endeavoured to make them understand that he wanted water, and that he had no design to injure them. They waved their hands: this was interpreted as an invitation to proceed, and the boat put into shore; the two warriors bade defiance; a musket was fired between them; the younger of the two started back, dropping a bundle of lances, but instantly recovered, and both stood their ground, and began to throw stones; some small shot was discharged at them, which struck the elder on the legs, whereupon he ran to a house some hundred yards distant. Cook and his party landed, hoping the contest was over; but presently the New Hollander returned with a shield or target. He and his comrade each darted a lance among the boat's crew, but without effect; and on the firing of a third musket, another lance was thrown, and then both fled. Cook and his companions advanced towards the huts, in one of which they found some children left alone. Into this they threw beads, ribbons, bits of cloth, and other like articles, which they hoped would propitiate the good will of the parents; but on revisiting the hut next morning, they found the articles untouched. This experiment was repeated several times, increasing the value of the bait at each trial, but still the New Hollanders would not bite, and all attempts to establish a communication with them were unavailing.

Though the first landing had been so desperately disputed, the natives made no further show of fight, but quitted their habitations, and fled up the country. If by chance any of them came in sight, they hid themselves in the woods when they saw the strangers, as regardless of all invitations to parley as rabbits in a warren. Little, therefore, could be learned of their habits, during the week that the Endeavour was

moored in Botany Bay, but enough to show that they were in the lowest grade of human existence.

Much more agreeable objects of contemplation were found in the trees, and flowers, and birds—the latter exceedingly numerous, and of splendid plumage. Loricets, cockatoos, and parrots, green, red, blue, and glossy black, flew in coveys of a score together. Tupia, who was now become an excellent marksman, made great havoc among them, the feathers appearing to him a valuable prize. While engaged in a shooting excursion, he once met with nine of the natives, who scoured away precipitately at the sight of his gun. This terror of fire-arms is not instinctive either in men or animals; nor will a slight peppering of small shot give much uneasiness to a savage; who, for mourning, or embellishment, or distinction, is accustomed to mangle himself more painfully. The people had doubtless observed the destructive effect of English weapons upon birds.

One of the advantages which induced Cook to recommend Botany Bay as the site of a British settlement, might be the plentiful supply of oysters. Among other inhabitants of the waters in this vicinity, our voyagers caught large sting-rays—a fish cognate to the torpedo, but without its electric properties, with whose jagged barb several tribes are used to point their weapons. Circe is described as arming her son with a dart headed in this manner. Very marvellous properties were formerly attributed to this sting, which might arise from confounding the animal bearing it with the torpedo.

During the period of the Endeavour's lying in Botany Bay, Cook caused the English colours to be displayed every day on shore, and took care that the ship's name, and the date of the year, should be inscribed on one of the trees near to the watering place.

This formality of taking possession in the King's name, in most instances meant only to assert the right of discovery, in this case proved a true omen. Botany Bay, though not at present the seat of a British colony, has become in common parlance the English name of Australia.

Our voyagers sailed out of Botany Bay on Sunday, the 6th of May, and continued to track the coast northward. The navigation was rendered particularly tedious by the shoals which jut out suddenly from the shore, and the sharp coral rocks which rise in an abrupt pyramid from the bottom; by the irregularity of tides and currents, and by other causes—embarrassing under any circumstances, but especially so to the first vessel that braved the unknown perils of the voyage.* Yet Cook conducted his charge in

* The length to which this article unavoidably extends forbids us to dwell upon the discoveries made in the passage between Botany Bay and Trinity Bay; nor were they of any great consequence except in a geographical point of view. Cook explored and named a number of bays, creeks, and headlands; but notwithstanding the general accuracy of his observations, many of the natural harbours and inlets which have since been discovered, escaped his notice in consequence of the manner in which the rocky heads and sandy downs on the coast overlap one another; among the rest Port Jackson, the Gyarus of Britain. Repeatedly he went ashore to take in provisions, wood, and water, to observe the natural productions of the country, and to make vain advances to the inhabitants, who, if by any chance they were visible, scampered away as soon as they saw the white men approach. Tupia seemed to feel his own superiority to these poor wretches, "Taata Enos," as he called them, with great complacency.

The naturalists were more successful in their researches among the animal and vegetable tribes. In one place they shot a bird like a bustard, which proved such excellent

safety for an extent of two and twenty degrees of latitude, or more than a thousand and three hundred geographical miles, before any serious accident occurred. But on the 10th of June, as he was steering from a bay to which he had given the name of Trinity Bay, about 16° south latitude, on a fine moonlight night, in cheerful expectation of reaching the land discovered by Quiros in the early part of the seventeenth century; while the navigators were at supper, they suddenly found themselves in shoal water; the man in the chains called twelve, ten, and eight fathom in the compass of a few minutes. Every man was ordered to his station, and every thing was ready to put about and come to an anchor, when the next cast of the lead meeting with deep water, it was concluded that the vessel had gone over the tail of the shoal. The water deepened to twenty-one fathom, perfect tranquillity took the place of

eating, that it was thought worthy to give name to Bustard Bay, in $24^{\circ} 4'$ south latitude. A little to the north of Cape Capricorn, Sir Joseph Banks caught two crabs of a novel species; one whose joints and claws were adorned with an exquisite ultra-marine blue, while its under surface was of a delicate semi-transparent white, giving its crustaceous armour altogether the appearance of fine porcelain; the other more slightly tinged with azure, and marked on the back with three brown spots. But these crabs are not good to eat. Still further to the north, they found the fields and trees covered with millions of butterflies, which absolutely thickened the air. Near the same part they discovered the leaping fish, which is about the size of a minnow, and from the strength and elasticity of its pectoral fins, jumps along the ground as nimbly as a frog.

It is pleasant to see strange animals in a menagerie, to see rare plants in a botanic garden; but what must it be to set the first scientific eyes upon them in their native haunts? Naturalists are the happiest of philosophers.

alarm, and the gentlemen whose duty did not require them to be watchers, went contentedly to bed. This was between nine and ten o'clock. About eleven, the water shoaled at once from twenty to seventeen fathom, and before the lead could be cast again the ship struck, and remained immovable, except so far as she was rocked by the breakers. In a minute every soul was on deck, and each might read his own terror in the other's countenance. The roughest sailors were tamed—not an oath was heard—the awe of a death-bed was upon all.

The ship had been lifted over a ledge of rock, and stuck in a groove or hollow, of so cavernous a structure, that in some places there might be four or five fathom of water, and in others not so many feet. To add to her distress, the sheathing boards and false keel were riven off her bottom by the jagged points of the coral, and were seen floating about in the moonshine—every movement was making way for the waves to swallow up all the lives in her. The sole trust was in lightening her of whatever could be spared; and it was some comfort, that as the tide of ebb ran out, she began to settle, and was no longer beaten so violently from side to side. In extremity of peril, a little chance is a great hope, and one danger the less, a great deliverance. All hands set to work with alacrity—almost with cheerfulness—some plying the pumps, some heaving overboard guns, ballasts, casks, staves, oil jars, decayed stores, all that was heavy and not indispensable. While they were thus employed, the morning of the 11th of June dawned upon them, and displayed the full prospect of their danger.

Providentially the wind fell, and early in the morning it was a dead calm. If it had blown hard, their destruction had been inevitable. High water

was expected at eleven, and all was prepared to heave off the vessel, if she should float; but when the day-tide came, it fell so far short of that of night, that though the ship had been lightened nearly fifty ton, she did not float by a foot and a half. She had not yet admitted much water, but as the tide fell it rushed in so fast that she could hardly be kept free by the incessant working of two pumps. The most vigorous exertions were made to prepare for the tide at midnight, though it was too probable, from the gaining leak, and crazy state of the vessel, that she would go to pieces as soon as the rock ceased to support her—and then, as it was impossible for the boats to save all, and subordination must be at an end, a frightful contest for preference would ensue, in which all might perish. The shore was eight leagues distant, and no island intervened to which they might be speedily conveyed, and thence by turns to the main land.

Amid these sad forebodings, Cook never relaxed a fibre of his diligence, determined to omit no point of his duty, though none should know whether he lived or was dead—nor was there a murmur or breach of discipline in his crew. As the critical moment approached, he ordered the capstan and windlass to be manned with as many hands as could be spared from the pumps—the ship floated about twenty minutes past ten—the grand effort was made—and she was heaved into deep water. It was no small encouragement to find that she did not now leak faster than when on the rock. Still, the leak gained on the pumps, and there were nine feet ten inches of water in the hold—there was no intermission of labour. Three pumps were kept incessantly going (the fourth was out of order), and thus the water was held at bay. Four and twenty hours the men per-

severed in this toil, harassed in mind and body, with little hopes of final success. At length their spirits began to flag: none of them could work at the pump above five or six minutes together, after which they threw themselves, totally exhausted, on the deck, though a stream of water three or four inches deep, was running over it from the pumps. Another party relieved them at their labour, and having wrought their turn, flung themselves in like manner on the streaming deck; the former started up and to the pumps again. Meanwhile, an accident seemed to prove all their efforts fruitless. The planking which lines a ship's bottom is called the ceiling, between which and the outside planking there is a space of about eighteen inches. From the ceiling only the man who had hitherto attended the well had taken the depth of the water, and had given the measure accordingly. But upon his being relieved, the person who took his place gave the depth from the outside planking, which struck a general panic, as if the water had gained eighteen inches in a couple of minutes. But the mistake was soon corrected, and every heart felt as if a great weight was lifted off it; and finding their condition not quite so bad as it appeared a moment ago, the poor sailors cheered up as if there had never been any real danger at all. They tugged at the pumps with renewed energy, and by eight o'clock in the morning found the water got under considerably. They now began to talk confidently of taking the ship into some harbour. The fore-top-mast and fore-yard were replaced, and there being a breeze at sea, the Endeavour was once more under sail by eleven A. M. These hopes might yet have been frustrated, but for a suggestion of Mr. Monkhouse (a midshipman—not the surgeon), which was to

fasten to the bottom of the vessel a spare sail, lined with wool and oakum, and covered with sheep's dung and other filth. This process, which is called fothering, succeeded so far in stopping the leaks, that by the labour of one pump the ship was kept clear of water. The joy of the crew was proportionate to their recent distress. To commemorate this dreadful trial, the point of land in sight was called Cape Tribulation.

On the 14th, a small harbour was discovered, excellently adapted for the purpose of refitting; but it was not till the 17th, after considerable difficulty, that the ship was got in.

Mr. Cook bestowed the warmest commendation on his crew, and all on board, for their conduct under this peril. Every one appeared to have the perfect possession of his mind, and every one exerted himself to the uttermost with a quiet perseverance, equally distant from the tumultuous violence of terror and the gloomy inactivity of despair. Such is the power of a great man to inspire confidence in the hour of danger, and preserve obedience, even when the great leveller death threatens to make all equal.

To complete the history of this wonderful preservation, we must not omit a circumstance which could not be discovered till the ship was laid down to be repaired. It then appeared that one of her holes, which was sufficient alone to have sunk her, was in a great measure filled up by a fragment of the rock upon which she had struck. Thus the cause of her danger had contributed to her safety.

But, though the immediate peril of death was escaped, the situation of our voyagers was still very distressing. The scurvy had made its appearance with very formidable symptoms. Tupia suffered dreadfully; and Mr. Green, the astronomer, was

daily wearing away. When the commander came to survey the country around the harbour, it presented the most comfortless aspect, the high grounds stony and barren, the low lands overrun with mangroves, among which the salt water flows at every tide. A boat despatched to procure some fish for the invalids, returned without success. Tupia was more fortunate; he was an excellent angler, and living on what he caught, soon recovered his health. But Mr. Green continued to linger. Sir Joseph, on the 19th of June, making an excursion inland, found the country to consist of sandhills. There were huts, which appeared to have been recently deserted, but no inhabitants to be seen. Large flights of crows and pigeons crossed him in his walk, from which an old Roman would have drawn a favourable or unfavourable omen, according as their flight was in a lucky or unlucky direction. Sir Joseph shot several of the pigeons, which were of a new and extremely beautiful kind; but the crows never came within the range of his fowling piece. On the 22nd, the ship's bottom was examined, and found to be considerably damaged. On the same day some of the people, who had been sent to shoot pigeons for the sick, returned with an account of an animal as large as a greyhound, of a mouse colour, which bounded along with amazing agility, springing from its hind legs. This was the kangaroo. During the refitting of the ship, Sir Joseph was very near losing his fine collection of botanical specimens, gathered with so much care and delight, on so many untrodden hills, and in so many unrifled valleys. He had stored them in a part of the vessel where the process of repair exposed them to great danger of perishing. They were, however, preserved. On the 29th of June, Mr. Cook, in conjunction with Mr. Green,

observed an immersion of Jupiter's first satellite, whereby they concluded the longitude of the place to be $214^{\circ} 42' 30''$ west. There is a feeling in every thing, even in the longitude. How must the poor sick astronomer have felt the immensity of his distance from his native land on this inhospitable shore, that had nothing in common with England but the sun and stars!

By the use of such herbs as the part produced, and a fish diet, the crew began to recover their health, and Mr. Cook was anxious to proceed on his voyage. But when he mounted a hill and looked out upon the sea, the difficulties of his position pressed hard upon his thoughts. Innumerable sand banks and shoals lay in every direction along the coast, some extending as far as he could see with his glass, and others but just rising above the water. The master was sent out with the boat to seek a passage between these shoals, and in the course of his search found cockles left by the tide on a coral rock, so large, that one of them was an ample meal for two men. He reported that he had discovered a passage, but the Commander, not choosing to rely on his report, after some days spent in refitting the vessel and exploring the country, sent him out again. He now expressed an opinion that the passage was not practicable; but the trip was not without benefit, for on the same rock, where the cockles were found, he fell in with excellent turtle, and though he had no better instrument than a boat hook, he captured three. It was the general opinion of the experienced part of the company, that the turtle, caught fresh on the coast of Australia, was very superior to that served up in London, after the fatigues of a West India voyage; but the state of their appetites ought to be taken into the account. At length the natives,

who had hitherto kept aloof, began to make their appearance. On the 10th of July, four of them appeared in a canoe, busily employed in striking fish. Cook, who was now convinced that the more they were courted to an interview the more shy and perverse they proved, resolved to let them quite alone. This plan succeeded. After some conversation by signs, they came alongside the ship, and carried on the dumb conference for some time with apparent cordiality; but when invited to come on board and partake of a repast, they took alarm, and pulled away. They were of average stature, slender limbed, their colour a dark chocolate, their hair black, but not woolly; their features not absolutely frightful. They possessed great flexibility of voice and quickness of ear; catching and mimicking several English words exactly. This parrot-like faculty is remarkable in the aborigines of New South Wales: those in the neighbourhood of the British settlements can take off every governor and every notorious character that has sought the retirement of Sidney-Cove. Next day the same party appeared again, accompanied by a man whom they called Yaparrico. He was probably a chief, being distinguished by the bone of a bird thrust through his nostrils, an ornament only once observed at New Zealand, but extremely general in New Holland.

On the 19th our voyagers were in danger of suffering severely by the vengeance of these savages. A party of them had been persuaded to visit the ship, and were particularly desirous to help themselves to the turtle which lay on deck. Frustrated in this object, they made for land in high dudgeon, and seeing a fire which had been lighted to heat the pitch kettle, they seized a burning brand, and set the long dry grass, that overspread the ground, in a blaze.

A tent of Sir Joseph's was in imminent danger of perishing, and whatever of the smith's forge would burn was consumed. Not content with this summary revenge, they proceeded to set fire to another spot, where the fishing nets and a quantity of linen were exposed to dry. A few shots drove them away for the present, but soon greater numbers began to assemble and a general attack was threatened; but by the temper and conduct of Cook and his associates, the peace was preserved. The flames were communicated to the wood, and spread so rapidly, that for miles the country appeared as one conflagration; and when in the evening the Commander made an excursion in the boat, he saw the distant hills mapped out in many-coloured fire.

After several unsuccessful attempts to discover a clear passage to the northward, the Endeavour got under way on the 4th of August, but only to encounter fresh difficulties and perils. The reefs and shoals stretched in every direction, and in one instance the ship was even nearer destruction than ever before. But we must be brief. Suffice it to say, that on the 17th of August, they arrived at an isle off the north-east extremity of New Holland, from whence Mr. Cook made such observations as convinced him that New Holland and New Guinea are separate islands, and he resolved to demonstrate this fact by sailing through the channel which divides them. This isle he called Possession Isle, from the ceremony of taking possession, in the King's right, of the whole eastern coast, by the name of New South Wales.

From the coast of New South Wales our commander steered on the 23rd of August for the coast of New Guinea, of which he came in sight on the 3rd of September. The strait which divides these islands he called Endeavour Strait, supposing that he was

himself the first European who had discovered it. But as it has since been ascertained that it was known to the Spanish navigator, Torres, as early as 1606, the honour of giving it a name has been restored to the prior claimant, and it is now called Torres Strait.

On the 3rd of September, the pinnace was hoisted, and Cook, Banks, Solander, with their attendants, and a boat's crew, twelve persons in all, well armed, went on shore. As soon as they came ashore, they discovered the prints of human feet in the sand, which showed that the natives could be at no great distance. They proceeded cautiously, lest their retreat to the boat should be intercepted. Skirting the margin of a noble forest, they observed cocoa-nut trees (a fruit not found in New Holland) but could not reach the fruit, which tempted them in a very tantalising manner. They had not advanced above a quarter of a mile, when three naked savages rushed out of the wood, with a hideous shout. One of them darted something out of his hand, which flashed like gunpowder, but without any report. The other two discharged arrows. A volley from the muskets put them to flight without wounding them. Cook had no inclination to urge hostilities, nor time to penetrate a country of which he was not the discoverer. The party therefore returned to the ship. When they were aboard, the natives crowded in numbers to the beach. Their appearance resembled that of the New Hollanders, to whom they are nearly related. They are supposed to be an African race, though not quite so black as the Guinea negroes. Yet they are generally called negroes in the old voyages, and from this similarity most likely the island was named New Guinea. In the native language one tribe are called Papoos, whence their country is sometimes denomi-

nated Papua. They are somewhat more advanced in arts than the New Hollanders, at least in the arts of aggression, which they may have learned from the Malays who frequent the coasts. Their method of darting fire puzzled the English, and some persisted that they must possess silent fire-arms.

Cook resolved to lose no time on this coast, but sail with all despatch to the westward—a determination very pleasing to the majority of the crew, though some were desirous to go on shore and cut down the cocoa-nut trees, but this was a violation of property the Commander would not permit.

Pursuing their course to the north-west, having left Timor and Timorlaut behind, on the 16th of September, about ten at night, our navigators perceived a phenomenon in the heavens, similar to the Aurora Borealis, but with many marks of difference. It was a dull, reddish light, which reached twenty degrees above the horizon, and comprehended from eight to ten points of the compass. Through, and out of the general phosphorescence, there shot rays of brighter light, which came and went, without any of the tremulous vibration characteristic of the Aurora Borealis. This phenomenon occurred somewhere near the islands of Rotte and Seman. On the following morning, an island was seen, bearing west-south-west, which, from the imperfection of the charts, was at first supposed to be a new discovery. As the ship neared the north coast, the eyes of her inmates were refreshed with the sight of palm-groves, houses, and flocks of sheep. A landing was resolved on; and the island proved to be the Dutch settlement of Savu. Provisions were the great object of request, and, after some little stupidity on the part of the Dutch resident, Mr. Cook succeeded in obtaining nine buffaloes, six sheep, three hogs, thirty dozen of fowls,

many dozens of eggs, some cocoa-nuts, a little garlic, and some hundred gallons of palm syrup. In making their bargains, the English were much assisted by an aged native, who had great influence with the king of the island. They had the honour of an interview with his majesty, who entertained them with a banquet, though the royal etiquette did not permit him to partake of his own hospitality. Savu is a beautiful island, gently elevated—the slopes of the hills covered with rich verdure and lofty trees—the cultivation general and amply repaid—the inhabitants, though of Malay origin, mild, virtuous, amenable to laws, constant in their connections, clean, and even delicate in their habits. Such, at least, was the representation of Mynheer Lange, the Dutch Governor.

On the 1st of October our navigators came in sight of Java. On the 2nd, they fell in with two Dutch vessels, the first European ships they had met to the east of Cape Horn. The Commander sent Hicks on board one of them, to inquire for news from England, and brought back intelligence that Captain Carteret had been at Batavia two years before. On the morning of the 5th, a Dutch officer in a *proa* came alongside the Endeavour with a printed paper in bad English, of which he had duplicates in several other languages. It contained a variety of questions, few of which Mr. Cook thought proper to answer. On the 9th, he stood in for Batavia road, where he found the Harcourt East Indiaman, two private English traders, and a number of Dutch ships. Before our voyagers were allowed to land, several troublesome formalities were to be gone through, and Mr. Cook had to apologise to the Governor for not saluting, which ceremony, from the state of his ordnance, he thought better omitted.

On the 10th, there occurred a violent storm of

thunder and lightning, during which the mast of one of the Dutch East Indiamen was split, and carried away by the deck, and the main-topmast and top-gallant-mast were shivered to pieces. The stroke was probably directed by an iron spike at the top-gallant-mast head. The Endeavour, which lay close beside the damaged vessel, owed her safety to the conducting chain, which glowed like a line of fire.

As the necessary repairs of the vessel were likely to take some time, our voyagers engaged a temporary residence at Batavia, but the state of their health obliged them soon to remove into the country. When Tupia first landed in Batavia, the only city he had ever seen, the variety of objects delighted him above measure. Having heard that all nations appeared there in their national costume, he requested leave to array himself after the fashion of Otaheite. Otaheitan cloth was procured from the ship, and he finished his equipments with great expedition. But his happiness was not of long duration. The boy Tayeto sickened and died; and Tupia, who loved him as a parent, survived him but a few days.

The pestilential climate wrought its dire effect on the crew of the Endeavour. Only one man, an old sail-maker, who was drunk every day while the ship remained at Batavia, wholly escaped the epidemic. To aggravate the calamity, Monkhouse, the surgeon, fell the first sacrifice. Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander recovered with difficulty, and perhaps owed their lives to the two Malay women, whom they purchased for nurses. Cook was himself attacked, and of the whole company, but ten were for some time upon duty. Only seven, however, including the surgeon, Tupia, Tayeto, Mr. Green's servant, and three seamen, died. The repair of the ship was

necessarily retarded by the sickness of the crew ; but the Dutch shipwrights performed their business much to Cook's satisfaction, and he declared, that there is not a marine yard in the world where a ship can be laid with more convenience, safety, and despatch, or repaired with greater diligence and skill.

On the 24th of December, when all was in order for sailing, and Mr. Cook had taken leave of the Dutch authorities, a new accident occurred to delay his departure. A seaman who had run away from one of the Dutch ships in the road, entered on board the *Endeavour*, and was reclaimed as a subject of Holland. Mr. Cook, who was then on shore, ordered him to be given up if he proved to be a Dutchman ; but Lieutenant Hicks, who was the officer in command, refused to surrender him, alleging that he was a subject of Great Britain, born in Ireland. This conduct of Hicks's received his superior's approbation ; and indisputable proofs being brought that the man was a British subject, it was resolved to keep him at all events. This firmness had the due effect, and no more was heard of the matter.

Cook was now bound on a homeward course. He sailed from Batavia on the 27th of December. On the 5th of January, 1771, he anchored under Prince of Wales's Island, to take in wood and water, and to procure refreshments for the sick. He had an interview with the king of that island, but could not agree with his majesty upon the price of turtle, which article was procured of the natives in rather a contraband manner. The sovereign, however, seems to have been convinced after a while, that free-trade is the only preventive of smuggling ; grew perfectly gracious, and promoted commerce to the utmost of his power. The palace of this potentate was situate in the middle of a rice-field, and when he admitted the

English to an audience, he was engaged in cooking his own supper.

The remainder of this voyage is a melancholy tale of death and suffering. The ship was nothing better than a hospital. In the course of six weeks, three and twenty corpses were plunged into the waves; among the rest, Mr. Green, the astronomer, a native of Yorkshire, a man of much science and active mind. He perished on the 29th of January. His constitution, impaired by hardship and the scurvy, was unable to resist the miasmata of Batavia, and he quitted that place only to drop his remains into the ocean, instead of leaving them in a strange land.

Among the deaths on the passage we may particularise the old drunken sail-maker, who perhaps was at last killed by the means to which he owed a temporary respite.

On Friday, the 15th of March, the Endeavour arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where she lay till the 14th of April. On the 29th, she crossed her first meridian, having circumnavigated the globe from east to west, in consequence of which a day was lost in the reckoning. On the 1st of May she touched at St. Helena. The treatment of the slaves on that island excited our voyager's indignation, and was so severely handled by Dr. Hawkesworth, that Captain Cook, in his own account of his second voyage, thought it just or prudent to soften the statements considerably.

On the 23rd of May died Lieutenant Hicks, and was committed, with the usual ceremonies, to the waves. He seems to have been a brave and diligent officer, better fitted for the common routine of obedience than for emergencies, in which it is necessary to think, as well as act with celerity.

On the 10th of June, Cook came in sight of the Lizard. On the 11th he ran up the Channel; on

the afternoon of the 12th he landed at Deal ; and thus ended Cook's first voyage round the world.

There can be no doubt that our navigator met with a warm domestic welcome ; but of the small portion of life which Cook spent at home little record remains. His home scenes presented no materials for scandalous history ; and his public acts were so momentous, that there was no time for curiosity to invade his fireside. The public honours conferred on scientific discovery in this country have never been showy or affecting : Newton, indeed, was knighted, and Davy was raised to a baronetcy ; but is there one noble family that can refer to science for its patent ? We mention not this for complaint or censure. Perhaps titles would now be more respected were they considered as the tokens of mental superiority ; but after all, it is well that the philosophic genius should be undisturbed by ambition. Anson was made a peer, not for contributing to our knowledge of the planet we live on, but for taking treasure from the Spaniards, which poorly repaid the expenses of his expedition. Cook was promoted to be a commander in his Majesty's navy, by commission bearing date the 29th of August, 1771. With this advance, his sense of his own deserts was hardly satisfied : he wished to be a post captain, but the rules of the service forbade it.

Several meagre and surreptitious accounts of his voyage appeared before the authorised narrative of Dr. Hawkesworth, which was constructed from Captain Cook's and Sir Joseph Banks's papers. It would have been better, if both Cook and Sir Joseph had put their observations into shape themselves ; but Cook was not allowed time to make books. Though his first voyage had considerably abated the hopes of a southern continent,—proved that neither New Zealand nor New Holland adjoined to such continent,

and showed the fallacy of much of the hypothetical reasoning upon which its existence had been assumed, the question was not yet set at rest. There was still space enough in the unknown ocean for the *terra incognita*. Lord Sandwich, now at the head of the Admiralty, laudably resolved to memorialise his administration by deciding what more the south concealed, and Cook was the man to execute his purpose, in which the king himself is said to have been warmly interested. To give every chance of secure success to the undertaking, two vessels were engaged, both built at Whitby by the builder of the Endeavour, and constructed nearly on the same plan. They were called the Resolution and the Adventure; of the former Captain Cook was appointed commander.—of the latter, Captain Tobias Furneaux. The Resolution was of 462 tons burden; her complement, including officers and seamen, 112; the Adventure, 336 tons; her complement, 81. In the equipment of these ships nothing was neglected that could contribute to the comfort and success of the expedition. Lord Sandwich, who executed his high office *con amore*, visited them from time to time, to assure himself that all things were provided to the satisfaction of the commanders. Every suggestion of Cook's experience was attended to; the Navy and Victualling Boards co-operated heartily in furnishing the best of stores and provisions, with such extraordinary allowances as the nature of the enterprise required. The sufferings of the Endeavour's company from scurvy taught the propriety of an ample supply of antiscorbutics; such as malt, sour-kraut, salted cabbage, portable soup, saloup, mustard, marmalade of carrots, inspissated wort, and beer. Able men in various branches of science were appointed to attend the expedition. William Hodges embarked as landscape

painter, John Reinhold Forster and his son as naturalists, William Wales and William Bayley as astronomers; all liberally furnished with apparatus. A sum was granted to defray the expense of zoological, botanical, and mineralogical collections. It is thus that a state should promote science and patronise learning.

The mathematical and astronomical instruments were supplied by the Board of Longitude, particularly four time-pieces, three by Arnold, and one by Kendal on Harrison's principles.

Preparations so multifarious necessarily took up a considerable time. Captain Cook received his commission on the 28th of November, 1771, but the ship did not sail from Deptford till the 9th of April, 1772, nor leave the Long Reach till the 10th of May following. In plying down the river, it was found necessary to put into Sheerness, to make some alterations in her upper works: Lord Sandwich and Sir Hugh Palliser went down to see that the work was done effectually. On the 3rd of July, Captain Cook joined the *Adventure* in Plymouth Sound, where he received a farewell visit from Lord Sandwich, and his instructions, which comprehended the most enlarged plan of discovery then known in the history of navigation. He was instructed to "circumnavigate the globe in such high southern latitudes, making such traverses, from time to time, into every corner of the Pacific Ocean not before examined, as might finally resolve the much agitated question as to the existence of a southern continent in any part of the southern hemisphere to which access could be had by the efforts of the boldest and most skilful navigators."*

* Life of Cook, by Kippis, in the *Biographia Britannica*. It must be obvious how much we are indebted to this

On the 13th of July, 1772, Cook commenced his second voyage: on the 29th anchored in Funchal Road: sailed again, August 1st: finding water run short, put into Porto Praya, in St. Jago, Cape de Verde Isles, on the 10th. After surveying and delineating the harbour of Porto Praya, which was not usually visited by British ships at that time, he proceeded southward. Violent rains descended on the 20th, "not in drops, but in streams," the wind at the same time rough and changeable, so that there was hardly a dry rag in the ship. The Commander had recourse to various means suggested by Sir Hugh Palliser to dry and ventilate his vessel, and preserve the crew from the ill effects of their drenching; which precautions succeeded so well, that there was not one sick person aboard the Resolution.

On the 8th of September he crossed the line in longitude 8° west. On the 11th of October observed a partial eclipse of the moon at 6h. 24m. 12° by Kendal's chronometer. Though previous to his quitting England it was foreboded by many that his course would be delayed by long and frequent calms in the neighbourhood of the Line, he was favoured with a brisk south-west wind in the very latitudes where the calms had been predicted; nor was he exposed to any of the tornadoes which are so much spoken of by other navigators. A partial experience may mislead as well as a fanciful theory.

On the 29th, near the Cape of Good Hope, between nine and ten at night, the whole sea, within the visible horizon, was kindled with a white light, similar to that which had been observed in the former voyage between Madeira and Rio Janeiro, which Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander ascertained

excellent compendium of the larger works respecting our discoverer.

to proceed from marine insects. Mr. Forster was inclined to dispute the certainty of this explanation, but having examined a few buckets of the seawater, he abandoned his scepticism.* Next day the Resolution and Adventure anchored in Table Bay. The discoverers were courteously received by Baron Plettenberg, the Dutch Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, who informed them that two French ships, from Mauritius, about eight months before, had met with land in 48° south, along which they sailed forty miles, till they came to a bay, into which they

* This illumination of the sea is by no means uniform in its aspects: sometimes it appears in repeated flashes and scintillations, sometimes as a diffused quiescent light; sometimes pale white, as if the sea were powdered with snow, and occasionally of a straw colour. These variations may arise from the various species, the differing multitudes, the comparative magnitude or minuteness of the phosphoric animalcula; or may be influenced by the state of the atmosphere, temperature of the sea, tides, currents, or other causes.

The luminous appearance is not always on the surface. The *Pyrosoma Atlanticum*, discovered by Peron, appears under the water like a red-hot bullet, and on the surface like a cylinder of heated iron.

Every species of marine illumination, whether scintillating or diffused, is commonly ascribed to the presence of phosphorescent animation; generally consisting of various tribes of Medusæ or Mollusca, naked, gelatinous substances, with numerous arms and tentacula, presenting a fanciful resemblance of the Gorgon's snaky locks, whence the Linnæan name Medusa. Strange, that nature should so burlesque human belief, as to bestow that luminous *glory* which surrounds the head of the saint, on the lowest of organised creatures.

Professor Mayer supposed that the sea imbibed the solar light, and gave it out again. We would advise the poets to adopt this theory, for they cannot make anything of the Mollusca.

were about to enter, when they were driven off and separated by a hard gale of wind. The Baron also informed Captain Cook that two other French ships of discovery, bound for the South Pacific Ocean, had touched at the Cape in May last. These were the ships of the unfortunate Marion, of whom we shall have to speak in the sequel. Captain Cook was delayed at the Cape longer than he intended, by the difficulty of collecting all the stores necessary to face the icy seas. He had both the vessels caulked and painted; and on the 22nd of November, with crews in perfect health, and ships in as good condition as when he quitted England, he steered in search of the southern continent.

To provide against the coming cold, the Captain ordered slops to be distributed to such as wanted them, and gave each man the dreadnought jacket and trowsers allowed by the Admiralty. These benevolent precautions were not premature. Violent storms of wind, hail, and rain continuing with short intervals from the end of November till the sixth of December, and sometimes disabling the ships from carrying sails, drove the expedition so far from their destined track, as to leave no immediate hope of reaching Cape Circumcision, a point laid down by former navigators, for which they had been steering. In these tempests the principal part of the live stock perished; and so intense was the transition from heat to cold, that it was judged necessary to support the radical heat with an occasional dram, in addition to the regular allowance of spirits. On the 10th of December ice-islands began to appear. Such was the haziness of the weather, that Captain Cook did not see one of these immense masses of congelation right ahead of him till he was within a mile of it, though ordinarily their glimmer announces them afar

off. The Captain judged it to be fifty feet in height, and half a mile in circuit, flat-topped and perpendicular-sided: others were of far greater altitude and dimensions; yet so tempestuous was the ocean, that the breakers "curled their monstrous heads" over the tallest ice-bergs, and drove and jostled their unwieldy bulks with fearful rapidity. Such floating towers, in hazy weather, required wary sailing. December 14th, the vessels were stopped by an immense field of low flat ice, to which no end could be seen, east, west, or south. The frozen plain was diversified with mountains of ice, which some on board mistook for land. Cook himself for a while indulged a hope; but it was soon dispelled by closer observation. Still, as it had generally been held that floating ice is always generated in bays and rivers, the expectation of a continent did not utterly fail, although if it had existed in such a frigid region, it is hard to conjecture how it could have been available for commerce or colonisation. From the 14th to the 18th, our voyagers were detained among the field ice; and when they got loose, their only alternative was to thrud their way among the ice-islands, a course perilous enough, yet preferable to getting entangled in the fissures of the field. As the land, if any, must have lain behind the ice, the object was to find in what direction it was situate; Captain Cook, having run for thirty leagues westward along the edge of the ice, without meeting any open passage, determined to go thirty or forty leagues to the east, and then try for the south. If in this route no land nor other impediment occurred, his design was to stretch behind the ice, and thus bring the matter to a decision.

It was now Christmas-day, and should have been the height of summer; yet, though the thermometer

was not much below the freezing point, it was colder than any English Christmas. The crew complained bitterly. To protect them against the chill, foggy atmosphere, the Captain had the sleeves of their jackets lengthened with baize, and gave each sailor a cap of the same stuff, lined with canvas. These habiliments proved some defence against the weather; but that old scourge the scurvy began to appear, to check which, fresh wort, prepared from the malt provided for that purpose, was given daily with good effect.

December 29th. It became evident that the ice-fields adjoined no land. The Captain resolved to run as far west as the meridian assigned to Cape Circumcision. But when, by the nearest calculations, assisted by an observation of the moon, which showed her face on Friday, 1st January, 1773, for the first time since our voyagers left the Cape of Good Hope, they were under the longitude of that Cape, from all appearances Captain Cook concluded that the French navigator had mistaken ice for land, and abandoned the search in that quarter.

The early part of this year was spent among shoals and hills of ice, which compensated in some measure for the peril and toil which they occasioned by furnishing a constant supply of fresh water. The annals of a sea voyage can seldom be made intelligible, much less interesting, to any but those who are experimentally acquainted with the "art and practical part" of navigation, the various humours and aspects of sea and sky, the hopes and disappointments of the mariner, who strains his eyes for land in vain. A few circumstances, however, may suit the general reader. These southern seas are not utterly deserted by the animal world. Penguins, albatrosses, and other birds of storm, were often seen perched on the

floating ice, at an unknown distance from land. By Sunday, the 17th January, the expedition reached latitude $67^{\circ} 15'$ south, and then was stopped by the ice, which stretched away interminably southward.

Seeing no chance of getting round the ice at present, Captain Cook spent some time in looking for the land, of which he had heard at the Cape, as discovered by the French. To multiply the chances of meeting with it, he spread the vessels abreast, four miles asunder. On the 1st of February, he approximated to the meridian of Mauritius, being in south latitude $48^{\circ} 30'$, east longitude $58^{\circ} 7'$ where, according to report, the French discovery should have lain, but no land appeared. Captain Furneaux, indeed, conceived great hopes from a large float of sea or rockweed, accompanied by a detachment of the birds called divers. A slight difference of opinion arose between the commanders, as to the direction in which land was to be expected. Cook, who attended to every reasonable suggestion, proved to be in the right. A remarkable phenomenon was observed about this time; the variation of the compass was greatest when the sun was on the larboard, and least when on the starboard.

February 8th. Misty weather. No reply to signals by the Adventure. It was suspected that a separation of the vessels had taken place. After waiting two days, during which guns were kept discharging, and signal fires displayed, no doubt of the fact remained, and the Resolution was obliged to proceed alone. She met with penguins, petrels, and other fowl, which, though they ceased to excite hopes of a shore, were cheerful objects on the dim dreary cold ocean.*

* "I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves—a single solitary wild duck. It is not easy to conceive how

February 17. Betwixt midnight and three o'clock in the morning, lights were seen similar to the

interesting a thing it looked in that round objectless desert of waters. I had associated such a feeling of immensity with the ocean, that I felt greatly disappointed, when I was out of sight of all land, at the narrowness, and nearness as it were, of the circle of the horizon. So little are images capable of satisfying the obscure feelings connected with words."—S. T. COLERIDGE'S "*Friend*" *Satyran's Letters*.

The word Petrel is a diminutive from Peter : Peterellus, *quasi* Peterkin, little Peter : so called from treading the water with its long lark-like legs, adroitly evading the rise of the waves, and keeping its wings dry.

This companionable little bird often attends a ship for leagues and leagues in the roughest weather—thence called the stormy petrel, *Procellaria pelagica*, a name which the sailors probably think of ill omen, for they give their little friends the soubriquet of "Mother Cary's Chickens."

The multitude of sea-birds that throng the southern oceans, perform a very important part in the economy of nature. As soon as the coral insects have brought their work to the level of the sea's surface, their business is at an end : then the marine birds assembling in numbers on the reefs to lay their eggs, make deposits which in a short time turn to fertile soil, ready to receive whatever seeds the winds or waves may bring, and anon the stately palm grove rises self sown, where a few years before nothing was seen but a warning ripple on the water. Thus, even at this time, new lands are growing up by the agency of living creatures ; the inferior tribes are preparing abodes for man, and the same hidden reef on which the forefathers were wrecked, may become the verdant habitation of posterity.

The numbers of the birds destined to this great work correspond with its magnitude. Captain Flinders, no light-tongued exaggerator, speaks thus of what he saw near Van Diemen's land. "There was a stream (of sooty petrels) of from fifty to eighty yards in depth, and of three hundred yards or more in breadth ; the birds were not scattered, but

Aurora Borealis. The officers on watch observed the shifting and changing of these lights for three hours together; they had no certain direction, but appeared in different points at different times, shooting forth spiral rays, or glowing in circular rings of brilliance, and sometimes pervading the whole atmosphere with a soft illumination. The same appearance recurred on the 20th with increased lustre, first discovering itself in the east, but afterwards filling all the sky. Where is not nature capable of producing beauty? Captain Cook notes this as the first *Aurora Australis* that had come to his knowledge. The phenomena, therefore, must have differed considerably from the lights observed in his former voyage, on the passage between New Guinea and Batavia.

February 23rd. The ship surrounded with ice, storm and darkness. The wind drove the ice-islands one against another, causing them to split with a noise of thunder. The detached pieces multiplying around the vessel, increased her danger. Abandoning the design he had once entertained of again crossing the Antarctic Circle, Captain Cook stood for the north. The weather still continued stormy and

flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings seemed to allow, and during a *full hour and a half*, this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. Taking the stream to have been fifty yards deep, and three hundred in breadth, and that it moved at a rate of thirty miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to *one hundred and fifty one million five hundred thousand*. The burrows required to lodge this quantity of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square yard to each burrow, they would cover something more than 18½ geographic square miles of ground."—FLINDERS' *Introduction*, p. 170.

intensely cold, and the ice-wrecks strewed the main. As they grew familiar they became less terrible, without being less dangerous, and the voyagers not only found profit in the fresh water, which the ice supplied, but amusement, in observing the caverns and grottoes wrought in the crystal by the dashing billows. After several traverses and some deliberation, it was finally determined to stand away for New Zealand, where there was a probability of finding the *Adventure*, and an opportunity of refreshing the crew and recruiting the provision.

We have already remarked that a seeming trifle may be a great incident in a sea voyage. Captain Cook has not disdained to record—then why should we omit to mention—that a sow was safely delivered of a fine litter, one morning, to the general joy of the ship's company; but notwithstanding the utmost care and tenderness used to preserve the little strangers alive, the whole "nine farrow" perished of cold before evening. Yet, so effectual were the preventives administered, and the fumigation and cleanliness enforced aboard the *Resolution*, that after months of freezing and salt diet, there was but one man sick of the scurvy when the ship arrived at New Zealand, which took place on the 26th of March. Captain Cook put into Dusky Bay, at the south-west extremity of Tavaï Poenamoo, having been at sea one hundred and seventeen days, during which he had sailed 3660 leagues without once coming in sight of land.

Since the departure of Cook, in 1769, New Zealand had been visited by another European expedition, and the cruelties of De Surville had been terribly expiated by his less guilty countrymen. We have already mentioned that two French discovery ships had called at the Cape of Good Hope, a little before Captain Cook put in at that settlement. These were, the

Marquis de Castries, under the command of M. Duclesmeur, and the Mascarin, commanded by M. Marion du Fresne. Their objects were, in a great measure, similar to those of Captain Cook; only, in addition to the hopeless quest of the *Terra Australis Incognita*, they were to look for the rumoured island of gold—an avaricious dream of which English speculation was innocent. They were also to restore to his native island Aoutourou, an Otaheitan, whom Bougainville had carried with him to Europe. Poor Aoutourou however caught the small-pox, and died at Madagascar. Marion directed his course southward from Mauritius, touched at the isles which now bear the names of Marion, and of Crozet, his lieutenant, arrived off New Zealand in March, 1772, and after sailing about for some time, came to an anchor in the Bay of Islands. The natives at first received them not only peaceably, but affectionately. In the words of Crozet (to whom we owe the narrative of this calamitous voyage), “they treated them with every show of friendship for thirty-three days, in the intention of eating them on the thirty-fourth.” Whether the massacre had really been premeditated all this time, or was the effect of some sudden change of humour, it is impossible to tell. But certainly the kindness of the New Zealanders had all the effect of the best planned treachery, for it utterly disarmed the French of all caution. Crozet alone thought it necessary to keep an eye on their movements. On the 10th of June, Marion and sixteen others went ashore. Their prolonged absence at length occasioned alarm. Night came and they returned not. They had all been surprised and butchered. A similar fate attended eleven out of a boat’s crew of twelve, who went ashore the next morning. When Crozet went ashore to seek for the remains of his countrymen, he found

nothing but fragments gnawn and scorched. The French had nothing to do but to avenge their companions, and this they did terribly.

Whether the inhabitants of Dusky Bay, where Cook anchored, had any knowledge of what had taken place in the Bay of Islands (or, as it was named by Marion's survivors, the Bay of Treachery,) is doubtful. They were, however, shy at first, and averse to communication; few in number, and more barbarous than the natives of the northern island. The Captain spent some time in exploring Dusky Bay, which, notwithstanding its gloomy appellation, furnished good anchorage, a fine fresh stream of water, fish and fowl in abundance, and wood without stint. Among the vegetable productions was a tree resembling the American spruce, from the branches and leaves of which our voyagers brewed a very refreshing liquor. The cove in which the ship lay was christened Pickersgill Harbour, in honour of the lieutenant by whom it was discovered: another cove in the bay was Englished Duck Cove, from the slaughter of fourteen ducks which took place thereat. In Duck Cove, Cook fell in with a party of natives, whose fears he so far pacified, as to engage them in a long but rather unintelligible conversation. A woman, in particular, displayed a delightful volubility of tongue, talking strenuously, without minding that not one word in a hundred was understood. She also favoured the Captain with a dance, not deficient in agility. What a pleasant creature would this girl have been with a good education!

By degrees, the Tavai Poenamooites became quite familiar, even venturing on board. It was observed that the chieftains seemed to mistake the young and fair officers and seamen for females; a very easy mistake for a dusky people to make. We need not

wonder if the Turks suspected Lord Byron of being a lady in disguise. To ascertain the nature of their musical perceptions, Captain Cook caused the bagpipes and fife to play, and the drum to beat. The drum excited much attention; it was a novelty which the New Zealander might hope to imitate. A sort of drum is common in Otaheite and the neighbouring islands; but the New Zealanders, though they had flutes, had no instruments of percussion.

There are some symbols which have been so universally adopted, that we are almost inclined to imagine a real and natural fitness between the sign and the thing signified. Such is the presentation of a green branch in token of peace. Who does not remember the pacific olive, derived by many from the olive leaf, which told that the waters of the deluge were abated? A palm branch, the ancient emblem of victory, in the South Sea, typifies concord; and when a New Zealand chief, approached the vessel with a green bough in his hand, and made a circuit, performing certain ceremonies of lustration, he meant to ratify a treaty of friendship and alliance. The inhabitants of Dusky Bay were fully aware of the value of iron, and would trade for nothing but spike-nails or hatchets.

Captain Cook left his five remaining geese at a retired spot, which he named Goose Cove, in hopes that they would escape notice long enough to multiply and become of permanent benefit to the people, or to such Europeans as might visit the island in future. With the same benevolent intentions he sowed several kinds of garden seeds. The coasts abounded in seals, many of which were taken by the English, to whom their skins furnished rigging, their fat oil, and their flesh food.

The whole interior of Tavai Poenamoo appeared

to be a mass of dark craggy mountains, while the shores were covered with timber, much of which was valuable for nautical purposes: but fruit trees there were none. During great part of the time that the *Resolution* lay in Dusky Bay, the rain was heavy and incessant; but the crew, fortified by vigorous health, and the care of their good commander, suffered no serious detriment. Their main annoyance arose from the multitude of small black sand-flies. Unquestionably the insect tribes detract more from human comfort than any other portion of animated nature. Well might Beelzebub be the lord of flies.

Captain Cook left Dusky Bay on the 11th of May, and sailed northward in search of the *Adventure*. On the 17th, the wind suddenly fell, the sky was obscured by dense clouds, and soon after six water spouts were seen, four of which rose and spent themselves between the ship and the land; the fifth was at a considerable distance on the other side of the vessel; and the sixth, the progressive motion of which was not in a straight, but in a crooked line, passed within fifty yards of the stem of the *Resolution*, without doing any injury. The Captain was so absorbed in observation of the phenomenon, that he neglected to prove by experiment whether the firing of a gun will dissipate these meteors.

May 18th. Coming in sight of Queen Charlotte's Sound, our voyagers had the satisfaction of meeting once more with Captain Furneaux. Since the separation in the Indian Ocean, the *Adventure* had explored the southern shores of Van Diemen's Land, and formed a decided opinion (since proved to be erroneous), that there was no strait between that country and New Holland, but a very deep bay. The *Adventure* had arrived in Queen Charlotte's Bay on the 7th, and the interval between her arrival and

that of the Resolution had afforded such strong instances of the anthropophagous habits of the New Zealanders, that Furneaux called a particular inlet Cannibal Bay.

Commodiously anchored in Ship Cove, the two commanders tarried till the 7th of June, employed in exploring the vicinity, refreshing the crews, and labouring for the benefit of the natives, by planting turnips, carrots, parsneps, and potatoes, which took to the soil extremely well. Captain Cook set ashore a ram and a ewe, which died almost immediately, probably from eating poisonous herbage. Captain Furneaux left a pair of goats, animals much better adapted to run wild and increase in a new country than sheep, which have been time out of mind the helpless dependants on human care. The intercourse of our voyagers with the natives was of the most friendly description; but it was remarkable, that of all that appeared, not one recognised, or was recognised by, Captain Cook. No doubt the former occupants of the district had either emigrated or been expelled, and their successors were few and scattered. Many habitations were deserted and in ruins.

On the 4th of June the King's birth-day was kept with due solemnity, and the loyalty of the tars 'was stimulated with a double allowance of grog. On the 7th the ships sailed for Otaheite, resolving to continue the examination of the southern seas next season. Both crews were then healthy; but before they had been two months at sea, alarming symptoms of scurvy appeared on board the Adventure, while the Resolution had not more than three men on the sick list. This difference may partly be accounted for from the circumstance, that Cook's men, induced by the authority and example of their commander, had been diligent in collecting esculent vegetables on

the shores of Queen Charlotte's Bay, such as wild celery and scurvy-grass, which, mixed up with the peas and wheat in their portable soup, counteracted the ill effects of dry and salt provisions; while the Adventure's men either knew not where to look for the herbs, or could not be persuaded to use them. There is an antipathy, intimately connected with superstition, which makes even well-educated stomachs averse to the adoption of a new diet; and Cook himself had some difficulty in making the common sailors, or even the officers, boil the celery, &c. in their messes. An Englishman, in health, thinks there is something *spoony* in providing against contingent sickness. But by perseverance and experience, these absurd scruples were completely overcome, so that whenever the ships put in the men set about looking for the wholesome plants of their own accord.

Captain Cook retraced the tracks of Carteret and Bougainville, with a view to correct or confirm their latitudes and longitudes, some of which, Carteret's in particular, were far from accurate. He failed of meeting with Pitcairn's island, afterwards so famous for the retreat of the mutineers of the *Bounty*; but passed by a number of flat, low, island reefs, which Bougainville had not improperly designated "The dangerous Archipelago." Four of them were named by Cook, Resolution Island, Doubtful Island, Furneaux Island, and Adventure Island. The smoothness of the sea in those parts evinced the neighbourhood of a multitude of these coral banks, in different stages of progress, which made navigation very perilous, particularly in the night; but neither vessel met with any accident.

Early in the morning of the 15th of August, the ships came in sight of Maiteea, or Osuaburgh Island, a discovery of Captain Wallis's. Soon after Cook

acquainted Furneaux that it was his intention to put into Oaitapiha Bay, near the south-east end of Otaheite, to procure refreshments before he went down to Matavai. The approach of the vessels to Otaheite was attended with considerable danger from the reefs and currents. The Resolution had a narrow escape, but was brought off safe by the promptitude of Cook's assistance. During the time that the English were in this critical situation, many of the Otaheitans were either on board or paddling around in the canoes, but they testified neither joy, grief, fear, nor surprise, when the ships were knocking against the acute ridges of coral, and went away in the evening quite unconcerned. Though most of them knew Cook again, and some made particular inquiries after their old friend, Sir Joseph, and other gentlemen of the Endeavour, no one said a word about Tupia, and they were alike indifferent to the fate of Aoutourou. In all this there was nothing extraordinary. Neither Tupia nor Aoutourou might be anything to any of them; but Sir Joseph Banks was a great prince, from whom they had received many presents.

August 17th. The Resolution and Adventure anchored in Oaitapiha bay. Canoes, bringing cocoa nuts, bananas, yams, plantains, and other roots and fruits, thronged around them, and the usual barter for nails and beads commenced. Sundry persons, assuming the dignity of chiefs, received shirts and hatchets, on condition of bringing hogs and poultry, which, however, they never did bring; and when next day Captain Cook wished to bargain for some of the hogs which were about the houses, he was informed that they belonged to the *Earee de hi* (king) Waheatua, who had not yet made his appearance, nor indeed any other person really exercising the authority of a chief. Travellers, in older countries

than Otaheite, have often been deluded by the pretensions of *soi-disant* nobility, and sometimes, it may be suspected, have reported the tricks and affectations of sharpers as the manners of people of rank. Travellers, especially when they happen to be possessed with a passion for high life, always represent the company into which they happen to be thrown as the *élite* of the country they visit, and hence very false notions get abroad of the depravity and vulgarity of foreigners. Any body, who will read a tour in England, written by a Frenchman, or even by a German, will perceive the source of these errors, too rashly attributed to wilful falsehood and malice. Dr. Clarke* has a wonderful story of a Russian *nobleman* stealing a hat, and converting it into a jockey cap. And Captain Cook detected a pretended

* "A hat had been stolen from our apartments; the servants positively asserted, that some young noblemen, who had been more lavish of their friendship and company than we desired, had gained access to the chambers in our absence and had carried off the hat, with some other moveables of even less value. The fact was inconceivable, and we gave no credit to it. A few days after, being upon an excursion to the convent of New Jerusalem, 45 versts north of Moscow, some noblemen, to whom our intention was made known the preceding evening at the *Société de Noblesse*, overtook us on horseback. One of the party, mounted on an English racer, and habited like a Newmarket jockey, rode up to the side of the carriage; but his horse being somewhat unruly, he lost his seat, and a gust of wind blew off his cap. My companion descended, and ran to recover it for its owner; but what was his astonishment to perceive his own name, and the name of his hatter, on the lining! It was no other than the identical hat stolen by one of them from our lodgings, now metamorphosed as a cap, although under its altered shape it might not have been recognised but for the accident here mentioned."—*Clarke's Travels in Russia*.

Earee in the act of theft. He ordered the privileged pilferer, with all his followers, out of the ship, and to convince him of the danger of his proceedings, fired two muskets over his head as he was retreating, at which he was so terrified that he leaped out of his canoe and swam to shore. The captain sent a boat to seize the canoe; this being the only method of gaining restitution. The people on shore pelted the boat with stones; but the captain, putting off in another boat himself, and causing a great gun to be fired with ball, cleared the beach without bloodshed. In a few hours peace was restored, and the canoes were given up to the first who came to claim them.

In the evening of this day, some inquiries were made after *Tupia*. When told that he died a natural death, the inquirers expressed neither suspicion nor concern, and Captain Cook thought they would have taken it very quietly had his death been ascribed to violent means.

Since the *Endeavour* quitted *Otaheite*, great changes had taken place. The two kingdoms into which that island is divided had been at war. *Tootahah*, *Tubourai Tamaide*, and many others who had made acquaintance with the English in their former visit, had fallen in battle. *Otoo* was now the reigning prince of the larger division, and peace had been renewed.

The events which occurred while our voyagers lay in *Oaitapiha* harbour were of little moment. A few petty frauds, and more attempts at frauds, on the part of the natives, were the most conspicuous. On the 23rd, Captain Cook had an interview with *Waheatua*, the ruler of *Tiaraboo*, who, at the period of the last voyage, was a minor, and called *Tearee*; but now, having succeeded to his father's authority, he had assumed his father's name. The result of this royal audience was a plentiful supply of pork.

On the 24th, the Adventure's people being in a great measure recovered, the ships put to sea, and arrived the next morning in Matavai Bay. Before they came to anchor the decks were crowded with the Captain's old acquaintance, and the meeting was to all appearance a joyful one. King Otoo and his attendants remained on shore, where a great multitude were gathered around him. Our Commander visited him on the 25th at Oparree. He was a tall personable man, but of weak mind and timid nature. When invited to come on board the ship, he confessed that he was afraid of the guns. Returning to the Bay of Matavai, the Captain found the tents and observatories set on the same ground from which the transit had been observed in 1769. The sick were landed, in number twenty from the Adventure, and one from the Resolution, and a guard of marines set over them, under the command of Lieutenant Edgumbe, the same, we presume, who gave name to Mount Edgumbe in New Zealand, and Edgumbe Bay in New South Wales.

August 27th. Otoo was at last prevailed on to visit the Captain. He came attended with a numerous train, and brought with him a hog, fruits, and Otaheitan cloth, for which he received suitable presents. When Cook went ashore he was met by a venerable lady, the mother of the late Tootahah, who caught him by the hand, and exclaimed with a flood of tears, *Tootahah Tiyo no Tootee matty Tootahah—Anglicè*, "Tootahah, Cook's friend, is dead Tootahah." The Captain was much affected by this effusion of maternal tenderness, and would have mingled his tears with hers, if the suspicious Otoo had not hastily broken short the interview. Some days after, he obtained permission to see the poor woman again, when he gave her an axe, and some other articles.

With one slight exception, when some liberties taken by the sailors with the Otaheitan females occasioned a scuffle, and a cry of murder, the intercourse between the islanders and their visitors was of the most amicable kind. Lieutenant Pickersgill made an excursion up the country, during which he saw the celebrated Oberea. Time and misfortune had lain heavy upon her: her mature comeliness was gone, her power and state were passed away: she looked both old and poor. Captain Cook, in his narrative of this voyage, gallantly steps forward to vindicate the virtue of the Otaheitan ladies.

On the 2nd of September the vessels arrived at Huaheine, and anchored in Owharre harbour. The two commanders were received by the natives with great cordiality, and trade was commenced on the most amicable terms. Hogs and poultry, which had been difficult to obtain at Otaheite, were plentiful in Huaheine, an important consideration to a crew whose health required fresh provision. Cook, together with Furneaux and Forster, paid a visit to Oree, the chief of the island. Oree was so keenly affected by meeting with his old friend, that he embraced him with tears. We have already remarked that barbarians are generally lachrymose, though capable of sustaining great bodily pain.

“A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,”

is a very unusual character among savages. The aged Oree appears to have been the most amiable personage in the South Sea, and a sincere friend to the English, as he showed on a very trying occasion. On the 4th, when Captain Cook went to the trading place, he was informed that one of the natives had behaved with great insolence. The man was standing equipped in his war habit, with a club in each hand.

Cook, however, soon quelled his spirit, taking the clubs from him, and breaking them before his eyes. Meanwhile, Mr. Sparrman (the Swedish traveller), having unguardedly gone ashore to botanise, was assaulted by two men, who deprived him of every thing but his trowsers, gave him a severe beating with his own hanger, and then made off. Another of the natives brought a piece of cloth to cover him, and conducted him to the trading place. As soon as the people there assembled saw him in this plight, they fled in great consternation. Captain Cook assured them that the innocent should be unmolested, and went to complain of the outrage to Oree, whose grief and indignation were inexpressible. He wept aloud, and harangued his subjects earnestly, reproaching them with their perfidy and ingratitude. He then took a minute account of the things which Sparrman had been robbed of, and having promised to use his utmost efforts to procure their restitution, desired to go into the Captain's boat. The natives, fearful for the safety of their prince, protested against his confidence: they wept, intreated, and even attempted to pull him out of the boat, but all in vain. Even the remonstrances of Captain Cook were unavailing. Oree's sister alone approved of his going. The boat put off in search of the robbers. Restitution was at length made, and peace restored. Cook justly observed, that another chief may never be found, who would act like Oree. Before the ships left Huaheine, Captain Cook took an affectionate leave of his friend, and in addition to the inscribed plate which he left on the former voyage, gave him another small piece of copper, lettered thus: "Anchored here his Britannic Majesty's ships, the Resolution and Adventure. September, 1773." These plates, with some medals, were put into a bag, and

Oree promised never to part with them, but to produce them whenever a European ship arrived in Huaheine. On the 7th September the ships sailed. From Huaheine Captain Furneaux carried Omai, a young native, whose visit to England was the subject of much conversation.

The vessels called at Ulietea, where nothing occurred worthy of record. On the 17th they sailed westward; on the 23rd discovered land, which was named Harvey's Island. On the 1st of October they reached the isle called Middleburg by Tasman, but in the native language Eaoowe. The inhabitants were of the most friendly and pacific disposition; not so much as a stick was seen in their hands. Their language is nearly the same as that of the Society Islands, so that Omai conversed with them without difficulty. Eaoowe is a most beautiful spot, and is rendered delightful by the good nature and innate courtesy of the natives. So generous were the islanders, that they appeared more desirous of giving than of receiving, and threw whole bales of cloth into the boats, without waiting for any return. The chief or king was called Tioony. He had several interviews with the British Commanders, and behaved in the most amicable manner. Captain Cook presented him with a choice collection of garden seeds.

From Eaoowe our navigators sailed to Tongataboo (the Amsterdam of Tasman). This is a beautiful island, and highly cultivated: not a foot of ground is wasted. The inhabitants were friendly and peaceable, but a little addicted to theft. Instead of provisions, they brought nothing but cloth, matting, &c., for which the sailors were improvident enough to barter their clothes, a traffic the captain found it necessary to prohibit. When the people found that nothing but eatables were saleable, they furnished them in

abundance. Even a few old rags were sufficient to purchase a fowl or a pig. Captain Cook had an interview with the king, who preserved a stupid and inflexible gravity, very different from the energetic gaiety of his subjects. Such is dignity at Tongataboo. Captain Cook called the group to which Eaoowe and Tongataboo belong, the Friendly Islands. Like most of the isles of the Pacific, they are guarded by coral reefs, which makes them of dangerous access; but by breaking the force of the waves, render the harbours very secure. Forster discovered several new plants. Hogs and poultry were the only domestic animals. The inhabitants were considered by some of our voyagers to be a handsomer race than the Otaheitans, but with this opinion Cook did not coincide. But he does ample justice to the pleasantness of their manners. The women, in particular, he describes as the merriest creatures he had ever seen; and provided any one seemed pleased with their company, they would continue for hours chattering by his side, quite regardless whether they were understood or not. Yet they were not destitute of modesty—at least, they had tact enough to “assume a virtue, if they had it not.” It may be remarked, that Cook gives a more favourable picture of the female morality, even of Otaheite, than former or subsequent visitors have confirmed. Perhaps he let the ladies understand that chastity was in his eyes their greatest ornament; and neither savage nor civilised impudence could stand his eye and his frown.

A very singular fashion prevailed in these islands. Almost all the people had one or both of their little fingers amputated. A similar practice is found among the women of New South Wales.

October the 7th. From Tongataboo Captain Cook sailed for Queen Charlotte's Sound, where he designed

to take in wood and water, and make preparations for pursuing his discoveries in the south. Having passed the island of Pilstart, discovered by Tasman, he came in sight of New Zealand on the 21st, and anchored at the distance of eight or ten leagues from Table Cape.

It was the boast of the circumnavigator, Malespini, that he had done no harm during his voyage. Cook was not satisfied with such negative self-congratulation. It was his ambition to be remembered for good. Wisely conceiving, that to promote agriculture was to promote civilisation, and that to increase the comforts of barbarians is to raise them in the social scale, he had provided himself at the Cape with a great variety of garden seeds, and with as many domestic animals as the ship could conveniently carry, which he distributed among the islands where he called. These presents were not very rapturously received; and though he sometimes obtained promises that the animals should be allowed to multiply, there was little dependence on the stability of such resolutions.

The weather about this time became very unfavourable, and it was not till the 3rd of September that the *Resolution* anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound. During this tempest the *Adventure* was separated from her companion vessel, and was not seen nor heard of during the sequel of the voyage.

There was no remarkable incident during Captain Cook's sojourn in New Zealand. He was chiefly employed in repairing the ship, drying the provisions, &c. There was some fear of the biscuit falling short, much of it being damaged, and four thousand two hundred and ninety-two pounds unfit for use. This was a loss which New Zealand could not supply. Fern root would, in an Englishman's opinion, be a very bad substitute for bread. Even while fresh vegetables can

be procured, few persons, especially of the laborious classes, can endure to be stinted of farinaceous food : but the case of a ship's crew on the barren ocean, reduced to eat salt beef without biscuit, is perhaps as bad as anything short of actual famine.

The benevolent efforts of Cook, in the former part of his voyage, had not been attended with any striking effect. Most of the animals were destroyed, and the gardens suffered to run wild. Yet he was not weary of well-doing. At the bottom of the West Bay he ordered to be landed, as privately as possible, three sows, one boar, two cocks, and two hens. To the people in the neighbourhood of Ship Cove he gave a boar, two cocks, two hens, and a young sow. The two goats which he left on a prior visit had been destroyed by a bloody-minded native of the name of Goliah ; just as any strange animals which should be discovered loose in England would be. Captain Cook replaced them with two others, the last he had remaining ; but, as if it were forbidden by destiny that New Zealand should be a land of goats, the buck went mad, and drowned himself in the sea.

Our commander was under the necessity of punishing several of his men very severely for the robbery of a New Zealand hut, in which were deposited the gifts received by some chiefs from the English. The New Zealanders, prone as they were to pilfer, had a sufficient horror of theft when they were themselves the sufferers by it ; and Cook would never allow retaliation to be a plea for violating their property.

The cannibalism of the New Zealanders was particularly offensive to Oedidee, a youth of Bolabola, whom Cook had brought from Ulietea as an interpreter. On beholding the gnawn and mangled remains of human carcasses, he was struck motionless

with horror; and when roused at last from his stupefaction, he burst into tears, wept and exclaimed by turns, telling the New Zealanders that they were vile men, and that he would be their friend no longer. Yet Oedidee had probably beheld human sacrifices, if not without pain, without a doubt of their propriety. May not all cannibalism have grown out of human sacrifice, and have been originally an idolatrous rite, though it afterwards became a gluttonous gratification?

The change of diet, good water, and plenty of vegetables, preserved and restored the health of the crew, so that there was not now a sick or scorbutic person on board. Though the *Resolution* had now to pursue her voyage alone, neither the commander nor the sailors were disheartened. Summer was now smiling on November, the month so celebrated in the northern hemisphere for fog and hypochondria. The prosperous gales called on our navigators to launch once more in search of the *Terra Incognita*. Captain Cook wrote a memorandum, containing such information as might be serviceable to *Furieux* if he put into the Sound, and deposited it in a bottle, which he hid under a tree in the garden, in such a manner as to insure its being found by the *Adventure*, or any other European vessel that might chance to arrive. This done, he weighed anchor on the 26th of November, and steered south, inclining to the east. A few days after, according to their reckoning, they crossed the antipodes of London. The first ice island appeared on the 12th of December. The floating ice now became very troublesome, notwithstanding which, the ship arrived without injury in latitude $69^{\circ} 31'$ south, the highest she had yet reached. From thence she declined to the north-east. Christmas Day found the navigators in the

midst of hundreds of ice-shoals. This was the second Christmas they had passed amid the antarctic cold ; but the weather was much clearer and lighter than in the former year, a circumstance of hope and safety.

On the 5th of January, 1774, the ship was near the 50th degree of south latitude ; but two sick persons on board. But there were no signs of land. Captain Cook made a tack to the south, and attained the 71st degree on the 30th of January. To have gone forward would have been to encounter certain peril, and probable destruction, without an adequate chance of benefit ; for it was clear, that if any land lay in that quarter, it must be covered with everlasting ice, and destitute of human, animal, or vegetable life. Cook would fain have proved how far it was possible to go ; but his prudence overmastered his ambition, and he steered northward.

It was now sufficiently demonstrated that no southern continent was accessible in the Pacific. But there was still room for considerable islands in the unexplored tracks of that ocean, and Cook never left a work half done. He arranged his plans of discovery as follows :—First, to seek for the land said to have been seen in the seventeenth century by Juan Fernandez, about latitude 38°. This failing, to direct his course for Davis's Land, or Easter Island, the exact situation of which was undetermined, though no doubt was entertained of its existence. Then, getting within the tropic, to make for Otaheite, where it was necessary for him to look for the *Adventure*. He purposed likewise to run as far west as the *Tierra Austral del Espiritu Santo* of Quiros, marked in old maps as the true *Terra Australis*. Thence to steer south and east between

the latitudes of 50° and 60° , and, if possible, to reach the Cape of Good Hope by the ensuing November, when he should have the summer before him to explore the southern Atlantic. When this extensive plan was communicated to the officers and company of the *Resolution*, they testified the utmost alacrity to go through with its execution, though it was to detain them from their native land another year. Cook had the talent of inspiring all whom he commanded with his own spirit of discovery.

In pursuing the northward route, it soon became evident that the rumoured discovery of Juan Fernandez could be nothing but a very small island. The further search after it was relinquished, but Easter Island was still an object of pursuit. About this time Captain Cook was confined to his hammock by a severe attack of bilious colic. The management of the ship devolved on Mr. Cooper, the second in command, who executed his important charge much to his own credit, and his superior's satisfaction. The Captain's recovery was expedited by the skill and attention of Mr. Patten the surgeon; but when he became convalescent, his stomach required fresh meat, and none was to be had, for he had parted with all the live stock at New Zealand. A favourite dog of Mr. Forster's fell a sacrifice to his returning appetite; and however European tastes may be prejudiced against such viands, our commander found it both wholesome and palatable. It appears from the work of Hippocrates on diet, that dogs' flesh was occasionally eaten in Greece. On the 11th of March our voyagers came in sight of Easter Island, or Davis's Land, which proved a barren, uninteresting spot, remarkable for little except some gigantic statues. The natives were found to be as good natured and as dishonest as any of their neighbours.

The Resolution next steered for the Marquesas. The Captain, on the passage, had a slight return of his disorder, but it soon passed away. On the 6th and 7th of April four islands came in view, which were known to be those discovered by Quiros in 1595, and by him named Christina, Magdalena, Dominica, and St. Pedro. Another of the same fraternity, which Cook was the first European to visit, was named Hood's Isle, after the young man who caught the first sight of it from the mast-head. The ship came to anchor in Madre de Dios, or Resolution Bay, in St. Christina. The natives were such audacious thieves, that it was found necessary to terrify them by discharges of musketry; and, contrary to the express injunction of Cook, one man, who had attempted to steal an iron stanchion from the gangway, was shot dead. This catastrophe neither put a stop to traffic, nor prevented depredations: yams, plantains, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, fowls, and pigs, were procured for awhile on reasonable terms, till the market was ruined by the imprudence of a youth, who gave for a pig a quantity of red feathers which he had brought from Tongataboo. It was impossible to continue trading at such extravagant rates; so the Captain, having taken in wood and water, and ascertained the precise situation of the Marquesas, sailed away rather sooner than he intended. The inhabitants of these isles are said to be the handsomest in the South Sea: but they are evidently of the common race. Oedidee conversed with them without difficulty.

In his way to Otaheite, Cook fell in with some small, low islets, connected by coral reefs. One of them, on which Lieutenant Cooper went ashore, was called Tiookea, inhabited by a stout, athletic people, of a very dark hue and fierce disposition, who subsist

chiefly by fishing, and as the sign of their profession, have the figure of a fish tattooed on their bodies. This island had previously been visited by Captain Byron. Having passed by St. George's Islands—another discovery of Byron—and Palliser's Isles, a group which had escaped the notice of former navigators, the Resolution proceeded through a sea dangerously strewn with coral reefs, in various stages of their progress, to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 22nd of April, and anchored in Matavai Bay, principally for the purpose of enabling Mr. Wales to ascertain the error of the chronometers by the known longitude; but, finding provisions abundant, and the people well-disposed, the Captain was induced to protract his stay, in order to make some necessary repairs in the ship, which had unavoidably suffered in the high latitudes.

The stock in trade was now very low, so that, had it not been for the red parrots' feathers, which pleased the Otaheitans mightily, it might have been difficult to carry on commerce. A friendly and dignified interchange of royal visits took place between Captain Cook and the Otaheitan potentates, who entertained their visitors with the exhibition of a grand naval review. The marine force of the island must have been very formidable, since no less than one hundred and sixty large double canoes, well equipped, manned, and armed, and attended by one hundred and seventy small craft, intended for transports and victuallers, all gay with flags and streamers, manœuvred in sight of the English, who may have been reminded, both by contrast and resemblance, of the mighty armaments in their own ports. The fighting canoes were managed altogether by paddles; the smaller vessels had a mast and sail, with a sort of house or canopy in the middle. It

was conjectured that there might be 7760 men in the whole fleet.

But with all this formidable force, Otoo was obliged to succumb to the commander of a single English vessel, who took it upon him to execute justice on one of King Otoo's subjects, in consequence of an attempted theft of a water-cask. The thief was caught in the act, sent on board, and put in irons. Otoo demanded or requested his release, but Cook declared, that as he constantly respected the property of the Otaheitans, and punished stealing in his own people, it was not just that the depredations of the islanders should be encouraged by impunity. He knew that Otoo would not punish the culprit, so he determined to do it himself, which he justified on the principle that it was indispensable for the preservation of the Otaheitans themselves, that the system of robbery should be checked by a severe example, as otherwise it would be impossible to protect them from being shot to death. The Captain resisted the intreaties even of the King's sister, and only pledged himself that the man's life should be spared. Otoo discontinued his opposition. The criminal was brought to shore under a guard, and tied to a post. The crowd were warned to keep their distance, and the prisoner received two dozen of lashes in the presence of all. Notwithstanding the timidity imputed to the Otaheitans in general, the man sustained his punishment with great firmness; perhaps it was not dealt with as much sincerity as if an English offender had been the subject. It is certainly a questionable point, how far such an exertion of authority by an alien is reconcilable with the European law of nations: but,

Where Law can do no right,

Let it be lawful, that Law bar no wrong.

The Otaheitan chieftains were not altogether insensible to the national disgrace. Towtah harangued the people on the necessity of avoiding such punishments in future, by reforming their manners. Neither the speech nor the cat-o'-nine-tails produced any lasting amendment. A night or two after the discipline, the sentry allowed his musket to be stolen. The fear of Cook's resentment made all the neighbourhood quit their habitations; but it was not without great difficulty, and repeated application, that the musket was restored. When once the acquisitive and secretive propensities of man have gained by indulgence the strength of instinct, neither fear nor shame will make the pilferer honest, though they may make him miserable. Nor will the habit be corrected by change of circumstance, alteration of laws, or improvement of condition. There must be a change of nature—a new creature.

The bread-fruits of Otaheite were very useful as a succedaneum for biscuit, which it was highly necessary to economise. Provisions of all kinds were uncommonly plentiful, and the people had overcome their reserve in parting with their stores. The Otaheitans, unlike the New Zealanders, had a correct appreciation of the value of domestic animals. Two goats, left by Captain Furneaux in the former part of the voyage, had become great favourites, and were in a fair way to multiply. The people of the Society Islands had a passion for cats, a quadruped quite new to them; and Captain Cook distributed more than twenty at Otaheite alone. Sheep did not take kindly to the climate or herbage, but died almost as soon as they were set ashore.

It will be remembered, that during our commander's first voyage, he was joined by an Irish sailor, who was accused of deserting from the Dutch

service. This man now belonged to the Resolution, and was one of the gunner's mates. Being a poor, homeless creature, it is not wonderful that he should think of adopting Otaheite for his country. He was detected in the act of swimming to shore. The example of desertion could not be tolerated, but, had he asked the commander's consent to his remaining, it probably would not have been refused.

Cook next paid a visit to his friend, Oree, at Huaheine. The old chief was as friendly as ever; but the natives exhibited such a disposition to plunder, that it was thought expedient to overawe them with a solemn progress through the island, at the head of forty-eight men. The temerity of these islanders was partly ascribed to certain indifferent shots, who, in their shooting parties, had let the ignorant learn that fire-arms are not fatal in every hand. During their abode in Huaheine, the English gentlemen were spectators of a dramatic piece, in which their own characters were pretty freely represented. The subject of this entertainment was the adventures of an Otaheitan girl, who was supposed to have left her parents to follow the strangers. Now, there was present a female who was partly in this predicament, having taken a passage in the ship down to Ulietea. She was almost as violently affected by the play as the King in Hamlet, particularly at the conclusion, which represented her reception on returning to her friends. So powerful is Huaheinan dramatic satire. Perhaps some persons may think the stage of Huaheine, from this sample, more moral than that of Drury Lane or of Covent Garden, where the comedy generally concludes with the triumph of the runaway lovers. When Captain Cook bade adieu to Huaheine, as he supposed for the last time, and told Oree that they should meet no more, the

venerable chieftain wept bitterly, and said, "Let your sons come, and we will treat them well."

Equally affecting was the parting with Oreo, the chief of Ulietea, where the vessel next touched. When Oreo could not obtain of Cook a promise to return, he requested above all things to know the name of his burial-place. Cook answered without hesitation, Stepney, the place of his residence in London: but when the same question was put to Forster, he replied, that it was impossible a man who used the sea, should know where he was to be buried. Those who have imagined a prophetic import in the casual words of men, might almost fancy a reproof and a prediction in Forster's answer, sadly fulfilled in Cook's untimely fate and distant grave.

As Cook had then no expectation of ever revisiting the Society Islands, and knew not when another British ship might find its way thither, Oedidee could not make up his mind to accompany his new friends further. Yet he was very loth to part. When the ship sailed away, "he burst into tears, and then sunk back into his canoe." He was a youth of amiable dispositions, but almost wholly ignorant, even of the customs, manners, and religion of his own countrymen.

June 5th. Our voyagers left Ulietea next day; saw Howe Island, a mere reef: on the 16th discovered Palmerston Island: both these were uninhabited. On the 20th, land appeared, which manifestly was an abode of man; but of men, as it proved, so ferocious and intractable, that their country received the title of Savage Island. All endeavours to bring them to parley failed: they rushed on with the fury of bulls, hurling their darts, undismayed by the sight or report of musketry.

One javelin passed close over Cook's shoulder ; at the instant, his impulse was naturally to shoot, but his piece missed fire, which he afterwards considered as a providential escape from blood-guiltiness.

Quitting this inhospitable shore in haste, the Resolution steered for the south-west, and after passing several small islands, arrived on the 26th at Anamocka, the Rotterdam of Tasman. As soon as the vessel was at anchor, the natives brought down their provisions, consisting chiefly of yams and shaddocks, which they were ready to barter for trifles. As usual, they gave a great deal of trouble by their thievish propensity, taking things which could not be spared. To procure restitution, it was resolved to make a formal invasion. All the marines were sent ashore, and drawn up, full armed, and in military array. Some resistance was offered, and one of the islanders was wounded with small shot. Peace being restored, the Captain endeavoured to make amends to the sufferer by a present, and had his wounds dressed by a surgeon.

Anamocka, or Rotterdam, is of a triangular shape, each side extending between three and four miles. There is nothing very peculiar in its productions or population, which closely resemble those of Tongataboo; but the land is less fertile, and the cultivation far more imperfect. Like others in the same group, it is surrounded by innumerable small islands, which might not unaptly be compared to suckers around a parent tree. Cook learned the names of about twenty, lying between north-west and north-east, two of which are of remarkable height, and one was supposed to be a volcano.

Pursuing their course to the west, our navigators passed and named Turtle Island. On the 16th of July, high land was seen bearing south-west, which

was rightly concluded to be that which Quiros had mistaken for a southern continent, and named *Tierra Australia del Espiritu Santo*, and which Bougainville, discovering the supposed continent to be no more than a cluster of isles, new named the Great Cyclades. The first of this group which the Captain visited was Mallicollo. As usual, he invited the natives to a friendly commerce; but the pugnacity of an individual, who was repelled as he was stepping into the boat, had nearly been attended with fatal consequences. He was armed with a bow, which he offered to draw first against the boat-keeper, and when his countrymen stopped him, aimed a shaft at Captain Cook. Two discharges of small shot were necessary to make him retreat; and when he dropped his bow and paddled off, arrows began to shower from another quarter; but a great gun fired with ball put the archers to rout without bloodshed. An hour or two after, the English landed from the boats in the face of four or five hundred people assembled on the shore, all armed with bows, but they offered no opposition. Cook and a chieftain mutually exchanged palm branches, in ratification of peace. Permission to cut wood was asked and granted in dumb show, for the language of Mallicollo is not apparently connected with the dialects of Otaheite, New Zealand, or the Friendly Islands. All went on quietly thenceforth, but very little business could be transacted, because the people of Mallicollo set no value on any thing which the strangers had to offer. Whatever bargains they did make, they scrupulously fulfilled. Even when the *Resolution* was under weigh, and they might easily, by dropping astern in their canoes, have evaded their engagements, they pressed about the ship to deliver the articles that had been purchased. One man followed the vessel a

good way, and did not come up with her till the thing he had been paid for was forgotten; and though several of the crew offered to purchase it, he insisted on giving it to the right owner. Only one attempt at theft was made, and then restitution was obtained without trouble. This honest people are the ugliest beings that our navigators had met with: black, stunted, woolly-headed, flat-faced, and monkey-visaged. They had never seen a dog, and were highly delighted with a male and female of that species which Cook left on the island. Setting sail on the 23rd of July, our navigators passed by several small islands, to which names were given, either as memorials of friendship, or compliments to greatness; thus, Shepherd's Isles were called after the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, a learned intimate of the Captain's. Montagu, Hinchinbrook, and Sandwich Isles, record the parties in power at the period of their discovery. A tall obelisk of rock, the inaccessible haunt of numerous sea-birds, obtained the designation of the *Monument*. All these spots of earth were uninhabited, though the appearance of Sandwich Island promised fertility.

The next place at which the ships called was Erromango, where they hoped to obtain supplies. The inhabitants crowded to the beach with the most friendly indications—intending to tempt our voyagers ashore and then butcher them. This design, however, was detected by the vigilance of Cook, and a skirmish ensued, in which several of the treacherous barbarians fell, and pretended to be dead, but, when they thought themselves unobserved, scrambled away. The scene of this transaction was properly designated Traitor's Head.

Tanna was the next stage. The inhabitants here at first showed open hostility, but Cook, by the report

of the great guns, contrived to terrify, without injuring them, and they became civil enough. They were suspected of being cannibals, because they asked whether the English were so—rather a dubious ground: at any rate, they cannot plead necessity for eating their species, since Tanna is a fertile spot, abounding in bread-fruits, cocoa-nuts, hogs, and poultry. The language of the aborigines was peculiar; at least Mr. Forster, a speculative linguist, pronounced it to be different from all that had been heard before: but there were in the island many settlers from Erronan, who had introduced a dialect of the Malay, or common Polynesian tongue. The people of Tanna are of middle stature, slender and nimble, averse to labour, but very expert in the use of their weapons; in-so-much that they convinced the astronomer Wales of Homer's authenticity:—"I must confess," says he, "I have often been led to think the feats which Homer represents his heroes as performing with their spears, a little too much of the marvellous to be admitted into an heroic poem; I mean when confined within the straight stays of Aristotle. Nay, even so great an advocate for him as Mr. Pope, admits them to be surprising. But since I have seen what these people can do with their wooden spears, and them badly pointed, and not of a hard nature, I have not the least exception to any one passage in that great poet on that account. But if I see fewer exceptions, I can find infinitely more beauties in him, as he has, I think, scarcely an action, circumstance, or description of any kind whatever relating to a spear, which I have not seen and recognised among these people: as their whirling motion and whistling noise when they fly; their quivering motion as they stick in the ground when they fall: their meditating their aim

when they are going to throw; and their shaking them in their hand as they go."

Tanna is a volcanic formation, and a volcano was in considerable activity when Cook was there in 1774, making a dreadful noise, and sending forth sometimes smoke, sometimes flame, and sometimes great stones. Between the explosions there would elapse an interval of two or three minutes. At the foot of this volcano were several hot springs, and in its sides were fissures, whence issued sulphurous and mephitic vapour. Cook sent out an exploring party to examine this natural curiosity completely; but they met with so many obstacles, partly arising from the suspicions of the natives, for which Cook generously and philosophically apologises, that they returned without accomplishing their purpose. They ascertained, however, that the crater is not on the ridge, but on the side of the mountain, and that the explosions are most violent after long-continued rains.

The necessary business of taking in wood and water, neither of which had been procured at Erromango, detained our voyagers for some time at Tanna. The natives became quite reconciled to their visitors, and allowed them to wander about and shoot in the woods without the slightest molestation. Cook, with all his vigilance, could not always prevent his people from abusing the power which fire-arms bestow. On one occasion, when a few little naked boys had pelted with pebbles the men employed in cutting wood, the petty officers on duty fired, and though the Captain severely reprimanded them for their unfeeling hastiness, another sentry killed a native with even less provocation, in the commander's sight.

The Resolution sailed from Tanna on the 1st of September; on the 4th came in sight of an island, the native appellation of which our navigators could

never learn. Captain Cook called it New Caledonia. They remained here for some time, carrying on a very amicable commerce with the natives, and particularly with the chief Teabooma, to whom the Captain presented a dog and bitch, and a young boar and sow. The first were received with ecstasy, but when the pigs were sent, the chief was from home, and his attendants accepted them with a good deal of ceremonious hesitation.

The New Caledonians Cook conjectured to be a mingled race between the people of Tanna and of the Friendly Isles, or of New Zealand. Forster could trace no analogy in their language to that of any other tribe; but the genealogies and affinities of unknown and unwritten languages are not to be determined in a fortnight. The New Caledonians are stout, active, and well made; their hair black and curly, not woolly; their beards thick and crisp. Like the people of Erromango, they besmear their bodies with divers coloured pigments. Their only habiliment is a wrapper of bark or platted leaves. Their huts are something like bee-hives, composed of sticks wattled with reeds, thatched and carpeted with dry grass. With regard to the arts and conveniences of life, they seem to hold a middle place between the Australian savages and the almost civilised Otaheitans; but in the development of the moral sense they are perhaps farther advanced than either. Captain Cook pays a high compliment to the chastity of the New Caledonian females.

On the 13th of September the Resolution sailed with a design to examine the coast of New Caledonia, but such were the perils of the circuit, that the commander felt it his duty, considering the state of the vessel, and the long voyage yet before him, to leave the survey in some measure incomplete. Yet he

ascertained that New Caledonia was, next to New Zealand, the largest country in the South Pacific, and that it furnishes excellent timber of the spruce pine species, well adapted for masts and spars. This discovery was valuable, for except New Zealand, he had not found an island in the South Sea where a ship could supply herself with a mast or yard, let her necessity be what it might. The first opportunity of examining these serviceable trees, the distant appearance of which had given rise to sundry conjectures, was on a small islet to the south-east, which received the appropriate designation of Isle of Pines. Another little plot of earth, presenting many new species of plants, was entitled Botany Isle, which is rather too hard upon Botany Bay. Captain Cook, like most Englishmen, betrayed a poverty in the invention of names.

Leaving the coast of New Caledonia, the Captain steered south-east, and discovered Norfolk Island; so named in honour of the noble family of Howard. It was then, and we believe is now, uninhabited, though a British colony for some years were settled or imprisoned there. It is lofty ground, abundant in fine forest trees, especially the *Auracaria excelsa*, or Norfolk pine. The New Zealand flax grows there luxuriantly, and the British settlers, in 1793, sent for two New Zealanders to instruct them in the method of spinning and weaving it. Unfortunately, flax-dressing in New Zealand is exclusively a female employment: the two persons carried to Norfolk Isle were both males; the one a warrior and the other a priest—and could give as little information on the clothing manufacture of their country, as could be expected from the military or clergy of Europe on the arcana of lady-like accomplishments.

From Norfolk Isle the Resolution made for New

Zealand, and anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the 18th of October. Little of moment occurred during this fourth visit of our commander to Poenamoo. At his first arrival he found the country deserted, and the gardens which he had planted run wild. On looking for the bottle which he had hidden when he last took leave, he found a memorandum, signifying that Furneaux had found it, but no information concerning the subsequent fate of the Adventure. No inhabitants appeared till the 24th, and then they were shy and timid at first, but when they found that it was Cook who had arrived, "joy took the place of fear, those who had taken refuge in the woods hurried forth, leaping and shouting for ecstasy, and embracing their old acquaintances with tears of delight." There was more in their former terrors and sudden joy than Cook at that time understood. He could not but be pleased with what appeared a genuine effusion of gratitude from an overflowing heart. Yet the mysterious answers or determined ignorance of the New Zealanders whenever the Adventure was alluded to, might have awakened the suspicions of a less cautious man. The truth, which he never knew till his return to England, was this—Furneaux, who had parted company with our subject during the storms of October, 1773, arrived in Ship Cove in the beginning of December, and found the bottle and directions which his consort had left. He waited some time to refit, lay in water, &c., and was ready to sail on the 17th. Intending to weigh anchor the next morning, he sent off one of the midshipmen with a boat's crew to gather a few wild greens, the use of which his men had learned duly to appreciate. Evening came, and the boat did not return according to orders, at which Captain Furneaux was probably irate: but when

morning came, and still no boat, he became alarmed, and hoisting out the launch, sent Mr. (afterwards Admiral) Burney, with another boat's crew and ten marines, in search of the missing. The fact soon appeared. The party had been surprised, massacred; and eaten. The Adventure quitted New Zealand without imitating the fearful retaliation inflicted by the French on the murderers of Marion; but when an European ship was seen in the Cove, the first impression of the natives would naturally be, that it was come to avenge the massacre. But when they found it was not Furneaux, but Cook, whom they rightly supposed to know nothing of what had taken place, they felt his presence like a great deliverance, and expressed their joy with their usual vehemence. But it was a joy which most people have felt in some degree at some time or other. Who has not grasped with sincere delight the hand of a loungee to whom he was quite indifferent, simply because the rap at the door had raised the apprehension of some feared or hated visitation; a dun, a borrower, the bearer of a challenge, or a good adviser?

Whatever intercourse took place between Cook and the natives was answerable to this fair beginning. A chief called Pedero invested the British commander with the staff of honour, the Marshal's bâton of New Zealand, and Cook dressed Pedero in an old suit of clothes, in which he felt his consequence wonderfully enlarged. The Captain, unwearied in his endeavours to stock the island with animals, which might be useful alike to the native population, and to such Europeans as might visit or settle in this remote region, sent ashore another boar and sow. Swine are so prolific, and so easily accommodate themselves to circumstances, that a single pair, escaping for a few years in a thinly peopled country,

would multiply beyond the facilities of extirpation. Nothing was seen of the poultry left on former occasions except an egg, which appeared to be new laid.

The ship being now repaired, the crew refreshed, and the astronomical observations satisfactorily performed, Captain Cook sailed from New Zealand on the 10th of November, to resume his search for the southern continent. As it is well known that the only result of this arduous, painful, protracted, but worthy and scientific pursuit was, that there is no habitable continent to be discovered ; and as freezing narratives are rather dull till they reach the point of horror, we shall not accompany our navigator any longer in his sailings to and fro among the ice. We must not, however, omit his spending his Christmas in Christmas Sound, on the west coast of Tierra del Fuego. Christmas, in an English imagination, is inseparably associated with cold weather and good cheer. In Tierra del Fuego it can only support the former part of its character. A more desolate place than Christmas Sound cannot be. Yet doubtless the wanderers drank " a health to them that's far away," as many a British fireside drank to them. Their harbour, dreary as it was, furnished geese for their Christmas dinner, and fuel to roast it. Nor are the rocks of Tierra del Fuego without their beauty. They furnished occupation for the botanists: plants, elegant or curious in conformation, rich in hue, and fragrant of odour (as mountain plants generally are) peeped out of the crannies. But the human creatures were the same ugly, half-starved, helpless generation that dwindled beside the Bay of Success. Bougainville called them Pecharas, and Cook pronounced them the most wretched beings he had ever beheld.

New Year's Day, 1775, was spent in New Year's Harbour, a port in Staten Land. Some small islands

in its vicinity were named New Year's Isles. Here our voyagers observed a harmony between the animal tribes, not unworthy of brief notice. The sea coast is occupied by the sea lions; the white bears possess the shore; the shags are posted on the highest cliffs; the penguins fix their quarters where there is the most easy communication with the sea; other birds retire to remoter places; but all occasionally mingle together, like poultry in a farm yard. Eagles and vultures are seen perched on the same crag with shags, and the weaker show no fear of the stronger. The island is thronged with life, and the living prey upon the dead.

Proceeding from Staten Land, Captain Cook discovered Willis's Island, Bird's Isle, and South Georgia,—the last a land of 70° compass, of which, worthless as it was, he took possession in the king's name. At first our navigators hailed this icy waste, where no vegetation existed but a coarse tufted grass, wild burnet, and the moss on the rocks; where not a tree was to be seen, nor a shrub big enough to make a tooth-pick; and where no animal food could be obtained but the flesh of seals and penguins, to which bullock's liver is an Apician delicacy,—as the long-sought continent of golden dreams. A quaint honour to the warm-hearted old king, to affix his name to the planet most remote from the sun, and to the spot of earth least in favour with the same genial luminary.

Leaving South Georgia (after ascertaining it to be an island by sailing round it in a fog), our voyagers proceeded on their dreary adventures, and on the 31st of January fell in with an elevated coast, the most southern land that had yet been discovered, and thence named Southern Thule, no comfortable place to be wrecked on, of which the Resolution was

in no small danger, from the great western swell setting in right for the shore. Cape Bristol, Cape Montagu, Saunders Isle, Candlemas Isles, and Sandwich's Land, were discovered by the 6th of February. The opinion of Cook was now decided, that there is a tract of land near the pole, which is the source of the ice spread over the Southern Ocean, and that it extended farthest north where the ice appeared farthest north; that is, towards the Atlantic or Indian Ocean. But such land must lie chiefly within the Antarctic circle, and be for ever inaccessible. Cook, no boaster, fearlessly asserted that no man could venture further south, in seas beset with ice and fog, than he had done, without more than a risk of destruction. He therefore wisely turned his thoughts to England, and steered northward. Having formed this determination, he demanded of the officers and petty-officers, in pursuance of his instructions, the log-books and journals they had kept, and enjoined them never to divulge where or how far they had been, until authorised by the Lords of the Admiralty. If he expected this order to be obeyed, and that, too, when his commissioned authority should cease, he showed less than his usual knowledge of human nature. In the passage to the Cape of Good Hope, he met first a Dutch, and then a British East-Indiaman; the former commanded by Captain Bosch, and the latter by Captain Broadly. Bosch offered our navigators sugar, arrack, and whatever else he had to spare, and Broadly gave them tea, fresh provisions, and news, which, though none of the newest (for he was returning from China), must still have been new to them. From these vessels Cook was informed of what had befallen the Adventure after the separation. On the 22nd of March, he anchored in Table Bay. During

the time that elapsed from his leaving the Cape of Good Hope to his return to it again, he had sailed no less than 20,000 leagues, nearly three times the equatorial circumference of the globe. While at the Cape he met with Crozet, whom he describes as a man of abilities, possessed of the true spirit of discovery.

The remainder of the homeward voyage was over familiar ground, and needs no description. Captain Cook left the Cape on the 27th of April, reached St. Helena on the 15th of May, Fernando Noronha on the 9th of June, Fayal in the Azores on the 14th of July, Spithead on the 30th, when he landed at Portsmouth, having been absent from Britain three years and eighteen days, during which, amid all vicissitudes and hardships, he lost but four men. And thus ended Cook's second voyage. Its geographical results, though important, were chiefly negative, and therefore not of that kind on which imagination dwells delighted. He had destroyed a vision of fancy, and instead of augmenting the map with new Indies, had reduced islands to fog banks and ice shoals, and continents to inconsiderable islets and reefs of coral. He had discovered, in short, that a fifth continent was as little to be hoped for as a fifth sense.* The voyage had doubtless been beneficial to navigation, to nautical astronomy, to botany, and to science in general; it had enlarged the natural history of man a little; but its happiest and fairest achievement was to show how life and health may be preserved for years on the ocean, and how

* May not New Holland be fairly called so? It contains almost as great a variety of climate as Europe. If the coral insects should ever have stitched together the Polynesia, would it be named a continent?—*S. T. C.*

barbarians may be awed without cruelty, and conciliated without delusion.

It must have been no small satisfaction to Cook, that no change had taken place in the Admiralty Department during his absence; that the same Lords who employed his services were to dispense his reward. Lord Sandwich lost no time in recommending him to the sovereign, and his remuneration was not delayed. On the 9th of August he was made a post-captain, and three days after a captain in Greenwich Hospital, a situation of dignified repose, which he had fairly earned, and in which he might honourably have sat down for the remainder of his days. His society was sought alike by the wealthy and the learned.

About the close of 1775 he was proposed a candidate for admission into the Royal Society, elected on the 29th of February, 1776, and admitted on the 7th of March, on which occasion was read a paper, addressed by Captain Cook to Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, and author of a well-known work on the diseases of the army, containing "An account of the method he had taken to preserve the health of the crew of his Majesty's ship the *Resolution*, during her voyage round the world," to which the President and Council of the Society decreed the Copley gold medal, with a handsome panegyric from the President, which Cook was not present to hear; nor did he ever receive the medal into his own hands, for before the day appointed for delivering it, he had set sail on his last expedition. It was given to Mrs. Cook, to whom it soon became a sad memorial of the departed.

The many objections raised against Dr. Hawkesworth's official compound, had proved the folly of

employing professed *Literateurs* to *distil, rectify, and flavour* the unadulterated observations of competent eye-witnesses. Cook was himself the narrator of his second voyage, and proved himself more than equal to the task. His style is just what it should be—like his meaning—thoroughly English, clear, and manly,—the less authorlike the better. George Forster also published an account of the voyage, which, whatever the Admiralty might say or think, he had a perfect right to do. The more accounts of any transaction proceed from eye-witnesses, the better for the interests of truth. The astronomers, Wales and Bayley, produced a book, chiefly scientific, but interspersed with general observations.

Cook was now expected and entitled to rest, but neither his own spirit nor the spirit of the times would permit him to do so. Though the question of a southern continent was decided for all practical purposes, there was another great geographical problem which continued to agitate the public mind—that of the possibility of the passage to India by the north seas. Lord Sandwich was meditating an expedition for this purpose, and wished to have Captain Cook's opinion as to the manner in which it should be conducted, and the person to whom it should be intrusted. A great dinner was held at his Lordship's, at which the circumnavigator, Sir Hugh Palliser, and other people of distinction were present. The north passage of course was the topic. The grandeur and importance of the project were eloquently magnified—it was to consummate the system of discovery which Cook had all but finished. The Captain's imagination was fired: at last he leapt up and said, "I will do it!" This was just what was wished, perhaps not more than was expected, but what no one had ventured to propose.

On the 10th of February, 1776, Captain Cook received his commission. Two vessels were appointed to the service, the *Resolution*, commanded by Cook in person, and the *Discovery*, commanded by Captain Clerke, a meritorious officer, who had sailed with the circumnavigator in former voyages. The usual plan was to be reversed ; instead of seeking a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the expedition was to sail to the northern parts of the Pacific, explore the north-west coast of America, and search for a passage to the east. An act to amend an act was passed in 1776, declaring, "That if any ship belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects, or to his Majesty, shall find out and sail through any passage by sea, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in any direction or parallel of the northern hemisphere, to the north of the 52nd degree of northern latitude, the owners of such ships, if belonging to any of his Majesty's subjects, or the commander, officers, and seamen of such ship belonging to his Majesty, shall receive as a reward for such discovery, the sum of £20,000."

The ships were furnished with everything that could contribute either to the accomplishment of their main design, the general advancement of science, the health of the crew, or the furtherance of Cook's beneficent projects with regard to the inhabitants of newly-discovered lands.

Cook sailed out of Plymouth Sound on the 12th of July, taking with him Omai, who left England with a mixture of pleasure and regret. He had been a great lion, and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the costume of his native country. Captain Clerke was detained for some time longer. The *Resolution*, having touched at Teneriffe and Porto Praya, anchored in Table Bay on the 18th of October. The

Discovery joined on the 10th of November, and the two ships sailed southward on the 30th. On the 12th of December land was seen, which proved to be a group of islands, two of which, in honour of their French discoverers, were named Marion and Crozet's Isles.* Two, of larger size, were called Prince Edward's Isles. After exploring the coast of Kerguelen's Land, a miserable country, which, if it had wanted a name, might fitly be called the Land of Desolation, the navigators made for Van Diemen's Land, and anchored in Adventure Bay on the 26th of January, 1777. They saw more of the inhabitants than any preceding visitors; found them savages of the lowest scale, but peaceable, neither doing nor apprehending evil. Omai, prouder of his superiority than a man longer acquainted with the advantages of civilisation, laughed at their clumsiness in hitting a mark with their spears, and terrified them so much by the discharge of a musket that they all ran away, and there was some difficulty in renewing their confidence. Cook left some swine in this island, but thought there was no chance that sheep or cattle would be allowed to increase. Though the females were anything but beautiful, some gentlemen of the Discovery attempted to seduce them, at which the men were very indignant. Cook also speaks with great disapprobation of such profligate gallantry.

It may seem somewhat remarkable for a ship's

* At all events, H. should have transcribed the longitudes and latitudes. Without these, it is perfect confusion—a play map, with the pieces in a jumble.—*S. T. C.*

Marion and Crozet's Islands, discovered in 1772, situated in Long. $32^{\circ} 11' E.$, Lat. $46^{\circ} 45' S.$ They were first called Cavern Islands.

Kerguelen's Land—discovered by Kerguelen, a Frenchman—Long. $69^{\circ} 30' E.$, Lat. $49^{\circ} 20' S.$ —*D. C.*

crew to go ashore to make hay, and yet this was one purpose of our voyager's tarrying in Van Diemen's Land. The numerous live stock which it was proposed to distribute among the South Sea islands were running short of provender. The grass proved coarse and scanty, but it was better than none.

The ships sailed again on the 30th of January, and on the 12th of February arrived at the old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound. And now the New Zealanders, seeing Omai on board, and concluding that the murder of Captain Furneaux's men must have come to Cook's knowledge, instead of the joy which succeeded their apprehensions on the last visit, displayed nothing but sullen mistrust, and for some time no kindness, no promises, could induce them to approach the vessels. At length Cook succeeded in convincing them that revenge was not the object of his return, and they became as familiar as ever. If, however, he refrained from shedding blood for blood, it was not for want of counsel to the contrary. "If," says the Captain, "I had followed the advice of all our pretended friends, I might have extirpated the whole race; for the people of each hamlet or village by turns applied to me to destroy the other." In particular, there was a chief named Kahoora, the leader in the massacre, whom his countrymen were continually pointing out as a proper object of vengeance, in which they were strongly seconded by Omai. Kahoora almost won the Captain's admiration by confiding himself to his honour. He came to the ship in his canoe. "This was the third time," says Cook, "that he had visited us, without betraying the smallest appearance of fear. I was ashore when he now arrived, but had got on board just as he was going away. Omai, who had

returned with me, presently pointed him out, and solicited me to shoot him. Not satisfied with this, he addressed himself to Kahoorā, threatening to be his executioner if ever he presumed to visit us again. The New Zealander paid so little regard to his threats, that he returned the next morning with his whole family, men, women, and children, to the number of twenty and upwards. Omai was the first who acquainted me with his being alongside the ship, and desired to know if he should ask him to come aboard. I told him he might, and accordingly he introduced the chief into the cabin, saying, 'There is Kahoorā, kill him.' But as if he had forgot his former threats, or were afraid that I should call upon him to perform them, he immediately retired. In a short time, however, he returned, and seeing the chief unhurt, he expostulated with me very earnestly, saying, 'Why do you not kill him? You tell me if a man kill another in England that he is hanged for it. This man has killed ten, and yet you will not kill him, though many of his countrymen desire it, and it would be very good.' Omai's arguments, though specious enough, having no weight with me, I desired him to ask the chief why he killed Captain Furneaux's people? At this question Kahoorā folded his arms, hung down his head, and looked like one caught in a trap; and I firmly believe that he expected instant death. But no sooner was he assured of his safety than he became cheerful. He did not, however, seem willing to give me an answer to the question that had been put to him, till I had again and again repeated my promise that he should not be hurt. Then he ventured to tell us, 'that one of his countrymen, having brought a stone hatchet to barter, the man to whom it was offered took it, and would neither return it nor give anything for it; on

which the owner of it snatched up the bread as an equivalent, and then the quarrel began.'"*

As no English eye-witnesses survived to tell the real circumstances of the massacre, it was impossible to know the truth or falsehood of Kahoorá's story. All the New Zealanders, however, even those who desired Kahoorá's death, and who had no personal concern in the butchery, declared that it was the unpremeditated consequence of a casual disagreement; and Kahoorá's mode of accounting for it was as likely as any. He might very easily have invented a much greater provocation.

Though Captain Cook declined all measures of revenge, he wisely took much greater precautions in his dealings with the barbarians than he deemed necessary on former visits. A guard of ten marines constantly attended the party on shore, the workmen were well armed, and whenever a boat was sent out it was furnished with means of defence, and intrusted to officers well acquainted with the natives and their ways. The disaster of Furneaux's men gave the English sailors so thorough a hatred of the New Zealanders, that they would not even approach their women, a circumstance very agreeable to the Commander, who, though he could not altogether prevent illicit intercourse, always discouraged it; and ably combats the assertion, that such transient connexions are a security among savages. He maintains that they betray more men than they save,—“And how,” he pertinently asks, “how should it be otherwise? what else can be expected, since all their views are selfish, without the least mixture of regard or attachment?” No quarrel occurred during this, the fifth and last visit of our commander to New Zealand. The people supplied the crew with plenty of fish, for

* Cook's Last Voyage, vol. i. p. 134.

notwithstanding the apparent imperfection of their hooks, they were much more successful, both with net and line, than the English. Cook made presents, as usual, to the chiefs; two goats and a kid to one, two pigs to another. He did think of leaving some sheep, a bull, and two heifers at Queen Charlotte's Sound, but finding no chief able and willing to protect animals which could not be concealed, he relinquished his purpose. He was informed that one chief, called Tiratou, had a cow, and many cocks and hens. So he had hopes that his endeavours for the benefit of this singular and improvable race would be finally crowned with success. Though the vegetables he had introduced had been neglected, they had sown and multiplied themselves, and the potatoes were meliorated by the change of soil.

Preparing to quit New Zealand for the last time, Captain Cook was persuaded by Omai to take with him two native youths. The father of the one dismissed him with indifference, and even stripped him of the little clothing he had; but the mother of the other took leave with all the marks of maternal affection. The Captain, before he would assent to their going, took care to make them understand that they were never to return.

On the 27th of February the Resolution and Discovery finally got clear of New Zealand. The poor boys were woefully sea-sick, and repented of their roving when it was too late. After calling at several islands,* the names of which we need not

* At one of these islands, Wateoo by name, some of the inhabitants who came on board the Resolution were terrified and astonished at the sight of the cows and horses, but testified no alarm or surprise at the goats or sheep, which they said they knew to be birds. In the same island Omai met with three of his own countrymen, though Wateoo

particularise, without obtaining many refreshments, our voyagers arrived at Annamooka on the 1st of May. Here provisions were abundant enough, but the thievishness of the inhabitants was very annoying. They cared not for a slight peppering of small shot, and as for corporal punishment, you might as well lash an oak tree. Their tattooed skins seemed absolutely insensible of pain. Captain Clerke hit on a mode of punishment, which was not altogether without effect, and may be worth the consideration of the revisers of the penal code. This was, to shave the heads of the offenders and let them go.

From Annamooka the ships proceeded to Hadpae, where they met with a friendly reception from the inhabitants, and from Earoupa the chief. There was a reciprocation of presents, civilities, and solemnities: on the part of the natives were displayed single combats with clubs, wrestling and boxing matches, female combatants, male dancers, nocturnal concerts, and balls. The English treated in return by a review of the marines, and an exhibition of fireworks. Cook afterwards explored the coast of Hapae, Lefooga, and the neighbouring islands. On the return to Annamooka, May 31st, the *Résolution* was very near running full against a low sandy isle, surrounded with breakers. "Such hazardous situations," as the Captain says, "are the unavoidable companions of the man who goes upon a voyage of discovery." The accuracy with which Cook observed

(situate in $20^{\circ} 1'$ south latitude) is more than 200 leagues from any of the Society Isles. Twelve persons, of whom the three were survivors, had embarked in a canoe, to pass from Otaheite to Ulietea, and by stress of storms had been driven thus far south. Eight perished by fatigue and famine on the way.

and noted down whatever might be of service to succeeding navigators, has materially diminished the dangers of the seas.

The Friendly Islands, in which group are included Annamooka, Tongataboo, Hapae, Eaoowe, Lefooga, and others of less note, constituted a united kingdom; and Captain Cook met at Hapae with Poulaho, the reigning monarch, by whom he was invited to Tongataboo, whither, after touching again at Annamooka, the two commanders sailed, and had another hair-breadth escape on the passage. At Tongataboo, where Cook arrived on the 10th of June, our voyagers were hospitably received and industriously amused by the King, but sorely plundered by the commonalty; whose larcenies were the more irritating from the overt impudence with which they were perpetrated. It required all Cook's authority to hinder the sentinels from firing. On the 19th was a grand distribution of live stock. To King Poulaho was given a bull and a cow, and three goats; to Feenou, a chief of consequence, and an acquaintance of some standing, a horse and mare; to Mareewagee, a Cape ram and two ewes; besides which he left in the island four pigs, a pair of rabbits, and a buck and doe. In bestowing these gifts, the Captain perhaps regretted that there were no laws for preserving game in Tonga.

From Tonga our voyagers sailed to Eaoowe, where they met with some old friends,—for to a seaman in a far country every known face is an old friend. Captain Cook was one day served with a dish of turnips, the produce of seed sown by himself during his former voyage; and he was so pleased with the success of his beneficence, that he enriched the chief's plantation with melons and a pine-apple. The agriculture of the Friendly Islands was the best in

Polynesia, and therefore the natives appreciated duly the value of cultivated vegetables. Our commander spent two or three months in this archipelago, and formed a very favourable opinion of the native character, abating that thievish instinct, which is only to be controlled by long subjection to law, and can never be eradicated but by the influences of a divine religion (for whoever loves the world is a thief in his heart); and few will differ from Cook when he says, that "great allowances should be made for the foibles of the poor natives of the Pacific Ocean, whose minds are overpowered with the glare of objects equally new to them as they are captivating." He also acquits them of dishonesty in their dealings with each other.

The Resolution and Discovery quitted Tongataboo on the 17th of July. An eclipse of the moon was observed on the night between the 20th and 21st. On the 8th of August appeared the isle of Tubooai, on which, though invited by the inhabitants, our navigators did not land, but proceeded to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 12th. Omai at first was coldly received: he was of low condition, and no one cared to recognise him; but the meeting between the traveller and his sister was affectionate in a high degree. His aunt also came, and washed his feet with her tears. Since Cook was in Otaheite last, two Spanish vessels had twice anchored in Oaita-piha Bay, and left animals in the country. Before a house which the Spaniards had occupied they had erected a wooden cross, on the transverse part of which was inscribed, "Christus vincit:" on the perpendicular, "Carolus III. imperat., 1774." On the other side of the post Captain Cook inscribed, "Georgius tertius rex. Annis, 1767, 1769, 1773, 1774, et 1777." Thus commemorating the visit of

Captain Wallis and his own. The Spaniards were well spoken of by the Otaheitans.

A great instance of Cook's influence over his crew occurred about this time. As the voyage was inevitably to be protracted a year longer than was expected, and might be long delayed in frigid regions, where spirituous potations were really necessary, he persuaded the sailors to give up their allowance of grog (except on Saturday nights) so long as they were in a land of cocoa nuts, the liquor of which is so nutritious and refreshing. To this the whole company assented without a murmur, and the example was followed on board the *Discovery*.

It is a happy circumstance when generosity is convenient. Cook, in Otaheite, disposed of the greater part of his live cargo in gifts to the chieftains, whereby he did a good action, and lightened the vessels of very troublesome passengers. It was no cheap or easy effort of charity to carry cattle and provender half over the globe, to benefit an almost unknown race.

A war was pending between Otaheite and Eimeo, and Cook was earnestly requested to take a part in it by the Otaheitans. But he steadily and conscientiously preserved neutrality, much to his own credit and the Otaheitans' disappointment. Towtah, who commanded the expedition against Eimeo, was worsted, and obliged to submit to a disgraceful accommodation. On his return, he attributed his failure entirely to the want of proper support, and threatened that as soon as the English were gone, he would join the people of Tiaraboo, and attack his sovereign Otoo at Oparre or Matavai. Captain Cook then publicly declared, that if any such combination were formed, he would assist the King to the utmost of his power. This declaration had the desired

effect, and Towtah continued quiet, instead of becoming the Otaheitan Coriolanus.

While remaining in Otaheite, our navigators witnessed a human sacrifice. The victim was stabbed unawares, and after a time exposed on the Morai. Though but one offering is ever made at a time, these sacrifices must have been pretty often repeated, for forty-nine fresh skulls appeared on the sacrificial pile. The victims selected were generally low fellows, who stroll about without fixed habitation or employment. A pretty effective vagrant law!

On the 14th of September, Captains Cook and Clerke mounted on horseback, and took a ride round the plain of Matavai. The surprise and admiration of the natives was as great as if they had seen centaurs in earnest—perhaps greater.

We must not omit that our commander was freed from a rheumatic attack about this time, by a process very similar to shampooing, in which the operators were Otoo's mother, his three sisters, and eight other women. The Otaheitan name for the operation is *Romee*. Before his departure, Otoo begged his acceptance of a large canoe, as a present to the *Earee Rahie no Pretrani*; i. e. King of Britain. Cook was pleased with the thought, which arose from no suggestion of his, but from Otoo's spontaneous feeling. But the canoe was too large to be taken on board.

On the 30th, our voyagers left Otaheite, and continued for some time cruising among the neighbouring isles; but we must pass over all that took place in these excursions, and only briefly mention that Omai was finally left at Huaheine, where a spot of ground was assigned him, a small cabin built, and his garden stocked with pine-apples, shaddocks, vines, and the seeds of several European vegetables.

On the 8th of December our voyagers sailed from Bolabola. They were lucky enough to find an uninhabited Christmas island, abounding with turtle for the Christmas dinner. On the 28th, an eclipse of the sun. On the 31st, after planting some cocoa nuts and melons, a bottle was left, with a paper denoting that the *Resolution* and *Discovery* had been at that spot on the last day of 1777.

For the events of 1778, the discovery of the Sandwich Islands, the exploring the north-west coast of America, the ascertaining the vicinity of the Asiatic and American continents, we must refer to the published voyages of Cook. All that we can say, is, that they sustained his reputation to the utmost, and add to the regret with which every good mind must regard the catastrophe we proceed briefly to describe.

After proceeding as far north as was practicable in the advanced season, with the strongest hopes of finally accomplishing the object of the voyage, Captain Cook steered southward, with a design of wintering among the Sandwich Islands, and returning to Kamschatka the following spring. It was on the 30th of November that he discovered the fatal *Owhyhee*. Seven weeks elapsed in sailing round and examining its coasts, and in all this time the inhabitants showed no symptom of hostility or suspicion. Not even the people of *Otaheite* had trusted themselves to English honour with such perfect confidence. On the 17th he anchored in *Karakatooa Bay*, where occurred the fatal quarrel in which he perished. A chieftain of rank was shot by the crew of an English boat, and in revenge, the Captain was attacked on all sides. His men strove in vain to assist him—he was stabbed in the back, and fell.

His life is his character and his panegyric. It ceased abruptly, but it will never be forgotten.*

[This memoir terminates as abruptly as the life which it records. Perhaps the writer was unwilling to follow the body of his hero after the life was fled. It was perversely dealt with, if it be true that the flesh was devoured by those savages, into whom the great navigator had vainly endeavoured to infuse somewhat of his spirit. It is of more consequence to add, that "an account of the voyage was published, from Cook's Journal, continued by Lieutenant King. Charts and plates were executed at the expense of Government, and one-half of the profits of the work was bestowed upon Cook's widow and children, upon whom a pension was settled."—*Penny Cyclop.*—D. C.]

* There is one circumstance connected with Cook's last voyage so honourable to human nature, that it must not be omitted. England was then at war with France. But the French King, considering the purely pacific and benevolent purpose for which Cook had braved the sea, ordered that the *Resolution* and *Discovery* should be treated as neutral vessels. Franklin, who was then Ambassador in France from the Congress, recommended that the United States should issue similar orders, but it does not appear that Congress attended to the suggestion.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

YORKSHIRE claims but little in this fortunate wit, and her claim to that little has been litigated. His family was of Staffordshire, his education was in Ireland; he led a town life, and acquired a town celebrity. Yorkshire could only boast the place of his nativity—the hedge-sparrow's nest wherein the cuckoo was hatched—and this modest pretension has been controverted by the *isle of wits*, for so might the country of Swift, Farquhar, Sheridan, and Moore be rightly denominated, rather than the *isle of saints*, seeing that for the Irish saints the *Acta Sanctorum* itself will not vouch, while the Irish wits need no vouchers. We have ourselves heard it vehemently asserted, that all the writers of the *middle † comedy*

* It may be interesting to compare with this biographical and critical essay the life of Congreve by Mr. Leigh Hunt, prefixed to the edition of his dramas, published with those of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar by Mr. Moxon, and the review of that work by Mr. Macaulay, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in May, 1840, and republished in the general collection of his essays.—*D. C.*

† The terms old, middle, and new, applied to the dynasties of Greek Comedy, may with little violence be transferred to the English stage. It must, however, be remarked, that of the two latter races, each originated in the life-time of its predecessor. The old or poetical comedy, composed of a mixture of blank verse and prose, often with a strong

were Irishmen, of course including Congreve in the number. It is true, that he called himself an

infusion of pathetic interest, and very frequently interspersed with songs, dances, &c., flourished under Elizabeth and James. Fine specimens of it are found in Fletcher and Massinger, but perhaps the very finest in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It." It has been revived or imitated by Tobin, in his "Honey-Moon." The second, or middle style, was first perfected by Ben Jonson, though chronology would rather class him with the writers of the old comedy. But he seems to have been the earliest dramatist who, in a regular composition, relied for effect entirely on the representation of contemporary life and manners. The middle comedy became predominant after the Restoration, and numbers many writers of unequal merit; the last were Cumberland and Sheridan. It has many minor varieties, of which the most considerable are the moralising genteel comedy, introduced by Cibber, and the Spanish intriguing comedy, of which the principal writers have been female. The new comedy, of which the principal masters are Colman, Morton, Reynolds, Dibdin, Diamond, &c., has been denominated sentimental, or by a French expression, *comédie larmoyante*, crying comedy, an apparent contradiction. It is, in truth, the comic correlative to Lillo's tragedy. Much as it is reviled by the critics, something very like it is occasionally to be found in old Heywood, the prose Shakspeare.¹ Perhaps its just distinction is the *democratic* comedy, for the virtuous characters are almost always operatives, or shopkeepers, or small farmers. However inferior it may be to the middle or legitimate comedy as a work of art, and still more to the poetic comedy as a birth of imagination, we cannot think it deserves all the vituperation that has been heaped upon it. Its worst defect is, that

¹ This note has less of Hartley's tact and discrimination than, from such a subject, I should have expected. Surely a prose Shakspeare is not only an over-load for old Heywood, but something not very unlike a square circle.—S. T. C.

Englishman, and expressly mentioned Bardsey, in Yorkshire, as his birth-place; but then a man may be mistaken as to the place he was born in, or he may be ashamed of it. Dr. Johnson's judgment in this matter is a singular instance of that leaning against the subjects of his biography, of which he is justly accused by Mr. Roscoe.—“It was said by himself,” observes the Doctor, “that he owed his nativity to England, and by everybody else, that he was born in Ireland. Southern mentioned him with sharp censure, as a man that meanly disowned his native country. To doubt whether a man of eminence has told the truth about his own birth, is in appearance to be very deficient in candour; yet nobody can live long without knowing that falsehoods of convenience or vanity, falsehoods from which no evil immediately visible ensues except the general degradation of human testimony, are very lightly uttered, and when once uttered are sullenly supported. Boileau, who desired to be thought a rigorous and steady moralist, having told a petty lie to Louis XIV., continued it afterwards by false dates, thinking himself obliged in honour, says his admirer, to maintain what, when he said it, was so well received.”

It is a pity that the Doctor, who, like Boileau, aimed at the character of “a steady and rigorous moralist,” did not reflect that sophistry is first cousin, only once removed, to lying, and that an uncharitable piece of special pleading, intended to injure the reputation of the illustrious dead, is not a *very white*

it does not represent the actual manners of any class,—its characters are unreal without being imaginative. Still, a composition which excites laughter mixed with kindness can never be worthless, for kindness is always worth something, and laughter is always good when it does not proceed from scorn.

lie.* Congreve, whatever his faults might be, was not a fool; nor was his convenience or vanity at all concerned in proving himself a Yorkshireman rather than an Irishman. To be born in Ireland was never disreputable, and to be born in Yorkshire is an honour too common to be worth contending for. Were there decisive evidence that Congreve was wrong as to the fact, it had been candid to suppose him mistaken, which the son of an officer in a marching regiment might easily be, about the year and place of his nativity. But there is decisive evidence that he was right,—to wit, the parish register of Bardsey, and the matriculation book† of Trinity College, Dublin. An extract from the former runs thus:—"William,

* Very sensible. I could wish to have preserved a lively and spirited conclusion of one of my Courses of Lectures, on the *sycofancy* and cynic assentation of Dr. Johnson, both as a critic and a moralist, and most strongly as a critico-moral biographer, to the plebeian envy of the patrician mediocres, and the reading public.—*S. T. C.*

† The notice of Congreve's matriculation, in the College Register, is as follows:—

"1685, die quinto Aprilis horâ diei pomeridianâ Gulielmus Congreve, Pensionarius, filius Gulielmi Congreve, Generosi de Youghaliâ, annos natus 16, natus apud Bardsagram in Comitatu Eboracensi, educatus Kilkennîæ, sub *ferulâ* Doctoris Hinton, Tutor. St. George Ash."

"1685. On the fifth day of April, at one o'clock in the afternoon, William Congreve, *Pensioner*, son of William Congreve, gentleman, of Youghal, aged sixteen, born at Bardsey, in the county of York, educated at Kilkenny, under the rod of Dr. Hinton. Tutor, St. George Ashe."

It may be observed, that his age in 1685 (sixteen) tallies with the Bardsey register, which fixes his birth somewhere about 1669. Yet the inscription on his monument states his age at fifty-six at the time of his death (January 29th 1728-9), which would bring down his birth to 1771 or 1772.

the sonne of Mr. William Congreve, of Bardsey Grange, baptised February 10th (1669)." In the notice of his matriculation at Trinity College, Dublin, he is expressly described as born at Bardsey, in Yorkshire. Now, surely, it is no advantage in Dublin College to be an Englishman. This important circumstance, therefore, we may consider as set at rest, and Congreve is fairly intitled to a place among the Yorkshire Worthies.

William Congreve, then, was descended from an ancient and respectable family, long settled in Staffordshire, whose armorial bearings figure in the margin of Dr. Plot's map, prefixed to his natural history of that County. He was the only surviving son of William Congreve, Esq., second son of Richard Congreve, Esq., of Congreve and Stratton. His mother was a near relation of Sir John Lewis of Bardsey, and at Bardsey Grange he first drew breath. His birth-day is not precisely known, but it must have been towards the close of 1669, or commencement of 1670; for on the 16th of February, 1669-70, he was baptised. In his infancy he was carried into

A year at least must be detracted from the marvel of his first plays.

N.B. A Pensioner at Cambridge and Dublin Universities (for the term is unknown at Oxford), implies a person *paying* for the benefit of the College, and receiving no *pension*.

Observe the phrase *sub ferula*: a rod or ferule was then supposed as indispensable to an instructor as a nominative case to a verb. In a school lately established not a hundred miles from Leeds, the masters are bound by their engagement never to inflict corporal punishment. What would Orbilius, Busby, Boyer, Parr, and Holofernes say to this?

Secundæ curæ. Boyer was Head Master of Christ's Hospital when S. T. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were there; a consummate scholar, but a merciless flagellator.—*H. C.*

Ireland with his father, who was then in the army, but afterwards became manager of part of the large estate of the noble family of Burlington, which fixed his residence in the sister island. This sufficiently accounts for Southern, who may have seen Congreve in Ireland a mere child, asserting so positively that he "meanly disowned his country." Young Congreve's early education was at the great school of Kilkenny, and his first poetical essay, an elegy on his master's magpie. In due time he was removed to Trinity College, Dublin, then flourishing under the tutorage of Dr. St. George Ash, where he acquired a larger portion of Greek and Latin than was then necessary for a fine gentleman. Whether in compliance with established custom, or with a view to profession, he was afterwards entered of the Middle Temple, and lived in chambers for some years, but probably paid no more attention to law than the critical Templar of the Spectator's club.

While little more than seventeen, he composed a novel, entitled, "Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconciled." It was dedicated, under the assumed name of Cleophil, to Mrs. Catherine Leveson. We are unable to determine who this lady might be, nor have we ever seen the novel itself. Could we procure it, we would not, like Johnson, *rather praise it than read it*. The following extract from the preface may show, however, how Congreve could write at seventeen, and how early he turned his thoughts to dramatic construction:—

"Since all *traditions* must indisputably give place to the drama, and since there is no possibility of giving that life to the writing or repetition of a story which it has in the action, I resolve in another beauty to imitate dramatic writing, namely, in the design, contexture, and result of the plot. I have

not observed it before in a novel. Some I have seen begin with an unexpected accident, which has been the only surprising part of the story,—cause enough to make the sequel look flat, tedious, and insipid; for it is but reasonable for the reader to expect, if not to rise, at least to keep upon a level in the entertainment; for so he may be kept on in hopes that at some time or other it may mend; but the other is such a baulk to a man,—it is carrying him up stairs to show him the dining room, and after, forcing him to make a meal in the kitchen. This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but also have used a method for the contrary purpose. The design of this novel is obvious, after the first meeting of Aurelian and Hippolyto with Incognita and Leonora; the difficulty is in bringing it to pass, maugre all apparent obstacles, within the compass of two days. How many probable casualties intervene in opposition to the main design, viz., of marrying two couples so oddly engaged in an intricate amour, I leave to the reader at his leisure to consider; as also, whether every obstacle does not, in the progress of the story, act as subservient to that purpose, which at first it seems to oppose. In a comedy, this would be called the unity of action; here it may pretend to no more than an unity of contrivance. The scene is continued in Florence from the commencement of the amour, and the time from first to last is but three days. If there be anything more in particular resembling the copy which I imitate, as the curious reader will soon perceive, I leave it to show itself, being very well satisfied how much more proper it had been for him to find out this of himself, than for me to possess him with an opinion of something extraordinary in an essay, begun and finished in the idler hours of a fortnight's time; for I can only

esteem that a laborious idleness that is parent to so inconsiderable a birth."

The thought of confining a novel to the *unities* was something original. But French criticism was then the rage: Dryden, too wise to fetter himself in practice, had given a popularity to its principles by his discussions; and Congreve, a precocious mind, might hope to gain a laurel by applying the French rules to a species of composition never before made amenable to them; as if one should make tea or brew small beer in chemical nomenclature.*

But the idea has nothing but novelty to recommend it. It may be laid down with as much certainty in literature as in politics, that all restriction is evil, *per se*, and can only be recommended or justified by a clear necessity, or a manifest benefit. The continuity and precipitation which a limited time or an immovable scene bestow, are of some value in the drama, and at any rate prevent the awkwardness of an interrupted action; but in a prose narrative the good cannot be obtained, while the restraint and inconvenience remain. We are told, that the story of "Incognita" is unnatural. How can it be otherwise, when two pair of lovers are to carry through their wooing and wedding, in spite of all the obstacles necessary to constitute a plot and an intrigue, in two days? But, besides unnaturally forcing the development of events, this confined construction forbids that natural development and growth of character

* A most infelicitous illustration! And why *might* not a novel, and a very good one in its kind, be written on such a plan? I am sure that the "Pilgrim," "Beggar's Bush," and several others of B. and F.'s dramas might be turned into very interesting novels. Had Congreve said that a good novel must be so written, then indeed H. might have slapped him.—S. T. C.

which is the main charm of a good novel, in which the influence of every event upon the hearts and minds of the agents and *patients* should be distinctly, yet not obtrusively marked; and even the effect of time on passions and humours should not be unnoted.

We know not the precise era at which "*Incognita*" was published; but it was not long before Congreve turned his efforts to that quarter in which alone he was destined to excel. He has himself told us, in his reply to Jeremy Collier, that to divert the tedium of convalescence from a severe illness, he began to compose a comedy. The result of his lucubrations was "*The Old Bachelor*."

At that time it was usual for authors to assemble in taverns and coffee-houses, and many a manuscript was discussed over the bottle. Every one must remember how Pope in his childhood was carried to the coffee-house where Dryden usually presided, and beheld the veteran in his arm-chair, which in winter held a prescriptive place by the fire side. This *popination* (as a quaint old writer terms it) rendered the seniors of literature much more accessible to young aspirants than the domestic habits of the present race, with all their hospitality, permit them to be. Congreve, a Templar, and almost a boy, had already heard and partaken the conversation of Dryden, Wycherley, Southern, and other poets and critics, and frequenters of the theatre, so that he had the benefit of experience, by anticipation, in a line of writing which has been supposed to require more experience than any other. When the "*Old Bachelor*" was shown to Dryden, he pronounced that "*Such a first play he had never seen.*" Something, however, was yet wanting to ensure its success, for, he added, "*It was a pity, seeing the author was ignorant of stage and town, that he should miscarry*"

for want of a little assistance. The stuff was rich indeed, only the fashionable cut was wanting." According to Southern, it was near miscarrying from another cause:—"When he brought it to the players, he read it so wretchedly ill that they were on the point of rejecting it, till one of them good-naturedly took it out of his hands, and read it." The players must, however, have expected great things from him; for Thomas Davenant, then manager of Drury Lane, gave him what is called the privilege of the house half a year before his play came on the stage, a favour at that time unparalleled. Having undergone a revision from Dryden, Southern, and Mainwaring, the "Old Bachelor" was produced in 1693, before a crowded and splendid audience, and met with triumphant success. The prologue intended to have been spoken was written by Lord Falkland. The play, when printed, was prefaced with three copies of commendatory verses, by Southern, Marsh, and Higgins. The pride or modesty of a modern writer would revolt at the ancient custom of publishing these flattering testimonials in the vestibule of his own book, where, after all, they could not answer the place of an advertisement.* Flattery, wherever she

But why! supposing the verses worth reading for themselves? Would not H. be sorry to miss Barrow's and Marvel's poetic Prefaces to the "Paradise Lost?" I fear that the jealousy and, still more, the *unbrotherhood* of modern authors have more to do with it than either pride or modesty.—S. T. C.

If there be any bitterness in this remark, it is that of a wounded spirit. Alas! there have been misadventures and misunderstandings enough among literary men in every age to make this too natural an expression of feeling on the part of any one of the number in the decline of life. It is an old complaint;—

καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ δοιδὺς δοιδῷ.

may now abide, no longer rules despotic in first pages.*

but surely it was not *especially* true, as applied to the contemporaries of S. T. Coleridge. *Pace tanti viri dixerim*.—The fashion of commendatory verses had gone by, whether for the reason given in the text, or because among a few good sets, there have always been many bad ones,—not worth reading, except perhaps in aftertimes as literary memorials,—or because such praise, like hospitality to a rich neighbour, had lost its value by seeming to invite a return in kind;—but there was no want of brotherhood among the poets of that time. It was shown in other ways. Southey brought out his first pieces in conjunction with Lovell; Coleridge himself, with Lloyd and Lamb, and afterwards with Wordsworth, whose “Orphic song” he heralded, though long before it appeared, by what we may if we please call a copy of commendatory verses—and what verses! His memory, however late, has received a full requital. What a monument of brotherhood is the “Prelude!”

Again, what Mason did for Gray, Moore has done for Byron, and Talfourd for Lamb, leaving in each case a record of the warmest friendship. He too who threw the Adonais on the grave of Keats, would not have grudged to usher in the Hyperion with a similar tribute; and much more might be said to the same effect, both of the living and the dead.—*D. C.*

* Congreve dedicated the “Old Bachelor” to the Lord Clifford of Lanesborough, son to the Lord Burlington. The allusion to the connection between the families is neat:—¹ “My Lord, it is with great pleasure I lay hold on this first occasion which the accidents of my life have given me of writing to your Lordship; for since, at the same time, I write to all the world, it will be the means of publishing what I would have every body know,—the respect and duty

¹ Neat, my dearest Hartley! more clumsy, involved common place, I have seldom seen. The thought occurs over and over again in the dedications of Massinger and his contemporaries.—*S. T. C.*

The exhibition of the "Old Bachelor" was hailed as a new era in theatric history. The praise which it fairly earned by its intrinsic merit was enhanced by respect to the author's youth. The critics were glad to display their generosity by applauding, and their candour by forgiving: the play-going public gave their usual hearty welcome to a new comer: reader and auditor alike were amazed at the stripling whose maiden essay achieved what so many laborious brains had been toiling for the last half century to produce — perpetual excitement and incessant splendour. But this "gay comedy" brought down rewards more comfortable than the cold approbation of the few, more lasting than the manual plaudits of the many, and far more lucrative than the casual profits of an author's night. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, who owed his own advancement partly to a worthless *jeu d'esprit*,* written in concert

which I owe and pay to you. I have so much inclination to be your's, that I need no other engagement, but the particular ties, by which I am bound both to your Lordship and family, have put it out of my power to make you any compliment, since all offers of myself will amount to no more than an honest acknowledgement, and only show a willingness in me to be grateful."

* The Court and Country Mouse, a very flat imitation of the Rehearsal, meant to ridicule Dryden's Hind and Panther, not of course sparing his conversion to the creed of the abdicated monarch. It may be found in the State Poems, but it is not worth looking for. We are sorry that Prior, for whom we have a sneaking affection, should have had anything to do with it. The manifest absurdity and incongruity of Dryden's allegory must have been obvious to Dryden himself;¹

¹ I confess I have ever felt the Spotted Panther, &c., as pleasing marks of the tranquil feeling in which this ingenious poem was written, and possibly intended as such by Dryden.
—S. T. C.

with Prior, in which he meanly and stupidly insulted the grey hairs of Dryden, had lately been

but perhaps he thought absurdity as necessary for a superstitious King, as obscenity for a polluted stage. Montague seems to have delighted in kicking at the Ex-Laureate. In one of the few copies of indifferent couplets which give him a place among the Poets (!!!) of Great Britain, occur the following lines, in which there is but too much truth,—but it is not truth which a generous mind would have cast in the teeth of a great man, oppressed with years and misfortunes :—

“ Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart.

Now sentenced, by a penance too severe,
For playing once the fool, to perrevere.”

That Dryden, as a Poet, wants heart¹ (whatever he may have done as a man), his warmest admirers (and we are among them) can hardly deny ; but this was not Montague's meaning. In the couplet, he hints that Dryden would gladly have returned to the Church of England if his double apostacy would have been acceptable. But this is an uncharitable surmise. He might not be, in the highest sense of the word, sincere in his reunion to the Church of Rome : but there is no reason in the world to assume that he was an absolute and deliberate impostor. Much more likely he was as sincere a Catholic as ever he had been a Christian,—as sincere as the bulk of professing Christians in any sect or denomination. His good sense convinced him that religion was *good* ; but whether it was true or not, he very probably neither knew nor cared. Most likely he thought it a particularly good thing for the *common people* ; and of course, therefore, concluded that form of religion to be best which is most potent over the many, and gives most power to the pastors. Now, this is undoubtedly the Catholic. Any one who will read the preface to Dryden's *Religio Laici*, written while he was still a professing

¹ How does H. define *heart* ? God save poor Dryden from his friends, and from my Hartley (that is, as to this note,) among them.—S. T. C.

invested with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and as the gravity of that office was not strictly compatible with the profession of a wit, he took upon him the character of Mécænas,—a very ex-

Protestant, will perceive that he had already adopted principles, of which the *expediency* of *Popery* was a necessary consequence.

The arguments which the Church of Rome has to advance are neither few nor easily answered. The communion of that Church offers many spiritual advantages and facilities to a man declining in years, who could not look back on his past course with much satisfaction, and who had all the work of religion yet to do. That the time of his conversion coincided with his apparent interest, might account for his insincerity, were it proved; but can it prove it while it is doubtful? No established law of nature or reason forbids that a man's convictions shall coincide with his interests. In truth, while man remains in the state of nature, the probabilities and plausibilities, which are all that he can know of religion, are so equally poised, that the scales might hang for ever in equilibrium, if the volition were not exerted to make the one or other preponderate; and the volition is always determined by the habit, interest, or passion, if it be not modified and subjected by Divine influence.

Secundæ curæ. I have unintentionally done injustice to Montague in accusing him of insulting Dryden in his misfortunes. The *Court and Country Mouse* was written before the Revolution of 1688, while Dryden was yet Laureate, supposed to be high in Royal favour, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him." Therefore, Montague and Prior, by the publication of their joint satire, were defying persecution, and only blameable, first, for making a wretched witless parody of a paradox; secondly, for satirising an aged man, greatly their superior in genius. But in palliation it may be alleged that Dryden was himself a satirist, little careful as to whom he satirised, so that the satire was keen and strong, and agreeable either to the Town or to his Patrons.—*H. C.*

pensive honour, when it was expected of a patron to pay handsomely for every dedication that was offered him. Dorset, who preceded Montague as Mæcenas, must have been considerably out of pocket at the year's end on this score alone, though some part of the onus fell on Nell Gwynne,* the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Mary of Este. But Montague, having the fingering of the public money, and succeeding to the management of a government in which interest was to supply the place of terror, and influence to heal the breaches of prerogative, hit on a more economical method of securing the adulation of prosemen and verse-men, than paying them for dedications. Louis XIV. had pensioned poets, and was supposed to have laid out the money at good interest; but Louis was an absolute sovereign, and had no parliament to overhaul his accounts. To have put a poet into any post of responsibility was too hazardous. It is assuredly better to pay men for doing nothing, than for spoiling work. But most conveniently it happened, that there were a large stock of places, which had outlasted the occasions for which they were invented. There were Boards, which were furnished with a double set of members—one for use, which, like the vocal pipes in the body of an organ, were kept out of sight, *i. e.* the clerks, deputies, &c., and another, like the pipes in the front of an organ,

* One of Mrs. Behn's plays is appropriately dedicated to this mother of nobles, who had so much kind-heartedness as to remind one pitifully of the title of Ford's tragedy. Otway dedicated his "Venice Preserved" to the Duchess of Portsmouth; and Dryden his abominable parody upon Paradise Lost, to Mary of Este, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of James II., to whom certain of the patriots of eighty-eight, not content with depriving her of a crown, denied the holier honours of maternity.

displayed to public view with all advantages of gilding.* Thus, without expense to himself, additional expense to the country, or risk of exposure by appointing an incompetent person to an office of trust, Montague was enabled to make Congreve a Commissioner for licensing hackney coaches, to give him a place in the pipe office, and shortly after, another in the customs, worth six hundred a year, and all for writing a single comedy. Never, in England at least, was author rewarded so rapidly—seldom so highly. The money value of wit had risen mightily at court, since poor Butler was allowed to linger out a life of poverty. Even Dryden had little more than the Laureate's paltry hundred.† Perhaps the Whigs wished to make the *amende honorable* to the Muses for their ejection of Dryden, by extraordinary liberality to Congreve.

The days of William were not the days of economical reform. It does not appear that this accumu-

* Take the sum *tittle* of these "front pipes," or *cure sine cura*, and how small the amount compared with the plunder from the Nationalty, out of a fraction of which the main tax-payers furnished them; and had they been commonly appropriated to even such minds as Congreve's, how little reason would the public have to complain.—*S. T. C.*

By "plunder from the Nationalty" *S. T. C.* means Church property, not merely secularised, but rendered *private* and *heritable*, at the Reformation. See "Church and State."—*D. C.*

† *Secundæ curæ*. I have made another error with regard to Dryden, asserting that he had little more than the Laureate's paltry pay. He had as Laureate, and Historiographer Royal, between three and four hundred pounds a year, of course forfeited at the Revolution. It does not appear, however, that he was ever in actual want or heavy debt, for he retained a small patrimonial estate till his death, in 1701. This I ascertained from Scott's *Life of Dryden*, originally prefixed to his edition of the Poet's works.—*H. C.*

lation of places on a lucky theatrical adventurer excited any discontent, except, it may be, among some of the stricter sort, who deemed the poet's meed the wages of vanity. We will not speculate on the reception that the sinecurist's next play would have met from the gallery in these days, or how the political economists would have approved so extravagant a bounty upon *unproductive labour*. Meanwhile, there is nothing moves the indignation of certain persons more than the evil eye which the poor, and not only the poor, are taught to cast on the gratuities of the Treasury. Few of these have lately descended upon authors, but those few have not escaped severe animadversion in the Extraordinary Black Book, and similar publications, wherein, as usual, the reflections are ever more bitter against the receivers than against the givers. Hireling and slave are the civillest phrases which any writer may expect who accepts a boon from the rulers of his country.

These feelings, however, are but natural to a period of financial embarrassment and general distress.* A poor woman might very excusably complain of her husband, if he spent his wages upon poems, or play-books, or picture-books, while she and her children were wanting bread. But suppose this state of things passed away, the question would still remain:—In what measure, and by what method, should literature and the fine arts be fostered by the state? We might extend the inquiry further, and ask,—“Are the higher objects of the human intellect legitimate objects of civil government?” And,—“Should the achievements of intellect, simply as such, and without reference to any increase of wealth

* General *cupidity*, and the malcontent of almost every man with his own lot.—*S. T. C.*

or safety, or convenience to be derived from them, be rewarded or honoured by the community in its corporate capacity, or be left to the care of the people in their individual capacities?"

We purposely waive all discussion of these questions on grounds of public economy. We shall not enter into argument with the Utilitarians, as to what abstract science, or fine literature, or fine art, *are worth*, or what use they are of, or whether we might not do very well without them. We will, for the present, take it for granted, that the faculties of pure reason, imagination, and taste, ought to be perfected as much as possible; that philosophy and poetry, truth and beauty, are noble ends of human nature. We will assume—nay, assert—that every man, rich or poor, is, or may be, the better for whatever exalts the imagination, or humanises the heart; in a short sentence of plain prose, that public money would be well and wisely expended in the promotion of literature, and of fine literature, if the disbursement were really for the benefit of literature or its professors. But "there's the rub."

It is held by some, whose sentence is not lightly to be set aside, that were it not for the support and sustenance of the state (which is and must be represented by the government for the time being), were it not for endowments, salaries, honours, privileges, determined by positive laws, and involved in the very constitution of property, all studies would cease but those which are subservient to the needs and appetites of the body, or gratify the whim, humour, passion, or fashion of the moment; all poetry become a dead letter, philosophy a forgotten dream, religion a ghost untimely severed from the body;

And unawares Morality expire.

In short, that men would love, esteem, or venerate nothing beyond that which they had in common with beasts, if there were not an imputed dignity, an artificial system, to uphold the Man in Man.

This is a fearful denunciation, a woful prospect, —but how far is it borne out by facts? That mankind in general are too apt to forget the interests of the soul, is a sad and awful truth; but it is a tendency which no worldly power, no worldly wealth, no human bounty can counteract. It is as impossible to bribe, as to persecute men into caring for their souls. It can never be any man's worldly interest to be unworldly. But, it may be answered, if endowments and establishments cannot avert the decay of piety, they may oppose the advances of ignorance. They may make knowledge honourable, and secure leisure for study. They may, which is more than all, disengage a portion of the public heart from the passions and pursuits of the day, and procure respect for accomplishments and acquisitions whose value is to the mind. They may induce some, who would else be content to stop at the needful, to aim at the perfect. And in this there is certainly some truth. It is a work of long time, to interest the multitude, *the great vulgar or the small*, in anything that is not of the earth, earthy; and yet how few would undergo the toil of intellectual exertion, of deep research, of patient investigation, of painful thought, if they knew not of any to appreciate their labours, to sympathise with their perplexities of doubt, their joys of discovery? Or suppose that a few have studied solely for their own delight, without a wish to communicate, the world has been none the better for their lucubrations. In those rude and stormy periods, when war is the only occupation, and the chase or the banquet the only relaxations of the noble

and the free,—while the laborious classes, brutalised by oppression, are too ignorant to desire knowledge, and the whole atmosphere of society too inclement for peaceful contemplation, or tender fancy, — whatever of learning or of art may subsist, would infallibly perish, if left to make its own way in the world. To ensure mutual aid, protection, and sympathy, the learned must separate themselves from the many, and be united under common regulations; they must form for themselves a corporate constitution, an *imperium in imperio*; they will need a strong arm to preserve their “pensive citadels” from violence; and, as their labours have yet acquired no saleable value, they must be dependent either upon alms, too often obtained by imposing on credulity, or on bequests and donations from the rich and great.

Here we may behold the origin and necessity of colleges, academies, and the like foundations, by means of which a learned class arose in the very heart of mediæval darkness,—instructors and counsellors were raised up, by whom a taste for knowledge was communicated to the higher gentry,—the value of learning was impressed upon the minds of the charitable, who were thus incited to provide the means of gratuitous instruction for the poor. The more information was diffused, the higher and purer was the respect paid it. The scholar and the philosopher obtained reverence as such from high and low, and were no longer obliged to be priests, conjurors, or astrologers.

We admit, therefore, that up to a certain point, an established order of learned men is absolutely necessary for the conservation of literature and the prevention of barbarism; and that this order can only be preserved by the power of the state, or by the superstitious reverence of the people,—that is,

while the people remain so ignorant as to be incapable of conceiving the true value of knowledge, or till knowledge is so far perfected as to demonstrate its own value by its practical results.

But, after a certain point, there needs no adventitious advantages to conciliate regard to the perfections and achievements of intellect. The danger is, that they will be too much prized, too much desired, too much sought for. Already there are many who expect from human knowledge the work of Divine Grace. Science has made man master of matter; it has enabled him to calculate the revolutions of nature, to multiply his own powers beyond all that was dreamed of spell or talisman: and now it is confidently prophesied that another science is to remove all the moral and political evils of the planet; that by analysing the passions, we shall learn to govern them; and that, when the science of education is grown of age, virtue will be taught as easily as arithmetic, and comprehended as readily as geometry—with the aid of wooden diagrams. Let us not be deceived. "Leviathan is not so tamed." The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

These Utopian theories are of little consequence, any further than as they divert the mind from the true way to moral happiness. The almost universal desire for intellectual distinction is a fever that rather needs sedatives than stimulants; but it is an evil which, if left to itself, will remedy itself: when ordinary acquirements cease to be a distinction in any class, not more will attain to that eminence which may entitle them to look above their inherited station, than the demands of society will provide for. The rest will continue to study at leisure hours for their own improvement and delight, but without the ambitious yearnings which make homely duties

irksome, the lazy conceit which calls honest industry vile drudgery, the inordinate hopes which, whether starved or surfeited, perish miserably, and leave behind them vanity, and vexation of spirit. There is no further need, then, for any interference of the state to keep learning in countenance, or to confer respect on genius. There is one way, however, in which the public money may sometimes be wisely expended for the promotion of knowledge or of art. This is, by furnishing employment to scholars and artists in works of public utility. We take the word utility in its widest sense, and hold all truth and all beauty to be useful. Expeditions fitted out for the extension of science are an honour to the liberal government which plans, and to the brave men who conduct them. Researches in natural history, mineralogy, botany, &c., especially if carried on in distant countries, are attended both with peril and expense. A wise government will not grudge any reasonable sum to secure and indemnify such of its subjects as devote their talents to pursuits so beneficial. The same may be said of chemistry, medicine, anatomy, &c. Nor will a judicious economist think that money misspent, which enables a man, tried and proved, to be equal to the task, to execute any great work, the size or subject of which forbids a remunerating sale; or which necessarily takes up a long time in execution, or is too expensive for an author's purse to undertake: such, for example, as a collection of ancient historical documents; a complete edition of the scarce and early poets; or a great etymological dictionary, which should include a progressive history of the language.

In like manner may the painter, the sculptor, and the architect be fostered and honoured by public employment, and labour to adorn their country. Genius of this kind requires more assistance from

wealth than any other. But let the works for which the public are to pay be strictly of a public nature. Let them be accessible to all who can appreciate or enjoy them. Let the picture and the statue serve to exalt and purify the general imagination, not to pamper the odious pride of exclusive possession. By retrenching the waste of the nation's substance in tasteless pageantry, which has lost what meaning it ever had, England may become as much the country of art as of poetry, and a reproach be wiped away from the Reformation.

But whatever assistance the state may afford to literature or the arts, should always be given as a consideration for *work done*. No man should be pensioned or placed for the mere possession of genius or learning.

We are not ignorant that many persons advocate the position, that it were well for the community that the learned, strictly so called, should be maintained as an order in the state, on revenues set apart and consecrated to that purpose; and that poets more ennobled their skill when they sung for monarchs, statesmen, noble dames, and barons bold, than now, when their fortunes, if not their fame, are dependent on the sale of their productions, or the speculative liberality of a bibliopole. Even now there are many who think that so-called *sinecures* might be rendered most beneficial, in giving leisure to intellect; so that the genius and the scholar, free from worldly toil and anxiety, may labour for glory and posterity, and repay their country's bounty with deathless honour. The advantages of "learned leisure" to the Church establishment have been asserted with Paley's plausibility and Southey's upright zeal; and might not "learned leisure," wit in easy circumstances, imagination with a moderate

independence, be serviceable to the state also? Shall there be no cushions, where unconsecrated heads may slumber *pro bono publico*?

This, it must be confessed, sounds well; but if the actual history of modern authorship were honestly written, we should discover that the expectation of patronage has ruined more geniuses, both in purse and character, than the liberality of patrons has ever benefited. We shall not here inquire into the probability of the patronage being wisely bestowed, but it may just be observed, that those writers who have looked for support to the great, have been by no means conspicuous for the morality, or even for the decency, of their productions. But patronage should never be accorded to the presumptive evidences of genius, or even to the *promise* of excellence. The bounty, whether of kings or of commonwealths, or of nobles, honours itself and its object, when it is bestowed on the veteran scholar or grey-headed poet—when it provides peace, comfort, and competence to venerable age. But it should be given unsought. No encouragement should be afforded to vain youth, who, by a servile display of flashy fantasies, and a presumptuous rivalry of well-bred vices, endeavour to insinuate themselves, canker-like, into the opening blossoms of nobility; nor should the more prudent advances of the middle-aged be suffered to outstep the bounds of modesty.*

Although we cannot reckon the profusion of sinecures which rewarded the production of the "Old Bachelor" as one of the happiest signs of the times of Halifax, it was utterly unjust in Swift, Pope, and

* All I can say of these pages is that the reasoning is *crude*, compared with what H. would have produced had I been blest with his society, and what of himself he will yet produce.—*S. T. C.*

the other Tory wits, to represent that minister as regardless of the claims of genius, and only liberal to party virulence. Yet the Dean, in one of his minor poems, literally holds up Congreve as having been long neglected and half-starved.—

“Thus Congreve spent, in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days;
While Montague, who claimed the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne’er considered where they slept;
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, tho’ they wanted shoes;
And *crazy* Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair,
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan’s fire to party zeal:
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might any dunce alive.”

In this last line the Dean is deplorably in the wrong. Dunces never thrive but in the way of honesty. Had not Congreve been a splendid wit, he would not have been worth purchase. We cannot conjecture why he calls Congreve crazy.* There is no madness in his writings,—neither the *fine madness* of poetry, nor the rant and fury of a disordered brain: and in his private conduct, whatever virtue he might want, he possessed an ample store of prudence. With so little of truth or reason could the man write,

* *Secundæ curæ*. I believe the word crazy, in Swift’s time, was generally applied to bodily, not mental infirmity. Congreve was gouty, and the Dean in alluding to the chair probably hinted that Congreve, too lame to walk, was too poor to be carried.—*H. C.*

who, of all his contemporaries, *might* have been the greatest philosopher.*

Congreve's next play was the "Double Dealer,"† produced in 1694. It seldom happens that a second

* That is if with equal genius he had *not* been Dean Swift, but almost the very contrary.—*S. T. C.*

† In the preface to this comedy are some observations, so just, and of so extensive an application, that they will be worth their room at the bottom of the page :—

"That which looks most like an objection, does not relate in particular to this play, but to all, or most, that ever have been written ; that is, soliloquy ; therefore I will answer it, not only for my own sake, but to save others the trouble to whom hereafter it may be objected. I grant, that for a man to talk to himself appears absurd and unnatural, and indeed it is so in most cases ; but the circumstances which may attend the occasion make great alterations. It oftentimes happens to a man to have designs which confine him to himself, and in their nature cannot admit of a confident. Such, for certain, is all villainy ; and other less mischievous intentions may be very improper to be communicated to a second person. In such a case the audience must observe whether the person upon the stage takes any notice of them at all or no ; for if he supposes any one to be by when he talks to himself, it is monstrous and ridiculous in the last degree ; nay, not only in this case, but in any part of a play, if there be expressed any knowledge of an audience, it is insufferable. But otherwise, when a man, in soliloquising, reasons with himself, and *pros* and *cons*, and weighs all his designs, we ought not to imagine that this man either talks to us, or to himself ; he is only thinking, and thinking such matter as it were inexcusable folly in him to speak. But because we are concealed spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this person's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make use of the expedient of speech, no other or better way being yet invented for the communication of thought."

work is received with an increase of applause. There is, independent of envy, a very strong tendency to suspect writers of falling below themselves. Homer himself has been accused of betraying senility in the *Odyssey*; and the more subdued interest necessarily arising from the plan and subject of "*Paradise Regained*," has been ascribed, with little justice, to the increasing years of Milton. The "*Double Dealer*," though the performance was honoured with the presence of Queen Mary, met with some opposition on the stage, and a good deal of severe criticism in the closet. Congreve had little difficulty in parrying the individual objections: of such criticism as was then current, he was a dexterous master, and as he wrote with great care and forethought, according to his own ideal of perfection, he probably anticipated every censure in his mind before it was uttered. But those who read his works in these days will be rather surprised to find him assuming the part of a censor and a moralist, and telling the *ladies* that he aims at their reformation and improvement. "There is one thing," says he, "at which I am more concerned, than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, *some* of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected. How can I help it? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind; and there are but two sexes, male and female, men and women, that have a title to humanity; and if I leave one half of them out, the work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended. But they can no more expect it in a

comedy, than to be tickled by a surgeon when he's letting them blood. Those who are virtuous or discreet should not be offended; for such characters as these distinguish them, and make their virtues more shining and observed; and they who are of the other kind may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeased or touched with the satire in this comedy. Thus they have also wrongfully accused me of doing them a prejudice, when I have in reality done them a service.*

* Genuine Comedy is, I fear, almost incompatible with Christianity, as it exists among the many, who neither can, nor will *abstract*. Now Comedy is an abstraction.—S. T. C.

This is, in effect, the defence set up with admirable skill, by Charles Lamb, in his apology for the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, but it is not available *for them* as a moral justification. Comedy, it is true, enters not as such into the domain of the reason or conscience,—it deals with the senses, and with the sensuous understanding. It is an abstraction. So, in its own way, is Tragedy—so is all poetry, and all fine art. Its essence consists in a *restricted* imitation, observing a certain “inward law,” as distinguished from a literal copy. The moral fault of Congreve’s dramas is not that they imitate, it may be feared too faithfully, the manners and feelings of the readers or auditors for whom he wrote—that they show to that unhappy “age and time his form and pressure,”—nor yet that the imitation is “artificial,”—that for the purpose of comic effect, the spiritual part of man is left out of the representation; but that the *intention*, which in Shakspeare, and Molière, and even in Aristophanes, with all his grossness, is always good, and often serious, in Congreve and his compeers is almost always bad. There is no abstraction in the sense required. He represents positive relaxation of moral ties, not a mere absence, or conventional negation, and he does so approvingly.

Comedy, the pure abstraction exhibited by Aristophanes, has seldom if ever been produced in Christian times; but in

This is the common plea of satirists, but it is at best an afterthought. We are far from deeming the satirists among the most malicious of mankind: they are, at worst, splenetic, but for the most part rather vain than ill-natured. But it is much easier to shine in depicting an immoral than a moral character; and of all characters, the truly virtuous female is the most difficult to draw satisfactorily in a dramatic poem. It is easy enough to describe, for it is not unfrequently seen; it is very easy for a poet to praise, for he has little to do but to collect all the fine and savoury comparisons which Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, botany, mineralogy, zoology, and metaphysics supply, and attach them to a sylph-like figure, with black or auburn locks, as the case may require. But when the woman is to speak and act, when she is to shed the perfume of her goodness spontaneously, and shine by her own light, and yet not overstep the reserved duties of her sex—there is a task beneath which human genius is in danger of breaking down. We really cannot recal to memory a single dramatic female whom we should recommend for a wife, or for an example. Shakspeare's women are many of them exceedingly lovely, but from the small discretion he seems to have used in the choice of his stories, what they *do* is not always in unison with what they *are*. Their words and feelings are their nature; their actions are their destiny. The common run of tragedy queens are very unamiable; so much so, indeed, that it is pleasant to reflect that they have no resemblance to nature or reality. Comic females are much more entertaining; but with the exception of one or two

the mixed and life-like drama to which we are accustomed, the comic element may very well carry with it its explanation and corrective even for the many.—*D. C.*

specimens of prudent perfection, generally introduced, like Lady Grace, for the sake of contrast, and a few pieces of sentimental simplicity, such as Cicely Homespun, they are almost universally distinguished by a readiness of falsehood, a spirit of intrigue, and stratagem, which must make them very dangerous inmates or companions. Yet it would be next to impossible to write a comedy from which this sort of underplay was exiled. The choice seems to be, whether the interest shall turn mainly upon the bad characters, and the better sort of persons throughout be dupes and victims, consigned to happiness at last by some wonderful accident or discovery (the plan generally pursued by Fielding in his novels), or whether, as in Congreve, all shall play a game of delusion, at which all the *dramatis personæ* are playing, in which the best player is the winner. There is a strong tendency in the human mind to exult in the success of stratagem. There must, indeed, be some excuse invented for cheating; but love, revenge, self-defence, or the mere pleasure of witty contrivances, will answer the purpose very well with an audience, who are always glad to give their moral judgment a holiday.

But though the heroine of a comedy can hardly be a good example to her sex, there is no necessity that she should be an offensive insult to it. Her faults should be such as a good woman might feel it possible for herself to have committed,—such as a moderate degree of self-delusion might pass off for virtues. The ladies were quite right in resenting the exhibition of Lady Touchwood. An innocent heart would require much and sad experience to convince it of the possibility of such a being. There are degrees of wickedness * too bad to laugh

* *Wickedness* is no subject for comedy. This was Congreve's

at, however they may be mingled with folly, affectation, or absurdity.

Towards the close of 1694 Queen Mary died. Few queens have made fewer personal enemies, and perhaps few have been more sincerely regretted.* But were we to judge of the quality of the national affliction by the sable flights of lugubrious verse that were devoted to the good Queen's memory, we should say that the English nation were the worst actors of royal woe in the world. Congreve committed a pastoral among the rest,—perhaps not the worst copy of verses produced on the occasion.† It must

great error, and almost peculiar to him. The *Dramatis Personæ* of Dryden, Wycherley, &c., are often *vicious*, *obscene*, &c., but not, like Congreve's, *wicked*.—*S. T. C.*

* *Secundæ curæ.* This is not strictly correct. Better had I said few queens with so many personal enemies have left so fair a name. It was her calamity to reckon among her personal enemies her father, James, and her sister, Anne, though she was a mere passive instrument in the deposition of her father, and little more in the refusal of a sufficient establishment to her sister. Nor was she recompensed for the alienation of her kindred, by any extraordinary tenderness of her husband, who owed to her his elevation to the throne of England; and of course brought upon her the reproaches of all who disapproved or suffered by the change of dynasty. Among the most virulent was a Jacobite parson (of the Church of England) who preached her funeral sermon from 2 Kings, ix. 34. "Go see now this cursed woman and bury her, for she was a king's daughter." Thus comparing Mary to Jezebel.—*H. C.*

† Those who would form a comparative estimate of the national genius, as it was exerted on similar occasions at the close of the 17th, and at the commencement of the 18th century, may be amused by comparing the numerous tributes to the late Princess Charlotte, with the compositions that appeared on the decease of Queen Mary. The comparison will certainly show favourably for the present race of poets.

be a very indifferent *Keen* that is not better than any of them. Such drivel might make the Muses join in the hyperbolical prayer of Flatman, that "Kings should never die."

Congreve's next play was "Love for Love," produced in 1695. A new play, acted on a new stage, has every advantage which novelty can confer. Congreve advanced the higher claim of a service to an old favourite of the public. Betterton, who has left behind him a permanence of fame which some have denied that the actor can achieve, having reason to complain of his treatment by managers, was about to open a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "Love for Love" was the first play acted on this stage. Its success was considerable, and it continued to be acted at intervals longer than any other of its author's comedies. But its charm as an acting play is gone; and perhaps it owed its occasional representation more to its containing those never-failing characters, a positive over-bearing father, and a jack tar, than either to its wit or its licentiousness. It is said that Congreve, while engaged in composing this piece, paid a six weeks'

They at least speak seriously, on a serious subject—like men who felt the holiness of death. But we are not to conclude, that men do not feel at all, because they choose to express their feelings in a whimsical masquerade. Grief, no less than mirth, has its fashions. Its outward signs are variable and arbitrary as mourning colours. In criticising funereal poetry it should be recollected, that the main purpose of a monument, whether of verse or of marble, is not to express the sorrow of the survivors, but to preserve the memory of the deceased. No one imagines, no one is asked to believe, that the poet, when he is composing his monody or elegy for Prince or Princess, is struggling with a sense of actual bereavement—that he is shedding painful tears.

visit to Portsmouth, in order to study sea manners from the life. Yet it has been objected, that the marine phraseology is not very accurate; and certainly, the character is so wide from the warm-hearted, gallant sailor of the modern stage, as to appear almost like a libel on the favourite profession. "Love for Love" is dedicated to Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, &c. One of Congreve's biographers commends this as containing "*no fulsome adulation.*" Pray what call you this?—"Whoever is King, is also the father of his country; and as nobody can dispute your Lordship's monarchy in poetry, so all that are concerned ought to acknowledge your universal patronage." If this was meant to be believed, it was adulatory enough. But before we charge the authors of past days with universal sycophancy, we should duly consider, not merely what their words mean, but what sense they were intended to convey. The language of compliment was the only dialect in which a peer and a commoner could converse. The dedication was itself a real and sincere compliment; for it implied either gratitude for bounty, or a confidence in generosity. But the terms in which it was couched were merely conventional: to vary and adopt the topics of panegyric was a harmless exercise of ingenuity. Compliments, in ages past, were paid to sex or rank; in ours, they are directed to the person. Compliment, however, is not necessarily flattery. It is, at worst, but a foolish fashion, a misuse of words.

The experience of ages had not then convinced the poets that a battle fought last week is by no means a happy subject for a Pindaric. The capture of Namur by Louis XIV. had been magnified by all the bards of Paris. The same fortress was unfortunate

enough to give occasion to another volley of odes when recaptured by King William. Congreve's contribution was a series of irregular stanzas; a species of versification to which Cowley and his imitators had given a temporary *éclat*, confirmed and heightened by the success of Alexander's Feast. Congreve afterwards condemned these lawless measures; and, according to Johnson, had the merit of teaching the world, "that Pindar's odes were regular," a discovery which, we venture to affirm, an English ear, unassisted by eyes and fingers, would never have made. There seems to be no sufficient reason why a long ode should not occasionally vary its movement, if there be a corresponding variation in the feeling; but each system should certainly have a law, an ordonnance within itself, and there ought to be an equilibrium between the whole. But none but a great poet should be allowed to write irregular stanzas. Their tempting facility, which promises to give freedom to thought, does in reality save the trouble of thinking.

Congreve had produced three comedies in as many years, the only important results of that leisure and freedom from care which the minister had bestowed upon him. Nearly two years elapsed between the representation of "Love for Love," and that of the "Mourning Bride," his single tragedy, which was more rapturously received than any product of his comic muse. The critics have not confirmed the sentence of the theatre. Yet the "Mourning Bride" is assuredly the effort of no common ability. It contains a passage which Johnson pronounced superior to any single speech in Shakspeare, and which appears to us more *poetical* than any thing in Rowe or Otway.* But poetry seldom saves a new play,

* Mr. Macaulay's remarks are to the same effect. "Two

though it sometimes happens that a *beauty*, which has become a common-place, adds greatly to the reputation of an actor in an established piece.

Perhaps the great success of the "Mourning Bride" might be owing, in no small measure, to astonishment. Mankind are always pleased to wonder for awhile, though they are soon tired of wondering. A tragedy by an author of so gay and comic a turn as Congreve, was something to wonder at. Moreover, tragedies are in general more favourably received than comedies in their first run. It is a rare thing for a serious drama to be hissed off the stage.* Truly has Terence spoken it:—

"Tantum majus oneris habet comedia, quantum minus veniæ."

Comedy has so much the more of difficulty, as it has less of allowance.

Not long after the appearance of the "Mourning

years passed," he observes, in the Essay already mentioned, "before he produced the 'Mourning Bride,' a play which, paltry as it is when compared, we do not say with 'Lear,' or 'Macbeth,' but with the best dramas of Massinger and Ford, stands very high among the tragedies of the age in which it was written. To find anything so good we must go back to 'Venice Preserved,' or six years forward to the 'Fair Penitent.' The noble passage which Johnson, both in writing and conversation, extolled above any other in the English drama, has suffered greatly in the public estimation from the extravagance of his praise. Had he contented himself with saying that it was finer than anything in the tragedies of Dryden, Otway, Lee, Rowe, Southern, Hughes, and Addison,—than anything, in short, that had been written for the stage since the days of Charles I., he would not have been in the wrong."—*D.C.*

* No, only *silenced* and *thin-audienced* off.—*S. T. C.*

Bride," Jeremy Collier* produced his celebrated strictures on the *Profaneness and Immorality of the*

* Jeremy Collier was born at Stow Qui, in Cambridge-shire, September 23rd, 1650. His father was a learned divine and linguist, and some time master of the Free School at Ipswich. His family was of Yorkshire. His education was at Ipswich, and Caius College, Cambridge. He took his Master's degree in 1676, was ordained Deacon in the same year, and Priest in 1677, by Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who has been mentioned as the first Bishop of noble birth after the Reformation. Collier was first domestic chaplain at Knowle, in Kent, on the establishment of the Countess Dowager of Dorset; then rector of Ampton, in Suffolk, a small preferment which he resigned after holding it about six years; came to London, and was made preacher at Lincoln's Inn. How far his orthodoxy allowed him to comply with James's measures we cannot tell; certainly his loyalty did not allow him to acknowledge the Revolution Government. He became a stubborn Non-juror, and a determined controversialist. Almost immediately after James's departure, he broke a lance with Burnet, in a pamphlet entitled "*The Desertion Discussed, in a Letter to a Country Gentleman,*" in which he labours to prove what we hope no honest man that has glanced at the facts with half an eye will now dispute, that James's retreat was occasioned by a well-grounded apprehension of personal danger; and that, therefore, he could not truly be said to have abdicated his throne. Here we thoroughly agree with honest Jeremy, whom we believe, though a perilously mistaken man, to have erred in head, not heart, and to have been an honour to that Church for which he would gladly have suffered martyrdom. That his understanding was not of the most lucid order, was in some sort to his credit, for it removes all reasonable doubt of his sincerity. His opinions being promulgated with little caution, and with none of that rhetorical artifice which utters sedition in hypothetical propositions, soon attracted the notice of a government too recently established to allow its legality to be discussed with impunity. Collier,

English Stage, and Congreve, among other and yet more grievous offenders, was severely handled for the

and Newton, another non-juring clergyman, were arrested at Romney Marsh, in Kent, on suspicion of holding intercourse with the disaffected over the channel. No evidence, however, was found to convict them, and they were discharged on bail. But liberty, obtained by an implied admission of an authority which he thought usurped, was far less comfortable to Jeremy's conscience, than the durance which made him a sufferer for an exiled king. He went before the Lord Chief Justice Holt, withdrew his recognisance, and was committed to the King's Bench, but shortly after discharged freely, at the request of many friends, and perhaps by the good sense of Justice Holt, who might easily conceive, that a prisoner for conscience' sake is more dangerous to a government founded on opinion, than the busiest agitator at large. Neither fear nor favour, however, quieted the zealous high-churchman, who continued to pour forth pamphlets as quick as he could write them, all which are now forgotten. It was in vain that Collier was the foe of the "*glorious and immortal*,"—that he was, in some judgments, the martyr, in others the enemy and disturber of his church. His name would hardly have been remembered, but for his controversy with play-wrights and players.

One of his proceedings, however, was so bold and singular, that it has gained him a place in that important department of history which relates to the last stage of the law. When Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins were executed for the assassination plot, Collier, together with Cook and Snatt, divines of like principles, publicly absolved and blessed the criminals on the scaffold. This, which was probably meant only to assert, by an extraordinary and overt act, the absolving power of the priesthood, was construed into an avowed approval of assassination. Of course a prosecution followed. Snatt and Cook were sent to Newgate, but after a time discharged without a trial: Collier, who scrupled to give bail, absconded, and was outlawed, an incapacity under which he laboured to the end of his life. The two arch-

licence of his pen. He would have done wisely had he, like Dryden, at once admitted the justice of the

bishops, and ten bishops, published a strong declaration in censure of his conduct with regard to the absolution. He replied again and again, with the perseverance of one determined to have the last word. Yet, though seldom disengaged from controversy, he found time to compose many works of a more peaceful character; some of which were essays, in which he concentrated the results of his meditations, and some ponderous dictionaries and histories, in which he treasured the fruits of his reading. Perhaps polemic writing was to him an agreeable excitement, a healthful exercise, a game which, however it was played, pleased him with the conceit of winning, and never impaired the health of his body, or the innermost peace of his soul. His essays, though not much read at present, have had their admirers, and comprehend a range of subjects, the mere selection of which proves that Collier possessed that essential of an active, exploring mind, a sympathy with all human interests. On the business of the grave, and on the pleasures of the gay, he often looked with anger, but seldom with indifference. Those essays, some of which are dialogues, others set discourses, and some translations from the Fathers, treat of clothes, duelling, music, and the spleen,—the office of a chaplain, the immateriality of the soul, and the weakness of human reason. It was in the year 1698 that he published "*A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on this Argument.*" As usual, the weakest part of the work is that in which he attempts to shame the moderns by ancient example. If more moral sentences might be extracted from Plautus or Terence than from Vanbrugh or Congreve, it may well be doubted whether the general tendency of their writings be much better. We are glad, however, that Jeremy admits the comparative purity of the elder English drama, and even alleges the authority of Ben Jonson and Fletcher against the immoral pretences of their successors. On the whole, it is probable that the main merit of Collier was that

charge. But he was young, conscious of talent, elated with success, and probably unconscious of

of calling the question into the *Court of Conscience*. There might be much coarseness, much pedantry, much bigotry in his pleadings; but yet the goodness of his cause, and the unanswerable nature of his evidence, secured him the victory.

Congreve was not the only culprit that spake in his own defence. Vanbrugh, whose "Relapse" and "Provoked Wife" had been marked objects of Collier's animadversions, produced "A Short Vindication" of those plays. Collier made a point of answering his answerers—a task which many polemics think it prudent to decline. His pamphlets on this subject alone make up a pretty thick volume.

We have mentioned in the text, that by thus appearing as the champion of morality, he softened the animosities which his politics had occasioned: and he might very probably have completely reconciled himself to the government, and risen to high preferment, if he had been so disposed. But whether he had invincible hopes of the restoration of the old order of things, or, as we believe, had made his error guardian of his faith and conscience, he continued a schismatic from horror of schism, and a bad subject through excess of loyalty. Yet to the honour of the Non-jurors be it spoken, they were assertors of church liberty. If they were wrong in their sentiments as to the constituents of a church, they maintained the sacred right of the church to dispose of its own offices, without interference of the civil power. Accordingly, Dr. George Hicks, who had been consecrated by the deprived Bishops of Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough, under the obsolete title of Suffragan of Thetford, in 1694, conferred episcopal ordination on Collier in 1713, a period when the negotiations at Utrecht, the discords of the English ministry, and the supposed bias of Queen Anne, had revived the spirits of the Jacobites; but as this ceremony did not give him a Bishop's power on earth, it passed over unnoticed by the ruling party. Collier did

ill intent. He attempted an answer, which only brought upon him a fresh castigation. In truth, his defence was as feeble as his cause was indefensible.*

not die till 1726, when he expired on the 26th of April, in the 76th year of his age, and was buried in St. Pancras church-yard.

Besides the works we have mentioned above, he was author of a "Historical Dictionary," chiefly taken from Moreri, which, like many other old books, may sometimes be found in libraries where you would least expect it; among the few books of a small tradesman, or the chance-gathered assemblage of odd volumes which a wet day produces from the cupboard of a country inn. Moreri was himself a very inaccurate compiler, and perhaps Collier has not materially diminished his blunders. The "Ecclesiastical History" of our author we cannot pretend to have read. On such a subject his peculiar opinions must have been more than usually active. Mr. Dibdin tells us that it might once be had for the price of waste paper, but that the days of *book-vandalism* are passed—so much the worse for poor book-worms. There are few branches of learning on which even well-educated Englishmen are so ill-informed as upon ecclesiastical history, surely the most interesting that a Christian or a philosopher can study. Southey's "Book of the Church" will go far to remove this reproach as far as England and the Church of England are concerned.

* "I cannot think it reasonable, that because Mr. Collier is pleased to write one chapter of immodesty, and another of profaneness, that therefore every expression traduced by him under those heads shall be condemned as obscene and profane immediately, and without further inquiry. Perhaps Mr. Collier is acquainted with the *deceptio visus*, and presents objects to the view through a stained glass: things may appear seemingly profane, when in reality they are only seen through a profane medium, and the true colour is dissembled by the help of a sophistical varnish: therefore, I demand the privilege of the Habeas Corpus and to appear before a just judge, in an uncounterfeit light."

While we gladly acknowledge the excellent scope and general justice of Collier's reproofs, we may be

This is a weak resistance, a puny attempt at pleasantry, unworthy of one of Congreve's wit-woulds. The following sophistry, though shallow enough, is rather more ingenious:—

"Because Mr. Collier, in his chapter of the profaneness of the stage, has founded great part of his accusation upon the liberty which poets take of using some words in their plays which have been sometimes employed by the translators of the Holy Scriptures; I desire that the following distinction may be admitted; viz.:—that when words are applied to sacred things, and with a design to treat of sacred things, they ought to be understood accordingly; but when they are otherwise applied, the diversity of the subject gives a diversity of signification; and in truth, he might as well except against the common use of the alphabet in poetry, because the same letters are necessary to the spelling of words which are mentioned in Sacred Writ."

But the disposition of a drowning man to catch at a straw was never more pitiably betrayed than in what follows:—

"It may not be impertinent to take notice of a very common expedient which is made use of to recommend the instruction of our plays, which is this: after the action of the play is over, and the delights of the representation at an end, there is generally care taken that the morals of the whole shall be summed up and delivered to the audience, in the very last and concluding lines of the poem. The intention of this is, that the delight of the representation may not so strongly possess the minds of the audience as to make them forget or oversee the instruction: it is the last thing said, that it may make the last impression; and it is always comprehended in a few lines, and put into rhyme, that it may be easy and engaging to the memory."

And so, the whole tendency of five acts of intrigue, lying, adultery, and *double entendre*, was to be corrected by a few couplets of jingling morality, spoken to the pit when the

allowed to doubt whether the effect of his admonitions was as great and sudden as some have supposed. He has been complimented as the purifier of comedy, and the great reformer of that stage which he purposed not to reform, but to overthrow. He certainly excited a great sensation, and gained both the King and the people to his side. William, educated in the strictness of Presbyterian discipline, and inured to the sobriety of Dutch manners, was so well pleased with the old Non-juror's boldness, that he interfered to mitigate the severity of those laws which Collier's Jacobite principles had induced him to offend. Even the police were aroused by the crying scandal. Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were fined for pronouncing profane and indecent words on the stage; and Colley Cibber tells us that comedy grew modest. The authors and actors might be upon their guard while public opinion, that Argus with a hundred drowsy eyes, was half-awakened to their enormities; and many *well-meaning* people, roused by the indignant commentaries of Collier, blushed to find what they had not blushed at before. But, with few exceptions, the dramatists showed as little amendment in their subsequent productions, as contrition in their angry replies. It was not in Collier's power to create a new idea of wit, or to erect a new standard of reputation; and while vice might be called wit without loss of reputation, it would never want auditors who stood

curtain was falling! This is a death-bed repentance with a vengeance.

Congreve's answer to Collier was addressed, in the form of letters, to Walter Moyle, Esq. and entitled, "*Amendments of Mr. Collier's false and imperfect Citations from the 'Old Bachelor,' 'Double Dealer,' 'Love for Love,' and the 'Mourning Bride,' by the Author of those Plays.*"

well with the world. The worst of the old plays continued to be acted for many years after the date of Collier's diatribe; the new ones were a little more decent, but not a jot more moral.

Whatever refinement may have taken place in the public taste for diversion (and doubtless the improvement is considerable), is to be ascribed to other causes than the severity of satirists, or even the fulminations of the pulpit. The chief of these are, the general good education of females, the purifying influences of female society, the higher value set upon the domestic affections, the greater freedom of choice in marriage, and the more frequent intercourse between the religious and the fashionable world.*

It has been surmised, without much reason, that the reproof of Collier alienated Congreve from the stage. Yet he produced another comedy, written with infinite labour, but without any regard to the censor's admonitions. The reception of this play fell far below his expectations; and if we may credit the account given in the "*Lives of the Poets*," published under the name of Theophilus Cibber, † his disappointment betrayed him into a folly more ludicrous than any that he ridiculed on the scene. According to this incredible anecdote, he rushed upon the stage in a passion, and "desired the audience to save themselves the trouble of showing their dislike, for he never intended to write again for the theatre, nor submit his works again to the censure of impotent

* And more than all, the attendance of all classes on the theatres, except the gloomier sects; at least till of late.—*S. T. C.*

† The real author was a native of Newcastle whose name was Shiels.

critics." The audience must surely have concluded that he had undertaken to play the fool of the comedy himself, and that for once the fool *was* "a fool indeed."* But Congreve had too much sense and too much pride to have acted thus, however keenly he might resent the stupidity of the many-headed monster. The tale may safely be set down as one of "the weak inventions" which a poor slave of the ink-horn is ever ready to believe and promulgate of a rich, caressed, and pensioned author. Nothing disposes the humours so strongly to the acetic fermentation of envy, as the hopeless, heartless drudgery of the brain; and Envy is more credulous than Love, Fear, Superstition, even Vanity itself.

Congreve, however, was mortified at the dulness of his critics, and provoked that all the *labor limæ* had been thrown away. But no man should ever expect to profit in purse or reputation by superfluous painstaking. That very polish, that diligent selection and considerate collocation of words, that tight-lacing of sentences into symmetry, that exquisite propriety of each part and particle of the whole, which make "The Way of the World"† so perfect a model of

* "Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed."—*Pope*.

† "But little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience. Those characters which are meant to be ridiculed in most of our comedies, are of fools so gross, that in my humble opinion they should rather disturb than divert the well-natured and reflective part of an audience: they are rather objects of charity than contempt, and instead of moving our mirth, they ought very often to excite our compassion. This reflection moved me to design some characters which should seem ridiculous, not so much through a natural folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper

acuminated satire, detract more from scenic illusion than they add to histrionic effect. The dialogue of this play is no more akin to actual conversation, than the quick step of an opera dancer to the haste of pursuit or terror. No actor could give it the unpremeditated air of common speech. But there is another and more serious obstacle to the success of the "Way of the World," as an acting play.* It has no moral interest. There is no one person in the *dramatis personæ* for whom it is possible to care. Vice may be, and too often has been, made interesting; but cold-hearted, unprincipled villainy never can.† The conduct of every character is so thoroughly and so equally contemptible, that however you suspend the moral code of judgment, you cannot sympathise in the success, or exult in the defeat of any.

With all these abatements, it is impossible to read this comedy without wonder and admiration; but it

for the stage), as through an affected wit—a wit which, at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some difficulty in the formation of a character of this nature, so there is some hazard which attends the progress of its success on the stage; for many come to a play so overcharged with criticism, that they very often let fly their censure when, through their rashness, they have mistaken their aim. This I had occasion lately to observe; for this play had been acted two or three days before some of these hasty judges could distinguish between the character of a wit-would and a wit."—*Dedication*.

* Mr. Macaulay considers this "the most deeply meditated, and the most brilliantly written, of all Congreve's plays," and finds it "quite inexplicable why it should have failed on the stage." A sufficient reason appears to be given above.—*D. C.*

† Virtue and wickedness are *sub eodem genere*. The absence of *Virtue* is no deficiency in a genuine comedy, but the presence of wickedness a great defect.—*S. T. C.*

is an admiration altogether intellectual, by which no man is made better.

This was Congreve's last appearance on the stage. Perhaps he had already outlived that sleepless activity of animal spirits which made his work delightful to himself, and thought he had fully earned the commendation of Dryden—

Well then, the promised hour is come at last ;
The present age of wit obscures the past :
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit ;
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood ;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured,
Tamed us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill, we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst ;
The second temple was not like the first ;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length ;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space ;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age ;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'er-match'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries grieved :

So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

Oh that your brows my laurel had sustain'd !
Well had I been deposed, if you had reign'd :
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is cursed,
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy ; thou shalt be seen,
(Tho' with some short parenthesis between,)
High on the throne of Wit, and, seated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made,
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught ;
This is your portion ; this your native store ;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much, she could not give him more.

Maintain your post ; that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impossible you should proceed :
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage ;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence ;
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains; and, oh, defend
Against your judgment, your departed friend !
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you ;
And take for tribute what these lines express ;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

Congreve was almost as happy in the commendations of his brother authors, as in the favours of ministers, and the smiles of great ladies. Dennis, whose disease was not a plethora of complaisance, declared "that Congreve left the stage early, and comedy left it with him." Though he no longer exposed himself to the brunt of a theatrical audience, he still kept his name awake by the production of occasional poems, which were highly praised in their day, but their day has long been past. They were written in the height of the fashion, and fashion was then a more potent arbitress of reputation than now. The world of literature was then the town: the town took its cue from the court, and the court echoed the decisions of some "scribbling peer," some "Lord of the Miscellanies." George the Second's Queen, Caroline, seems to have been the last personage who, by the mere prerogative of rank, could bring a book into vogue

The latter years of Congreve furnish little or nothing worth recording. Though he never took a very active part in politics, he ranked with the Whigs, and remained constant to his first patron, Halifax. Hence there was some fear lest, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry, in 1710, he might be deprived of his places. Several persons of consequence made interest with Harley, the new secretary, and Mæcenæ elect, that he might not be disturbed. But the minister would not have it thought that the poet owed his immunity to any interest but that of

the Muses, and answered the mediators in the words of Virgil :—

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

The Tories, whose best virtue is their generosity, suffered Congreve to retain his emoluments without imposing any conditions ; and he, by holding them, did not conceive himself to have incurred an obligation to be ungrateful. He signalised his adherence to the ousted party in the very year of their defeat, by dedicating a collection of his works to the ex-minister Halifax. His fidelity was rewarded, on the return of his friends to power, with an additional place, which made his income altogether 1200*l.* a-year. The ideas of poetry and poverty have been so long and so inveterately connected, even in the minds of poets themselves, that it is no great wonder if Congreve, in his affluence, chose to forget that he had ever exercised a craft so rarely profitable, or felt a proud reluctance to be reckoned with writers by trade. There are few anecdotes which have been more frequently repeated than that of Congreve's interview with Voltaire. The Frenchman, whose ambition was the literary supremacy of the age, was much surprised that Congreve should listen coldly to the praises of his own works, speak of them as trifles beneath him, and desire to be visited only as a gentleman living retired, and at his ease. "Had you been so unfortunate," replied Voltaire, "as to be only a gentleman, I should not have visited you at all." The retort was just in itself : but it is somewhat harsh to censure Congreve for *vanity* and *contemptible affectation*. A man is not necessarily ashamed, or affecting to be ashamed, of his occupation, past or present, because he does not choose to make

it the ground of his acceptance in society. Our author on this occasion has found an able vindicator in Mason. In fact, Congreve had gained from literature whatever literature could give him; opulence, applause, the empire of wit, and the conversation of the great. Pope, by laying the translated *Iliad* at his feet, had acknowledged him to be the chief poet of his time. Thus it was the fortune of Congreve to receive honour from the veteran bard of the generation before him, and from the young aspirant upon whom the hopes of the next were settled. Though he retired long before his death from the field where alone he had reaped true glory, he did not outlive his reputation. He had the more singular felicity to be commended by most, and maligned by none.

Yet his latter years were not without affliction. Cataracts in his eyes terminated in total blindness, and he was a martyr to the gout, from which he vainly sought relief by a visit to Bath. An overturn in his chariot made his case hopeless. He returned to London, and expired at his house (situate where now stands Holland House) on the 29th of January, 1728-9. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. This lady, the daughter of the great Duke, and wife of Lord Godolphin, was so warmly attached to Congreve, that, if the common report be true, his loss must have disordered her brain. It is said that she had his image moulded in wax, of the size of life—talked to it as if living, helped it at table to the same dishes which the deceased was known to prefer, and had an imaginary sore on its leg attended with all the care of surgery. There is no possibility of setting limits to madness, but this tale bears marks of gross

exaggeration. Most likely it originated in the report of some discarded waiting maid, who *thought* she had some time or other overheard her lady talking to Mr. Congreve's bust.

The conduct of Congreve in leaving 10,000*l.*, the amassings of a close economy, to this Duchess, has been severely reprehended. If his relations were poor, he had certainly much better have bestowed his fortune on the poor than on the wealthy. Still, it was not by inheritance from parents, nor by aid of kinsfolk, that he became rich. To the great he owed his property, and to the great he returned it. He offended no rule of justice by so doing.*

From a rapid survey of his life and character, he seems to have been one of those indifferent children of the earth "whom the world cannot hate;" who are neither too good nor too bad for the present state of existence, and who may fairly expect their portion here. The darkest—at least the most enduring—stain on his memory, is the immorality of his writings; but this was the vice of the time, and his

* This is characterised by *S. T. C.* as "lax morality." Dr. Young thought that Congreve's money ought to have been given "to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle;" and Mr. Leigh Hunt considers this the "most Christian" sentiment he ever uttered. Mr. Macaulay follows in the same strain:—"It might have enabled a retired actress to enjoy every comfort, and, in her sense, every luxury; but it was hardly sufficient to defray the Duchess's establishment for three months." Doubtless Congreve made his "testament as worldlings do,"—according to Shakspeare; but a similar disposition is often shown by attached servants, who prefer leaving their property to their masters, to whom they feel themselves deeply indebted, rather than to their poor relatives, who have done nothing for them, and to whom, as they think, they owe nothing—a feeling of gratitude, however misdirected.—*D. C.*

comedies are considerably more decorous than those of his predecessors. They are too cold to be mischievous; they keep the brain in too incessant inaction to allow the passions to kindle. For those who search into the powers of intellect, the combinations of thought which may be produced by volition, the plays of Congreve may form a profitable study. But their time is fled—on the stage they will be received no more; and of the devotees of light reading, such as could read them without disgust, would probably peruse them with little pleasure.*

* It is reported, that in the latter part of his life he expressed much disapprobation of some part of his works. But as this disapprobation was expressed in the presence of a Quaker, it is hard to say how much of it was contrition, and how much politeness. He left several small legacies, and 200*l.* to Mrs. Bracegirdle, the object of his youthful gallantry. Dr. Johnson's critique on Congreve is one of his happiest.

DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL.

IN a very entertaining little essay, prefixed, we believe, by the late Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, to an edition of the works of John Brown, is a classification of physicians, according to the Linnæan method,—as the *canting doctor*, the *wheeling doctor*, the *Adonis doctor*, and the *bully quack doctor*; which last genus and species is exemplified by that eminent Yorkshire worthy, and great benefactor to the University of Oxford, Dr. John Radcliffe. But we do not recollect any mention of the Quaker philanthropist doctor. Yet such a one was John Fothergill, a man who rather lives in the gratitude of mankind for the good that he did, than in the archives of science for the facts he discovered, the phenomena he explained, or the theories he constructed.

John Fothergill, the father of our subject, was a member of the Society of Friends, and seems to have had considerable influence among his brethren, and, like many of that public-spirited community, who make a point of conscience of whatever they engage in, a keen politician. In the year 1734 he took a very active part in the contested election for Yorkshire, and in concert with Joseph Storr, wrote a circular letter to the society, lamenting that some of them had given votes *inconsistent with unity and good*

report, and recommending to their favour Sir Rowland Winn and Cholmondeley Turner. Whether these candidates were conspicuous for opposition to the war which was then raging on the continent, or for advocacy of a general distribution of political privilege, or were distinguished from their opponents by sobriety and sanctity of demeanour, or what other claims they had to the support of the Friends, we are unable to determine.

John Fothergill, the elder, after travelling all over America, settled at Knaresborough as a brewer, was successful, so as to enable him to retire from business to a small farm at Carr End, near Richmond, where his son John was born in 1712, either on the 8th of March or the 12th of October. He was the second son of his father. The eldest, Alexander, studied the law, and inherited the family estate. Joseph, the third, was an ironmonger at Stockport, in Cheshire. Samuel, the youngest, went to America, and became a celebrated Quaker preacher. Anne, the only daughter, became the companion of her brother John, and survived him.

John received his early education under his maternal grandfather, Thomas Houghton, a gentleman of fortune in Cheshire, and afterwards at the school of Sedburgh. His classical attainments were at least respectable, as appears from some of his medical works in Latin. As the principles in which he was educated shut him out from the English Universities, while the turn of his mind disinclined him to the active pursuits of commerce, he chose the medical profession, the only profession in which a Quaker can expect to rise, or indeed can engage, in strict accordance with the spirit of his religion. He was apprenticed to Benjamin Bartlet,* surgeon and

* Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary. Dr. Elliot calls

apothecary, of Bradford, in the year 1718, and served out the full term of seven years, whereby he gained a very intimate acquaintance with the practical part of pharmacy, and probably with the routine of general practice. An apothecary's apprentice is often called to attend upon the poorest of the poor; he has to exercise much patience; whatever time he can devote to mental cultivation, or the higher branches of medical science, must be taken from his hours of relaxation or of sleep: if his disposition be indolent, his faculties obtuse, or his master unconscientious, he may very easily pass over the seven years without learning anything more than the manual part of the trade. But, on the other hand, where a disposition to improvement meets with a master willing to afford instruction, and the opportunities of experience, the youth who goes through this troublesome probation has some advantages over him who passes from the general studies of the University to the School of Medicine.

Young Fothergill removed to London October 20th,* 1736, and was for two years the pupil of Dr. (afterwards Sir Edward) Wilmot, at St. Thomas's Hospital. Thus prepared with a solid foundation, he went to the University of Edinburgh, which was then just rising into repute † as a medical seminary. He

Fothergill's master *Barclay*, and states that he afterwards removed to London, and resided at the corner of Featherstone Buildings. Dr. Elliot omits all mention of Fothergill's studying under Dr. Wilmot.

* This date bespeaks the precision of a Friend. Does it specify the expiration of his indentures? or his arrival in London?

† Dr. Fothergill, in his "Essay on the Character of the late Alexander Russell, M.D.," thus states the origin of that succession of medical teachers which, for more than a cen-

graduated in 1736. His inaugural thesis, "*De emeticorum usu in variis morbis tractandis*" was

tury, have attracted so much youthful talent to the northern metropolis:—

"Though there had long been professorships for medicine in that place (Edinburgh), and several attempts had been made to introduce a general course of medical instruction, it was not till about the year 1720 that this University distinguished itself. Several gentlemen, who had studied under Boerhaave, with a view to revive the study of medicine in their native country, where it had formerly flourished, qualified themselves for the purpose of giving courses of public lectures on every branch of their profession. The celebrated Monro taught anatomy, after having studied it for several years under the ablest masters then in Europe,—Dr. Douglas, of London; Albinus the elder, of Leyden; and Winslow, at Paris. The *theory* of physic was assigned to the amiable, the humane Dr. Sinclair; Drs. Rutherford and Innes chose the *practice*; chemistry was allotted to Dr. Plummer; and the teaching the *materia medica*, together with *botany* (of which last he was appointed King's professor), devolved upon the learned and indefatigable Alston. The city of Edinburgh favoured the generous design, added to the salaries allotted from the crown, and provided as suitable conveniences as the place would at that time afford.

"They had no sooner opened their respective professorships, than many students of their own nation, some from England, from Ireland, and not long after from the Plantations likewise, flocked thither. This stimulated the professors to exert their great talents with the utmost energy; Professor Monro's class soon became numerous, and the anatomy of the bones, of the nerves, and his other pieces, will long remain as testimonies of his great abilities, when the grateful regard of the multitude of those who studied under him, and were witnesses of his singular attention to instruct and encourage his pupils, as well as to act the part of a parent to every stranger, fails of expression. With what grace and

republished in a collection of Theses by Dr. Smellie, a sufficient acknowledgment of its medical merit. In

elegance, with what minuteness and precision, would the humane, the inimitable Dr. Sinclair explain the institutes of the master (Boerhaave), whose nervous simplicity he studied to exemplify, though not with servile imitation. Where he differed in opinion with that great man, with what diffidence would he offer his own? Ever the student's friend, and their example, in a noble simplicity of manners, and a conduct becoming the gentleman and the physician."

Dr. Fothergill proceeds to allot appropriate praises to Rutherford, Plummer, the "laborious Alston," "the learned, the able, the laborious Innes," &c. It is always pleasant to hear a man praising his instructors, and acknowledging intellectual obligations. But when one undertakes to review a whole generation of worthies, it is by no means easy to find a peculiar praise for each. Panegyric is certainly not the genius of the English people, nor of the English language. The *Éloges* and *Oraisons funèbres* of the French are so far superior to the British manufacture, that no wonder they should be often smuggled under the imperfect disguise of an Anglo-Gallic translation. As we shall have few opportunities of quoting from Dr. Fothergill's writings, most of which are either professional or of temporary interest, we offer the above extract as a specimen of his style, which, though not ground to the fine edge of discriminative eulogy, is very useful, good, vernacular English, fit for plain statement, honest sense, and clear reasoning. The individual to whose memory the essay in question was devoted, was Alexander Russell, author of the "History of Aleppo," a book of high reputation in the class to which it belongs. He was the son of a Scotch advocate, who was remarkable for having reared a family of seven boys to man's estate, in virtue and obedience, without ever striking a blow or using a harsh word,—a fact so contrary to the theories of education then prevalent, that the relator seems to anticipate incredulity. After completing his medical studies under the best masters to be found in his native city, Dr. Alexander Russell went

style it is much less barbarous than the common run of medical Latinity.

to Turkey, and, in 1740, settled at Aleppo, at the earnest desire of the British Factory. He speedily made himself master of the native languages, and cultivated the acquaintance of the native practitioners, who were very numerous, very ignorant, but not always incapable of the instruction which Dr. Russell was ready to impart. Nothing enables a man so quickly to acquire importance in a strange land, among a half-civilised people, as a skill in the healing arts. Medicine, and especially surgery, should be a necessary qualification of every missionary. In a little time *the English Doctor* was the most indispensable person in Aleppo, consulted by all the tribes that compose the many-lingoed, many-garbed, and many-coloured population of an Oriental city,—Franks, Armenians, Maronites, Jews, Greeks, even by the Turks themselves. “In this instance they forgot that he was an unbeliever, remitted of their usual contempt for strangers, and not only beheld him with respect, but courted his friendship, and placed unlimited confidence in his opinion.” But his influence with the Pacha was wonderful. “Seldom would the Pacha determine any intricate affair, respecting not only commerce, but even the interior police of his government, without consulting his physician and friend, and as seldom deviated from the opinion he proposed; and so singular was the character of the ruler’s friendship for his confidant, that he gave him the full credit of every popular and merciful act, reserving to himself only the gloomy prerogative of punishment, which he took care to exercise in the Doctor’s absence. Even when he thought fit to spare of his own proper motion, lest his clemency should render him less dreaded, he always ascribed the remission or mitigation of the penalty to the suggestion of the English Doctor. Whence the English Doctor was occasionally surprised and overpowered with the thanks of respited wretches, who really owed him no obligation. Sometimes the Pacha went so far as to confess a kind of subjection to his physician, and tell an offender, that in his

From Edinburgh he went to Leyden, a University then much frequented by English students, both in

opinion he deserved death, but that he *durst* not order it, for the English Doctor insisted on mercy." It would be curious to know by what means Russell acquired and retained so uncommon an interest. Despots are extreme in all things—

Not more a storm their hate than gratitude.

A physician may, by a timely application, change a state of corporeal agony to that ease which, contrasted with contiguous suffering, is more delightful than any positive pleasure. This to any mind must appear a great good—to an untaught predestinarian a miraculous boon. Even brutes are capable of grateful passions towards those who rescue them from pain, when they can connect the cure with the agent. Who has not read of Androcles and the lion? a story so beautiful, and withal so possible, that we would fain believe it true. It would be very easy for a man possessed but of a moderate degree of medical or chemical knowledge, to persuade a Pacha that he possessed supernatural or prophetic powers; but the influence founded on fraud or fear is ever insecure, and Russell remained in favour as long as his Moslem patron continued to rule Aleppo. The gratitude of the Pacha appeared in some pleasing instances, particularly in sending costly presents to the Doctor's aged father. "But for your father," said he, "I should not have known your assistance." Nor did Russell's estimation fade away under the succeeding Pachas, one of whom, an old man, who died at Aleppo, made him the depositary of his most important secrets.

The Doctor's fame, extending throughout the Turkish empire, was more than once likely to expose him to the dangerous honour of a summons to Constantinople in time of plague. The name of Russell procured for his brother Patrick, who followed him to Aleppo, a courteous reception wherever he arrived in the Levant.

On his return from Aleppo, Dr. Russell visited the most famous lazarettos to which he could have access, inquired

Law, Medicine, and Arts. Here he made but a short stay, but travelled for some time on the continent,

into their structure, the government they were under, and the precautions used to prevent the spread of the pestilence. His thorough and experienced acquaintance with the plague, the symptoms and treatment of which English physicians in general have had a long and blessed opportunity of not knowing, pointed him out to government, at the end of 1757, when reports were rife of the plague at Lisbon, as a fit person to consult on the most effective means of excluding the infection. He was summoned before the Privy Council, and gave great satisfaction by the fulness and pertinence of his answers, which he was ordered to commit to writing. Whatever his medical works may be, it is to his "Natural History of Aleppo" that he is indebted for whatever hold he may retain on the public memory. It is a book that still keeps its authority, though so many travellers have since traversed the plains of Syria, and did much to remove many false and antiquated notions of Oriental manners and Ottoman policy.

Russell, in the latter part of his life, was a vigorous assertor of the rights of the Licentiates against the Fellows of the College of Physicians. The same spirit which in the church has given rise to High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents, has long existed in the medical world, and the contest has been carried on perhaps in as ill a temper—sometimes with almost equal scurrility; but happily the points at issue do not require so much blasphemy.

Dr. Alexander Russell returned to England, after an absence of fifteen years, in 1755, was chosen Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital in 1759, and died in 1770. Among pharmacopœists and medical botanists he is noted as the first who brought to England the seeds of the true Scammony, in procuring which he had no small trouble from the ignorance or knavery of the Arabs, who brought him twenty sorts of seeds before the right, no doubt unwilling to give up a patent which nature had bestowed on

chiefly with a view to professional improvement, visiting the celebrated baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Spa. He returned to England, and commenced practice in London about 1740, in the 29th year of his age. That he took so long a time to prepare himself for the active duties of his profession, proves that his circumstances must have secured him from necessity; but he was doubtless nurtured in frugal maxims and self-denying habits. His first habitation was in White Hart Court, Lombard-street. He did not set up a carriage on speculation, but for some time visited his patients on foot.

Dr. Johnson has remarked, that "an interesting book might be written on the fortune of physicians." And most true it is, that physicians must ever depend upon fortunate accidents for the foundation of their fame. The absence of a predecessor, the successful recommendation of a retiring favourite, the happy result of a single case, may have opened the way to affluence, when it seemed to be closed against all concerted endeavours. It may be doubted whether the mere reputation of science, or the good opinion of professional brethren, are available to bring a young man into notice. Some dash into celebrity by the unlikeliest means imaginable. 'Tis said that cowardice, in mere blind desperation, sometimes does the work of heroism in the field. Ignorance sometimes blunders into a cure by experiments which nothing but success could save from the imputation of manslaughter. An ugly visage, a blunt

the East. Dr. Fothergill also ascribes to him the first introduction of the *Andracne*, a species of *Arbutus*, highly ornamental. But according to Rees's Cyclopædia, this shrub was cultivated as early as 1734, at Eltham, by Dr. Sherrard, probably the Consul Sherrard, who preceded Dr. Russell at Aleppo.

manner, a fluency of oaths, a braggart contempt of learning, perpetual quarrels with rival practitioners, a cynical snarling at every thing and every body, do occasionally succeed, especially with the poor and the ignorant wealthy. Now and then we have known a drunken doctor have an uncommon run. Others have found their account in jacobinism or infidelity. We need not allude to quackeries more specifically professional, any further than to remark that their success is chiefly with the very low and with the very high, with those who have never learned to think, and those who cannot bear the trouble of thinking. The poor man listens to the hasty empiric, because he finds sickness more grievous than death is terrible; the rich, through extreme eagerness to live and enjoy, gripes at an offer of health on easier terms than established maxims warrant. Both rich and poor had rather believe the process of healing altogether unintelligible, than acknowledge that it is intelligible, but that they themselves do not understand it.

But even the worthier members of the faculty, who refrain from quackeries of every description, require something else besides a knowledge of diseases and remedies, to make their knowledge effectual either for their own or their patients' benefit. Of these exoteric qualifications, some are outward and visible; as a good gentlemanly person, not alarmingly handsome (for the Adonis Doctor, though he has a fair opening to a wealthy marriage, seldom greatly prospers in the way of business), with an address to suit,—that is to say, a genteel self-possession and subdued politeness, not of the very last polish—a slow, low, and regular tone of voice (here Dr. Fothergill's Quaker habits must have been an excellent preparative), and such an even flow of spirits as neither to be dejected by the sight of pain and the

weight of responsibility, nor to offend the anxious and the suffering by an unsympathetic hilarity. The dress should be neat, and rather above than below par in costliness. The distinguishing costume of the faculty has now almost totally disappeared; the periwig has followed the furred gown, and the gold-headed cane is as much out of date as the serpent-wreathed staff of *Æsculapius*. This is doubtless a great relief to the professors; for no *civil* uniform is pleasant to wear, and even the military scarlet, or naval blue, give their wearers a painfully dazzling superiority. But the modern levelling of garments makes the streets and assemblies horridly unpicturesque, has done a serious injury to the stage, and left to every professional man (under a Bishop or Head of a house) the puzzling decision how to dress himself. Here, too, Dr. Fothergill was lucky in his religious denomination. In his earliest days the wig and ruffles were still in vogue, but he retained the simple garb of a *Friend*, not however so as to make its peculiarities obtrusive.

In fine, the young physician should carry a something of his profession in his outward man, but yet so that nobody should be able to say what it was. Some practitioners, in the ardour of their noviciate, talk of cases, dissections, and post-mortem examinations, in every mixed company. This is very injudicious. Few ailing persons like to have their complaints made a general topic of discussion, however fond they may be of talking about them themselves:—

Some people use their health (an ugly trick)
In telling you how oft they have been sick,

as Cowper saith. It is a still uglier trick to tell how often other people have been sick. Besides, it

clearly proves that the narrator has a paucity both of patients and ideas. Medical students sometimes think it very knowing to discuss offensive or equivocal topics with a solemn slyness and technical diction, showing themselves abundantly satisfied with their superiority to the weak-stomached superstition of delicacy. This is by no means commendable at any age, but after twenty is intolerable. All slang, and knowingness, and slyness should, and generally will, exclude a young practitioner from every respectable family.

But, far more than all definable proprieties of demeanour, the effects of which are chiefly negative, there are certain inward gifts, more akin to genius than to talent—to intuition than to ratiocination—which make the physician prosper, and deserve to prosper. Medicine is not, like practical geometry, or the doctrine of projectiles, an application of an abstract, demonstrable science, in which a certain result may be drawn from certain data, or in which the disturbing forces can be calculated with an approximation to exactness. It is a tentative art, to succeed in which demands a quickness of eye, tact, thought, and invention, which are not to be learned by study, nor, without a connatural aptitude, to be acquired by experience. And it is the possession of this *sense*, exercised by patient observation, and fortified with a just reliance on the *vis medicatrix*, the self-adjusting tendency of nature, that constitutes the physician, as imagination constitutes the poet, and brings it to pass, that sometimes an old apothecary, not very far removed from an *old woman*, whose ordinary conversation partakes largely of the character of twaddle, who can seldom give any rational account of a case or prescription, acquires a reputation of infallibility, as if he had

made a truce with death,—while men of talent and erudition are admired and neglected. The truth is, that there is a good deal of the mysterious in whatever is practical. It is not only in the concerns of the spirit that man walks by faith. Wherever there is life there is a mystery.

But neither genius nor science will avail the physician, if he want confidence in himself, and cannot create a confidence in others. He must also, by persuasion or authority, obtain a mastery over his patients, and over all about them. The occasional success of *bullying* doctors arises from the fear they inspire, which enforces a strict observation of their directions. A medical man stands in the situation of a father confessor. He has to extract truth from reluctant penitents; he has to inflict severe penance on peccant nature. But to this end, the sarcastic coarseness of a bully is far less effectual than the mild firmness of a Quaker. Some have ascribed the success of Dr. Fothergill to the novelty of a Quaker doctor. But this was, in fact, nothing new. There were two physicians of the same persuasion practising in London at the commencement of his career. Nor was his rise by any means sudden. He sought no sinister paths to popularity. His beneficence, great as it was, was never speculative. He proportioned his givings to his earnings. Without any remarkable brilliancy of talent, without any striking originality of practice, he gained the confidence of those who needed his assistance, chiefly by convincing them that he wished to do them good for their own sakes.

The medical profession, in respect of the spirit in which they pursue their occupation, may be divided into four classes, corresponding to four classes of clerical teachers: 1st, Those who have been put into the profession, or chosen it at random, because they

must be something—loungers who feel their business a toil and a constraint, who at best only desire to escape disgrace and make a living—correlative to the gentlemen in orders, and the drudging curates,—a very unprofitable race when gentlemen, a very unhappy and mischievous one when otherwise. 2nd, Those who pursue their trade eagerly and diligently for money or advancement—correspondent to the preferment hunters of the Church, and the popular preachers and *Tartuffes* of all denominations, who will generally be respectable, or otherwise, as their rank and connections give them more or less of character to lose. 3rd, The votaries of science, to whom knowledge is an ultimate object, and practice chiefly valued as the means of increasing and certifying knowledge—correspondent to the speculative theologians—the students of religious learning—a class highly estimable and necessary, who answer their vocation well, and dignify their rank, whatever it may be : and 4th, The philanthropists, to whom knowledge is only a secondary object, valued as it is the means of abating pain and preserving life—correlative to those Christian teachers and pastors who are animated with the true and faithful love of souls. Among these, it is delightful to find men of all ranks—but rank with them is nothing : these are illuminated with a light, in which there may be many colours, but there is no darkness. To this class did Fothergill belong. Yet he, too, was a lover of knowledge for its own sake : a careful investigator of nature, whether she displayed herself in the marvellous human frame, or in the multitudinous varieties of plants, shells, minerals,—glad, when he could, to discover a use in her works, and glad at all times to acknowledge them the works of God.

“ The uniformity of a professional life,” says one

of Dr. Fothergill's biographers, "is seldom interrupted: it therefore furnishes few particulars worthy of being recorded. The transactions of one day seldom differ from those of another. In Dr. Fothergill's case, perhaps, there was as little variety as ever fell to the share of any one man. His popularity continued undiminished as long as his health and strength would allow him to attend on his patients; and during a long series of years his diligence was unabated."

This is in some measure true. Yet if the circumstances of a professional life make but a dull biography, they might furnish very interesting autobiographies. Every day adds something to their knowledge of mankind. They behold human nature as it were *stripped and whipped*. It would be truly delightful to read the private minutes of a leech like Fothergill, whose eyes were purged by the euphrasy of benevolence, and to trace the steps, the ramifications of practice, by which he advanced from comparative obscurity to eminence. But no such precious records have fallen under our cognisance.

In 1744, Dr. Fothergill was admitted a licentiate of the College of Physicians at London, and about the same time was chosen a member of the Royal Society, then flourishing under the auspices of Martin Folkes.* This proves that he had already distin-

* Martin Folkes was the son of an eminent lawyer and benchman of Gray's Inn, that most sylvan of all inns of court, whose ancient trees and venerable walks remind one more of the groves of Academus than Christ Church meadow itself. No man under sixty should be allowed to enter therein, unless those youths could be revived who performed in the masques of Fletcher and Jonson, when the men of law held high festival before Eliza and our James. Well, but Martin Folkes was born in Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields, on the

guished himself by studies not strictly professional. He was a frequent contributor to the Philosophical Transactions. In 1744 he printed "*Observations on a case published in the last Volume of the Medical Essays, &c., of recovering a man dead in appearance.*" The suspension of animation arose from the noxious steam of coals in the pit; he had lain between half an

29th of October, 1690. From the age of nine to sixteen, he was under the tuition of the learned son of the erudite Lewis Capel, sometime Hebrew professor at Saumur, who came to England when that university was suppressed in 1695. After making great proficiency in Greek and Latin, he was entered of Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1707. His progress in mathematics was wonderful for that period: and at twenty-two he was elected into the Royal Society, an honour which has never ceased to be coveted, notwithstanding the abuse and ridicule that has been constantly thrown on that learned body, even when Sir Isaac Newton was its head. Folkes was chosen a member of the council in 1716, when he made a communication relative to the eclipse of a fixed star in Gemini by the body of Jupiter. In October 1717, at the memorable royal visit, of which we have given so full an account in our Life of Bentley, Martin was made Master of Arts by the University of Cambridge. A little while after, he had the much higher honour of being appointed by Sir Isaac Newton himself a vice-president of the Royal Society. On the death of Sir Isaac, in 1727, he was a candidate for the presidentship of the Society, and gained several respectable votes, though the election fell on Sir Hans Sloane; but on the death of Sir Hans he attained that honour. He was also a distinguished antiquary, member of the Antiquarian Society, and of the French Academy of Sciences. He was a great encourager of the fine arts, the friend and patron of Hogarth, by whom his portrait was painted. It is the picture of open-hearted English honesty and hospitality, but does not indicate much intellect. He married an actress, a course less usual then than at present, and died of the palsy in 1754.

hour and three quarters, and was resuscitated by inflating the lungs with the natural breath, rubbing, &c. From the language of this essay it would seem that the experiment of distending the lungs was then new, and that the art of resuscitation was in its infancy. The Doctor proposes that experiments should be made on the bodies of hanged malefactors. We cannot suspect that he, or any other Christian, thought a thief should be hanged twice. At different times he contributed—an essay on the origin of amber, by no means as full or satisfactory as it might have been—a review of Gmelin's account of Siberia, and other papers, which show how much natural philosophy, geography, &c., have improved in the last half century. The Doctor's style is in the highest degree familiar and conversational, free from pedantry and vulgarism, but not remarkable for strength and liveliness. Though a truly religious man, he did not imitate the elder medical writers in interlarding his professional writings with Scripture texts or theological discussion: nor is there any of the Quaker in his compositions, except a general plainness, and absence of ornament. Many of his occasional tracts were printed in the "*Medical Observations and Inquiries*," a work of which only six volumes were published.

In 1748 he published the longest and most important of all his writings, "*An Account of the Putrid Sore Throat*," a form of disease then newly imported into England, though Dr. Fothergill establishes its identity with the Garrotillo* or *gallows*

* "Ab Hispanis Garrotillo appellatur, ut eadem patiantur Anginâ laborantes quæ facinorosi homines, cum injecto circum collem fune strangulantur."—Epist. R. Moreau ad Th. Barth., Epis. Med. cent. 1, p. 336. We cannot congratulate

disease of the Spaniards, and the *morbus strangulatorius* of the Italian writers, which first appeared in Spain in 1610, and from thence spread to Malta, Sicily, Otranto, Apulia, Calabria, and the Campagna, in the space of a few years; and breaking out in Naples, in 1618, ravaged the country for upwards of twenty years, leaving many a prolific mother childless, for the pest was particularly obnoxious to children. Such an epicure in cruelty was this malady, as to select black-eyed girls for its peculiar victims. From its fatality to infants, it was called by Marcus Aurelius Severinus, *Paedanchone Loimodes*—the *pestiferous Choke-babe*. Dr. Fothergill, in the historical part of the tract, shows very considerable reading, for he quotes Johannes Andreas Sgambatus, Johannes Baptista Cortesius, Johannes Antonius Anguilloni (physician in chief to the Maltese Gallies), Ludovicus Mercatus, physician to Philip the Second and to Philip the Third, and others of the *illustrious obscure*, of whom, though not wholly unacquainted with the backs and titles of the ordinary contents of a medical library, we never chanced to hear or read elsewhere. Yet in this display of research there is no pedantry. It was a real comfort to those who were alarmed by the appearance of a new disease, to be informed that the same malady had visited and quitted other countries in other times: for it adds to the despondency of sickness, and the terror of death itself, when the pain and peril seem strange, and unconformable to the regular course of nature.

Monsieur Moreau on the conciseness with which he has latinised the operation of hanging, nor should we suppose that a sufficient number of sufferers in the Garrottillo had compared notes with the *facinorosi homines* in question to ascertain the identity of their sensations.

This morbus strangulatorius made its first attack on the English in 1739. While the poor only suffered, it spread little alarm; but when the two only sons of the Honourable Henry Pelham fell victims to its severity, a panic took possession of the higher orders. But the cases becoming rare, the apprehension subsided. As in most infections, the latter seizures were much less virulent than the earlier ones. "It began, however, to show itself again in 1742, but not so general as to render it the subject of much public discourse; for though such of the faculty as were in most extensive practice met with it now and then, in the city especially, it remained unknown to the greatest part of practitioners." In the winter of 1746, it broke out again with great violence, particularly at Bromley, in Middlesex. All remedies seemed vain: many families were left without one child out of many, and houses that had rung with the mirth of childhood, became silent and gloomy in a little week. After a time, the violence of the disorder abated, but it still continued to occur frequently, particularly in London. Though children were most subject to the infliction, adults did not always escape. Girls were more commonly attacked than boys, women than men, and the feeble than the robust. In the treatment of this complaint Dr. Fothergill was highly successful. At the suggestion of Dr. Leatherland, he prescribed a much more genial and strengthening regimen than had before been usual, administering cordials, tonics, and alexipharmics; as bark, contrayerva,* aromatics, carminatives, &c.; nor did he

* Contrayerva is a South American plant, introduced into Europe by Sir Francis Drake, in 1581. The name signifies *counter-poison*; its juice is strong poison, and was formerly

forbid the moderate use of wine.—In what may be considered as the peroration of the essay, he makes the following recapitulation :—

1. That the *sore throat attended with ulcers* seems to be accompanied with a strong disposition to putrefaction, which affects the habit in general, but the fauces and the parts contiguous in particular. And it seems not unreasonable to suppose,

2. That the cause of this tendency is a putrid virus, or miasma, *sui generis*, introduced into the habit by contagion, principally by means of the breath of the person affected.

3. That this virus, or contagious matter, produces effects more or less pernicious, according to the quantity and nature of the infection, and as the subject is disposed to receive or suffer by it.

4. That putrefactive and malignant diseases in common admit of the most sensible and secure relief from discharges of the peccant matter, either upon the skin in general, or on particular parts of the body.

5. That the redness and cutaneous effervescence in the present case may be considered as an eruption of like nature, and therefore to be promoted by such methods as have proved successful in similar diseases.

6. That a cordial, alexipharmic, warm regimen has been found by experience to be of the most use in such cases ; and that bleeding, purging, and

used by the Peruvians to envenom their arrows. It was formerly esteemed a most powerful antidote and preservative ; but its reputation has fallen off, and it is used only as a gentle stimulant. There is another sort, produced in Virginia, called *Serpentaria*, from its supposed efficacy against the bites of serpents. It is very aromatic, and by some accounted equal to the Peruvian contrayerva.—*Rees's Cyclopædia*.

antiphlogistics, liberally employed, either retard or wholly prevent these discharges.

Therefore, as to expel the morbid matter seems to be the design of nature, to promote this design by the methods that are approved by experience in similar cases, is the duty of the physician.

This treatise was highly approved, and went through many editions. It is but fair to state, that Dr. Fothergill's merit in regard to this disorder was not that of an original discoverer, but that he owed much to the communications of Drs. Leatherland and Sylvester,—especially to the former, who with singular modesty or generosity forbad his name to be mentioned in the work.

We have entered somewhat largely into the subject of this essay, because the hopes of parents are perhaps more frequently and more cruelly cut off by diseases of the throat, than by any other cause. That murderous affection, the croup, which suffocates many a sweet infant, does not appear to have been much known half a century ago. The rise, abatement, and disappearance of diseases is a curious phenomenon in the history of nature. Is there any work extant on medical chronology?

In 1753, Dr. Fothergill was chosen a member of the Antiquarian Society; and in 1754, a Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh. He was also one of the earliest members of the American Philosophical Society, instituted at Philadelphia; and in 1766, when a medical society was founded at Paris by the King of France, he was one of a select number of foreign physicians whom the society thought proper to honour with their diploma.

Neither increasing wealth nor spreading fame ever alienated him from the body of Christians from whom he sprung, and among whom he had been

brought up. The Society of Friends looked with affectionate esteem, and it may be with excusable pride, on their famous doctor; and he took a lively interest in whatever concerned the discipline and economy of their church. He was frequently employed by the meeting to which he belonged, to compose the annual letter to the Friends at their great Whitsuntide council. He also drew up the congratulatory address of his brethren on the accession of George the Third, in which he expressed himself like a man of this world. Really liberal, in the best and only true sense of the word, he valued the outward insignia of his religious connection as they were the means of strengthening the bands of union; but he did not think it necessary to obtrude peculiarities of speech or opinion in his dealings with those who were without the pale.

Though mild by nature, and pacific from principle, he was by no means a man to sit down under injustice. Thinking that the Fellows of the College of Physicians not only assumed too much superiority over the Licentiates, but that they were inclined to lower the character of the latter by introducing unqualified persons among them, he took a warm interest in the contest between the *upper* and *lower* houses (so to express it) of the profession. Of this dispute we can give no better account than is contained in the preface to the "Essay on the Character of Alexander Russell," which is as follows:—

"A few years ago it was reported that the College of Physicians in London had it under consideration to admit persons desirous of practising physic, as Licentiates, upon an examination in English. This was done, as it was supposed, to introduce into this rank men of little or no education, in order to

depreciate the characters of many who were in some esteem with the public.

“An attempt of this nature could not but alarm those who were immediately to be affected by it, and who felt the designed indignity. Several of these met together, compared the accounts they had received, and found there was too much truth in the reports, to suffer them any longer to remain inattentive to designs so prejudicial. It was resolved to call the Licentiates in general together, to acquaint them with their situation, and to act in concert for their general safety. But this was not all; those who had embarked in this affair had at heart not only the honour of their profession, but its public utility; not only to emancipate themselves from an authority which appeared to them in the light of a usurpation, but to establish the faculty upon a solid and liberal foundation. How far their endeavours may succeed is uncertain. But of one thing they are sure: they promote harmony among themselves; excite to an honourable emulation; and whatever may be their fate, will give proof, by the rectitude of their conduct, and an exertion of their abilities, that they are not unworthy of the highest honours of their profession.”

Should the question be considered according to modern maxims, it is probable that more would be found to approve the design of the College, in throwing open the gates of the profession to such as could show the requisite professional knowledge in their own tongue, rather than the jealousy of the Licentiates, who were for shutting out all who could not give the pass-word in Latin. The University of Edinburgh has lately made a similar concession to the spirit of the time; and though the measure may probably make certain Fluellens, who stickle for the primitive discipline, the “Roman Disciplines,” shake

their heads, and sigh out a "Fuimus Troes," we do not hear that the College is suspected of an intention to *swamp* the profession. But it is probable that the Licentiates, uneasy under the invidious distinctions of the Fellows, caught eagerly at the first departure from established custom, to revolt against a superiority which had nothing but custom to rest upon. There were serious thoughts of bringing the matter to a legal decision, and Dr. Fothergill subscribed 500*l.* for the purpose. No trial, however, took place: but the union of the Licentiates assumed a purely literary and scientific character, and continued to assemble once a month, for the sake of reading medical papers, and conversing on the prevailing diseases, and other subjects of professional interest. On the death of Sir William Duncan, Bart., Dr. Fothergill was unanimously elected President of this meeting, and so continued to the time of his death. After the fashion of the French Académie, the deceased members were honoured with panegyrical orations. The "Essay on the character of the late Alexander Russell" was spoken on one of these occasions.

No man can expect to pass through this world in perfect quiet. Fothergill, though his life was on the main a life of tranquillity, was for a short time disagreeably embroiled with a man of his own persuasion, whom the Friends had been the principal means of bringing into notice. About the year 1766 flourished one Samuel Leeds, by education a brush-maker, by transmutation (of the Edinburgh College) an M.D., and by present profession, Physician of the London Hospital—an appointment which he owed to the recommendation of some eminent *Quakers*. Fothergill, in a conversation on Doctor Leeds's rise in the world, said ominously, "Take care that he does no mischief." Leeds soon betrayed so much ignorance,

that the Governors of the Hospital, to remedy their past precipitancy, passed a resolution, "that no physician should continue to officiate in that Hospital who had not undergone an examination at the College of Physicians." Leeds, unwilling to resign his emoluments, made the experiment, and was plucked. In his anger and disappointment he heard of the boding speech of Dr. Fothergill, and either thought or pretended to think, that the resolution of the Hospital, which had subjected him to the disgrace of rejection, had been caused by it. He accordingly made it the ground of complaint before the Society. "These inoffensive people, who are averse to the litigious proceedings that vex and ruin so many of their fellow-citizens, referred the charge, after their manner, to a certain number of arbitrators. Five persons were appointed for this purpose, and three of the number awarded 500*l.* damages to Dr. Leeds, after refusing to hear Dr. Fothergill's principal evidence. The two other arbitrators, with great propriety, protested against the award; and after much altercation in the Society, Dr. Leeds moved the Court of King's Bench to show cause why the rule for the recovery of the damages should not be made absolute. Lord Mansfield, after hearing the evidence and counsel on the part of Dr. Leeds, refused to hear Dr. Fothergill's counsel; because, he observed, the evidence on the part of Dr. Leeds's arbitrators was sufficient to prove the illegality and injustice of their own award: the learned and noble judge further added, that Dr. Fothergill did no more than his duty in saying what he was charged with; and that he would not have acted as an honest man if he had said less." In fine, Dr. Leeds retreated to the sphere of a simple apothecary, and settled at Ipswich.

With these exceptions, Dr. Fothergill was seldom

or never engaged in conflict or controversy with his brethren of the healing craft. He was, on the other hand, a liberal auxiliary to those who needed recommendation and protection, and was so far from feeling jealousy at the appearance of a rival in physic of his own religious persuasion, that Dr. Chorley, a young Quaker physician, was admitted into his house as an inmate, and introduced to a considerable practice: he might, indeed, have inherited the whole connection of his patron had he survived him, but his course was cut short, and he died under Dr. Fothergill's roof.

It is probable that Fothergill was on terms of intimacy with Dr. Mead; for in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 487, is a tract, in excellent Latin, addressed by our author to the Doctor, then Vice-President of the Royal Society.* The subject is a case of ruptured diaphragm occurring in a female infant of ten months old; but it is singular enough, that Fothergill expresses himself in the Latin tongue with a picturesque force, a vividness, an eloquent ardour, which he never ventures upon in his English compositions.†

* *De Diaphragmate fisso, et mutatis quorundam Viscerum Sedibus, in Cadavere Puellæ decem mensium observatis, Epistola Richardo Mead.*

A learned wit once told a large assembly of medical gentlemen that they had no excuse for writing bad Latin, when they might find so much good in Celsus. Celsus is, indeed, an excellent writer, and might be read with great advantage by all who wish to learn Latin in earnest, as a model of didactic prose. But Celsus will not supply phrases for all the occasions of modern medicine; and, moreover, a physician who makes the history of his profession his study, must have so much to do with barbarous Latin, that it is a wonder if his own escape infection.

† To write pure and elegant Latin even in an academic

As his years and his wealth increased, he thought himself entitled to occasional respites from the press of his vocation, and to indulge those tastes which pointed out his natural recreations. He left his house in the city, and began to reside in Harpur Street, near Red Lion Square, which continued to be his town abode till his death. In 1672 he purchased a pleasant retreat near Upton, in Essex, to which he used to retire at the end of the week, and employed himself in laying out and cultivating one of the first botanic gardens in Europe. The hot-houses and green-houses extended 260 feet, all covered with glass. Whatever plant had obtained a place in the *Materia Medica*, or promised to be of service in physic or manufactures, or was any way remarkable for its rarity, beauty, or physiological habits, was sought out and purchased without regard to expense, and no pains were spared in the culture. Dr. Fothergill entertained a hope that the medicinal plants of the East might, in general, be successfully cultivated in

exercise, the highest object of which is to accommodate old words to new meanings, is by no means a common accomplishment; but when you really have anything to say, you must be a very good scholar, and a man of strong sense and some imagination, if you can say it naturally in Latin.

Latin is now, in England at least, *bonâ fide* a dead language; it is no longer an organ of thought, or of vital communication; and the efforts of those who attempt to talk or compose in it, are like those of the worker in Mosaic, who would make an inanimate collection of fragments imitate life. But it should be remembered that the period of its decease has been antedated many a century. The Latin of the middle ages was to all intents and purposes a living language. It was the medium by which the learned thought: it was the vehicle of religion and science: it made one nation of western Christendom.

the British Settlements of North America, or in the West Indian Islands, and by that means an unadulterated article be provided for the European market—a result hardly to be expected till the world grows honest. At that time even the learned of Europe were but imperfectly informed respecting the origin and preparation of many imported commodities. Long as musk has been celebrated, both as a perfume and as a remedy, it is only of late years that there has been any accurate description of the animal producing it; and of the drug-producing plants, few had been described with such accuracy as to enable a botanist to recognise them. Even yet, the enlightened English have but vague notions of the trees which furnish the fancy woods in their cabinets, the shrubs which contribute to the luxury of their tables, or supply the “juleps and catholicons” which the consequences of luxury made necessary.

Botany, we have already mentioned, was Dr. Fothergill's favourite relaxation; and, in regard to his professional researches, his attention was particularly turned to the *Materia Medica*. He was at great pains to procure accounts of the *Cortex Winteranus*,* and of the tree that produces the *Terra*

* The original discovery of the *Cortex Winteranus*, or Winter's Bark, was a collateral consequence of Sir Francis Drake's voyage. Captain John Winter sailed with Sir Francis in the year 1577, as commander of the *Elizabeth*, destined for the South Seas; but after entering the Straits of Magellan, stress of weather obliged him to put back, and on some part of the coast of the Strait he collected a quantity of an aromatic and medicinal bark, which Clarias named after him, *Cortex Winteranus*. Though the trees producing it were noticed by many succeeding voyagers to those parts, as Van Nort in 1600, and Handasyd in 1691, yet the bark was frequently confounded with the *Canella alba* of the West

Japonica (catechu). He had correspondents in all parts of the world, who were continually furnishing him with new plants, shells, and insects. But his great assistant and congenial friend, in his investigations of nature, was that honour to Westmorland, Peter Collinson.* From 1751 to 1756, he was a

Indies, and the black cinnamon of Virginia. (See the account of Amada and Barlow's discovery of Virginia, in Hackluyt, vol. iii. p. 246.) Captain Wallis, in 1768, gathered a quantity of the true *Cortex Winteranus*; and Dr. Solander and Sir Joseph Banks, in the following year, drew up the first correct botanical account of the tree, which they found on the Strait le Maire, and in Tierra del Fuego. It is a large forest tree, sometimes exceeding fifty feet in height. Its outward bark is, on the trunk, grey, and very little wrinkled; on the branches, quite smooth and green. By the accounts of Captain Wallis, and the minute botanical description of Dr. Solander, it must be very beautiful; the branches curving upwards, so as to form an elegant oval head, the leaves large, elliptical, evergreen, of a dark, shining, laurel-like verdure above, and a pale bluish colour underneath; the flowers small, white, and delicate, but evanescent. Captain Wallis made an unsuccessful attempt to propagate it in the Falkland Isles. When first discovered, the bark was celebrated as an antiscorbutic, but it does not appear to have kept its place in the pharmacopœia. It is astringent, aromatic, with something of a cinnamon flavour, but much less palatable.

* Peter Collinson was of an ancient and honourable Westmorland family, a stock still growing in that land of lakes, from which, *ni fallor*, sprung the late Septimus Collinson, Provost of Queen's College, Oxon, and Margaret Professor of Divinity. Peter, who was born in the parish of Staveley, hard by the "river-lake Winander," while yet a boy, discovered the passion of a naturalist. The wonderful economy of nature in the metamorphoses of insects, strongly attracted his juvenile attention; and it was his recreation, his play, to hunt for those minute animals, so marvellous in their

constant correspondent to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His contributions were chiefly on the weather,

conformations, and in some instances so human in their architecture and their civil polity, so more than human in their prophetic instincts. Nor was he less curious in examining the varieties of vegetable life: though his commercial occupation carried him young to London, he found opportunities to cull and arrange the plants which grow in the vicinity of the metropolis; he found access to the best gardens, and early began to form a *hortus siccus*. As he grew up, he entered into a partnership with his brother James, "in a business that did not always require their presence together. They lived in great harmony, and reciprocally afforded to each other opportunities for their respective pursuits. Both, however, had a strong relish for horticulture and planting, and both had acquired a just conception of rural elegance."

Congeniality of pursuits, and manners peculiarly pleasing, soon made him the friend of Derham, Dale, Woodward, Sir Hans Sloane, and others, whose enthusiastic devotion to natural knowledge excited the ridicule of Pope, Swift, and the rest of the *Scriblerus Club*, only to prove how impotent is all wit against sincere goodness and true philosophy. In fact, the ill effects of satire have been as much exaggerated as its moral benefits. Satire on virtue or on knowledge never diminished the number of the virtuous or of the learned; at worst, it only flatters the self-complacency of the vicious and the ignorant. Whom has the "*Tale of a Tub*" either cured of fanaticism or alienated from piety? Who ever renounced mathematics or natural philosophy, in apprehension of being taken for a *Laputan*?

Peter Collinson was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1728, and proved a most useful member, not only by the information he contributed from his personal stock to the general fund, but by his extensive correspondence. His mercantile affairs being connected much with foreigners, he turned this necessary intercourse to the benefit of science. To him Franklin communicated his earliest discoveries in electricity. As much of his commercial engagements were

and diseases, and were designed to induce other physicians to supply the like materials for meteorological

with America, he kept up a constant epistolary intercourse with the colonies, and felt a peculiar anxiety for their welfare. From a letter addressed by Franklin to Michael Collinson, Esq., it appears "that in 1730, a subscription library being set afoot in Philadelphia, he encouraged the design by making several very valuable presents to it, and procuring others from his friends; and as the Library Company had a considerable sum arising annually, to be laid out in books, and needed a judicious friend in London to transact the business for them, he voluntarily and cheerfully undertook that service, and executed it for more than thirty years successively, assisting in the choice of books, and taking the whole care of collecting and shipping them, without ever charging or accepting any consideration for his trouble. The success of this library," continues Franklin, "(greatly owing to his countenance and good advice,) encouraged the erecting others in different places on the same plan, and it is supposed that there are now upwards of thirty subsisting in the several colonies, which have contributed greatly to the spreading of useful knowledge in that part of the world; the books he recommended being all of that kind, and the catalogue of this first library being much respected and followed by those libraries that succeeded. During the same time he transmitted to the directors of the library the earliest accounts of every new European improvement in agriculture and in the arts, and every philosophical discovery; among which, in 1745, he sent over an account of the new German experiments in electricity, together with a glass tube, and some directions for using it, so as to repeat those experiments. *This was the first notice I had of that curious subject, which I afterwards prosecuted with some diligence.*" Thus it was to Collinson's suggestions that the modern science of electricity in some measure is indebted for its origin.

For the Americans he appears to have felt a singular affection. He was never weary of giving them good advice.

logical and nosological history. Finding that his example had not the intended effect, he discontinued

Did he regard them as his fellow Englishmen, or did he foresee that they were to become a great and rival nation? He constantly urged the Virginians, in particular, to make a better use of their soil, "to bethink themselves in time of a more permanent staple than a plant whose consumption only depends on custom and caprice, and this custom daily declining." His suggestion would at least beautify their country. "Vines," said he, "will thrive well in your country; but imitate nature in their cultivation; don't keep them close to the ground, as we are forced to do in this and other northern European climates, for the sake of a little sun and heat to ripen the grape; your summer heats exceed, as much as ours fall short; allow them, therefore, longer stems, let them be trained to, and supported by trees, and *hide their fruit among the foliage*, as in the warmer countries of Europe." From the picturesque eye which he evinced in this and other short touches, and from his enamoured attachment to plants, we doubt not that Peter Collinson, had he possessed or acquired the accomplishment of verse, might have written a very respectable Georgic. Gardening, indeed, was his hobby. He had correspondents in all parts of Europe, in America, in Asia, even at Pekin, and they all sought to oblige him by presents of rare seeds. Had he been a monarch, a present of seeds would have purchased his alliance.

Having arrived at his 75th year with little sickness, barring an occasional attack of gout, he died of a painful malady frequently incident to old age, at the seat of Lord Petre, in Essex, on the 11th of August, 1768. Inclosed in his will was found a paper, importing "that he hoped he should leave behind him a good name, which he valued more than riches: that he had endeavoured not to live uselessly; and that all his days he constantly aimed to be a friend to mankind."

A very minute life of Collinson is in Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*—a work which ought not to have concluded at the fifth volume.

his communications, on these heads at least ; but he was a frequent writer in public papers on subjects of public utility, lending his pen to the aid of every improvement and every good work. It is said that his papers of this kind, if collected, would fill many volumes. He wrote upwards of a hundred letters to the Gazetteer on the new pavement. He was one of those happy men who are interested about every thing, and anxious about nothing. He was somewhat of a projector, and spared not words or money to promote what he esteemed beneficial. But, content with the ample income which his practice afforded, he never speculated in improvement, therefore his donations never impoverished him.

Many anecdotes of his beneficence remain, but three must suffice in this place. The object of the first was a poor clergyman—a class who, considering the rank they are expected to support, the expense of their education, and the wealth of their more opulent brethren, which operates as a direct tax upon the laborious and slenderly-provided, may be called the poorest of the poor. This door-keeper of the Temple (how much better off is a college porter !) was seated in London on a curacy of fifty pounds per annum, with a wife and a numerous family. An epidemical disease, which was at that time prevalent, seized upon his wife and five of his children : in this scene of distress he looked towards Fothergill—perhaps the sick matron herself put faith in him—but how was the fee to be raised ? Every guinea had already to perform the work of two, and a poor curate with a large family has no hopes in contingency. The turns of the market, the increase of business, peace or war—nothing promises him anything. Very possibly this curate may have had a patron once (the only lever that can raise a churchman from the dust), but

many a man, somewhat above legal pauperism, has given deadly offence by having a large family. In general, patrons are lost by nothing so hopelessly as by an imprudent marriage, an offence which parents, who alone have a right to be angry, are for the most part the readiest to forgive. Yet, if the poor London curate had no patron, he had a friend, who lent him a guinea, and introduced him to Dr. Fothergill. They attended at the usual hour of audience, gave an account of the several cases, and after some consultation offered the fee, which was rejected; but a note was taken of the clergyman's residence. The Doctor called assiduously the next and every succeeding day, till his attendance became unnecessary. The curate, anxious to display his gratitude, or perhaps thinking that his cloth was stained by a debt to a schismatic, pinched or starved up a sum, which he proffered to the Doctor, with many apologies for his inability to do more. Fothergill put it back gently, and at the same time slid ten guineas into the curate's hand, bidding him to remember where he had a friend in case of future need. It is agreeable to record that the poor clergyman afterwards attained Church preferment to the value of one hundred pounds a year—a hungry stipend enough for the servant of an aristocratic Church, but still twice as good as fifty.

This was a kind act of the Doctor, but we believe such kindnesses of the medical profession to be by no means rare. Seeing much of that distress which would fain hide itself, and which should therefore be relieved in secret, they perform many good deeds which others do not, not from disinclination to well-doing, but because the occasions do not cross their path. And few indeed are those who will hunt misery out of its lurking-places into the light of

consolation. Perhaps this anecdote has been repeated the oftener, on account of the sectarian relations of the parties as Quaker and parson. The scene would make an excellent subject for a good-humoured humorous painting.

Could the curate in the midst of his gratitude forbear discontented reflections on the disproportionate regard of men for their souls and for their bodies, as exemplified in the worldly condition of the Leech and of the Pastor.*

* The miseries of the *inferior* clergy (a phrase which we hope is, or will be banished from all good society) are not now what they were when they furnished conversation to Parson Adams at the country inn: but there are still numbers, who, if above penury, are not above care. This is the point to which the emoluments of a Christian minister should always be raised, and which they never need surmount.

The pictures of poverty and wretchedness, drawn by some writers on the Church in the earlier ages of Protestantism, almost exceed belief, and yet they must have been matters of public notoriety, if true. Thus discourseth old Thomas Drant in his famous Spital Sermon: "Howbeit, I am not ignorant how many a poor minister of these times is like *Elizas*. (*Elisha*, See 2 Kings, c. iv. verse 10.) He had not pen, nor ink, nor table, nor candlestick, but as his hosts allowed him; and these poor God's men must be helped by their host or hosts, or one friend or another, with coat and cap, and cup and candle, and study and table, or else they shall be harbourless and helpless; and needs must I further yet say, that in many a poor scholar in the universities, Christ himself is full of hunger and necessity. These be the noble sons of the prophets, and most apt of all others to be the builders of God's temple; yet have I seen many a good wit many a long day kept low and lean, or to be made broken with hunger and abject with poverty. I do not know the liberality of *this city* towards both these places, only this I can say, that less than the tenth part of that which is

Yet Fothergill had calls upon his benevolence from the less favoured members of his own calling ; among

nothing but surfeit and sickness to the great excessive eaters of this town, would cherish and cheer up hungry and thirsty Christ in those his hunger-starved members right well." Some in this age will be surprised, if not offended, at the boldness with which this old divine appropriates to the clergy of his own Church the declaration of the Saviour—"I was hungry and ye gave me no meat ; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink ;" and "inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." And still more at his imputing to the glorified Lord an instant state of extenuation and inanition. His reproaching the city for gluttony is less remarkable, though few modern clergy would have been so very plain in the presence of the civic authorities, or so coarsely graphic in his delineations. "Lord, here is the rich glutton to be seen up and down and round about the town. Their horses *chew* and *sper* upon gold and silver, and their mules go under rich velvet. Dogs are dear unto them, and feed much daintily. Here is scarcely anything in the upper sort, but many a foolish Nabal scruping and scutching, eating and drinking, and suddenly and unworthily dying. The eyes of Judah are said to be red with drinking, but much of this people have their faces fire red with continual quaffing and carousing. Sodom and Gomorrah were said to be full of bread, but these Londoners are more than full, for they are even bursten with banqueting, and sore and sick with surfeiting. Lord, thou whistlest to them, and they hear thee not ; thou sendest thy plague among them, and they mind thee not. Lord, we are lean ; Lord, we are faint ; Lord, we are miserable ; Lord, we are thy members. Lord, therefore, thou art lean ; Lord, thou art faint ; Lord, thou art miserable !!"

The sermon from which this extract is taken was preached about 1569. Drant was the first metrical translator of Horace in the English language. Refined critics have pretended to be much offended with the tragi-comedy of the stage. What would they say to the tragi-comedy of the

these was Dr. Gowin Knight, a man of learning and merit, but whether, like Arbuthnot, he

Knew his art but not his trade,

or whether the course of events was adverse beyond his skill to reconcile, he was weighed down with

pulpit? and yet there is in many ancient discourses such an incongruous mixture of sublimity and farce!

The quaintness of the pulpit was gradually reformed, but the poverty of the country parsons, and, we might add, of the city parsons also, long continued to be complained of. The treatise ascribed to Echard, and entitled "The grounds and occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy inquired into," published in 1670, paints the condition of a small beneficed clergyman, as little superior to that of Hogarth's "Distressed Poet." "The chief of his thoughts and his main business must be to study how to live that week; how he shall have bread for his family; whose sow has lately pigged; when will come the next rejoicing goose, or the next cheerful basket of apples? How far to Lammas or offerings? When shall we have another christening, and who is likely to marry or die? These are very reasonable considerations, and worthy a man's thoughts, for a family cannot be maintained by texts and contexts, and the child that lies crying in the cradle, will not be satisfied without a little milk, and perhaps sugar.

"But suppose he does get into a little hole over the oven, with a lock to it, called a study, towards the latter end of the week, one may very near guess what is his first thought when he comes there: viz., that the last kilderkin of drink is near departed; and that he has but one poor single groat in the house, and there is judgment and execution ready to come out against it, for butter and eggs. Now, sir, can any one think that a man thus racked and tortured, can be seriously intent half an hour to continue anything that might be of real advantage to his people? Beside, perhaps that week he has met with some dismal crosses, and most undoing misfortunes. There was a scurvy conditioned scrole

poverty and embarrassment, and knew not how to help himself ; he turned to Fothergill with a heavy heart and timid asking eye, expecting no more than the means to ward off a pressing assault of penury, an

that broke his pasture, and ploughed up the best part of his glebe : and a little after that came a couple of spiteful, ill-favoured cows, and trampled down the little remaining grass. Another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the kite, and carries away the fattest and hopefulest of all the brood. Then, after all this come the jack-daws and starlings, idle birds they are, and they scattered and carried away from his thin thatched house forty or fifty of the best straws, and, to make him completely unhappy, after all these afflictions, another day that he had a pair of breeches on, he suffered very much in carefully lifting over his leg. But we'll grant that he meets not with any of these such frightful disorders, but that he goes into his study with a mind as calm as the evening : for all that, upon Sunday, we must be content even with what God shall please to send us. For, as for books, he is for want of money so moderately furnished, that except it be a small Geneva Bible, so small as it will not be desired to lie open of itself, together with a small Concordance thereunto belonging, as also a book for all kinds of Latin sentences, called *Polyanthæ*, with some exposition upon the Catechism, (a portion of which is to be got by heart, and to be put off for his own,) and perhaps *Mr. Caryl upon Pineda*, *Mr. Dodd upon the Commandments*, and *Mr. Clarke's Lives of Famous Men*, such as *Mr. Carter of Norwich*, that used to eat such abundance of pudding ; besides, I say, there is scarce anything to be found but a budget of old stitched sermons hung up behind the door, with a few broken girts, two or three yards of whipcord, and perhaps a hammer and saw to prevent dilapidations." Allowing for the strain of burlesque and exaggeration which pervades this glaring description of the eases and comforts of a small vicar in the seventeenth century, these passages exhibit a degree of misery which we should have hoped had never existed in a Church so often reproached with its exorbitant riches.

importunate and threatening dun, or an old and merciful creditor as poor as himself, or it may be, he was at a loss for the morrow's meal. We do not correctly remember whether he made any direct application to Fothergill or not, but however the Doctor understood his need, talked cheerfully to him, and in fine, gave him a piece of paper, which he probably supposed to be a five pound note, but which turned out to be a cheque for 1000*l*. In what a new state of existence, what a renovation of youth and hope, must this poor man have felt at that moment.

But Fothergill was not only beneficent, he was munificent. In his charity he had regard chiefly to necessity; and as necessity is rarely to be found in that fold of Christians of which he was a member, his donations were freely given to the needy of all denominations. But the remarkable instances of *munificence* which we are about to mention had a more especial reference to the interest of the Society of Friends. These were, his patronage of Anthony Purver, and the part he took in the foundation and endowment of Ackworth School.

Anthony Purver was a Quaker, poorer and less educated than most of his brethren, by trade a shoemaker. Can any one assign a reason why so many shoemakers have become eminent for their genius or their enthusiasm? The employment is still, often solitary, and allows a man to be meditative. Anthony Purver, as he worked with his awl, was over-mastered with an idea that he was called and commanded to translate the Scriptures. His faith attributed the impulse, whose origin he could not trace in his own will, or in the concatenation of his human thoughts, to the Divine Spirit. But if he was an enthusiast, he was an enthusiast of much sanity; for he sought the accomplishment of his end by the necessary

means, and did not begin to translate till he had mastered the original tongues. We know not what assistance he received in this great undertaking, which was commenced when he had long outlived the years of physical docility; but if it be true, as stated, that he began with the Hebrew first (and it was the natural course to occur to his mind), he must have had some, for there was then no Hebrew and English lexicon or grammar. However he did acquire a competent knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. He afterwards learned Greek, and Latin last of all. But still he could not have accomplished his purpose without pecuniary aid, and that aid was liberally afforded by Dr. Fothergill, at whose sole expense, Purver's translation of the Old and New Testaments, with notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes folio, was printed, and appeared in 1765. The cost of the work is stated at not less than 200*l*. A short account of this extraordinary effort of faith and perseverance may be found in Southey's *Omniana*. It is said to be remarkable for a close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. It has not apparently attracted as much notice among biblical scholars as the curiosity, to say no more, of its production would seem to challenge. We never saw it but once, and that was in the library of a *Friend*.* We doubt, indeed, whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox, will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the authorised version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which

* The late Charles Lloyd, banker, of Birmingham, a man whom I should be thankful to Heaven for having known.

the English have really degenerated. Our tongue has lost its holiness.

The peculiarities of the Quaker discipline, and the rigid purity in which it requires the youth of that church to be educated, render it essential to their consistency to have seminaries proper to themselves. They do not, indeed, require colleges, for they have no priesthood, no order that is especially their own, requiring a certificate of qualification, but they needed a school, where they might see their children reared to a stature of intellect commensurate to their station, their duties, and their intellectual desires. This desideratum Dr. Fothergill was anxious to supply, and he availed himself of the first opening that offered to make a beginning. We cannot record the conception and nativity of Ackworth better than in the words of Dr. Hird, related by Dr. Elliot. "On his return from Cheshire, through Yorkshire, in the year 1778, he did me the favour of being my guest a few days. During which time he was visited by many of his friends in those parts. In one of these interviews, the conversation turned on an institution at Gildersome, a small establishment for the education of poor children amongst the society. The Doctor was inquiring into its state and management, and how far it might serve for a larger undertaking. A just description being given of it, with the following remark, that not only this but all others, however laudable the motives from which they took their rise, must fail of success without a constant superintending care, and unremitting attention to the first great object of the institution; this idea was exemplified by the then present state of the Foundling Hospital at Ackworth, which although originating from the most humane principle, and erected at a vast expense, was, from repeated inattentions to the first design, in

danger of dilapidation, and ready for public sale." The relation struck the Doctor forcibly. "Why may not this," said he, "serve the very purpose I am in pursuit of?" To be short, the building and an estate of thirty acres of land were purchased, improved, and furnished by subscription. The Doctor set a generous example, by his own contribution, and a permanent endowment by his will in perpetuity.

It is the duty, and therefore the right of every religious body to educate their own children in their own principles. A national *religious* education, which could comprehend all sects, must be the organ of a new and impracticable heresy, and could only be maintained by enforcing a body of negative canons more multitudinous than all the articles of faith, of all the orthodoxies and heterodoxies that have sprung up since man took upon himself to improve revelation. Reading, writing, and arithmetic may be taught without instructing the pupils in any theological creed, and it is better so to do, than to teach a creed which, by the universal agreement of all sects, denominations and churches, is a *caput mortuum* without life, truth, authority, or efficiency. We therefore think the Quakers right in founding schools for themselves; and we are always glad to see the Catholics, the Methodists, the Arminians, or the Socinians, doing the same. They ought not to find fault if the Episcopalians follow their example. But we must return to the Doctor, only observing, *en passant*, that his liberality to Ackworth has not been thrown away. More than one *poet* has been trained at that seminary. It is sufficient to mention William Howitt, Jeremiah Wiffin, and (we believe) Bernard Barton.

Dr. Fothergill's constitution was not of the most robust order; and, as he advanced in years, he

found a temporary secession from the toil and anxiety of consultation necessary to recruit his health and spirits. His villa at Upton was too near London to allow of his calculating upon many weeks of repose there. He ever retained an affection for Cheshire, his grandfather's county, and the land of his opening thought, which induced him to make it the scene of his summer retirement. During the latter years of his life, he used to spend the interval from July to September at Leigh Hall, a pleasant seat in the neighbourhood of Middlewich, the property of Sir John Leicester, of whom he rented it from year to year. In this vicinity he is still remembered with gratitude. His arrival was always a joyful era to the poor, to the sick, and to the circle of his friends. He never took fees during his vacation, but went every week to Middlewich, and prescribed gratis to all who came, at an inn. Such men are not readily forgotten. It was a good omen, or as good as an omen, to meet him on his morning rides. When in town, his ordinary practice was computed to amount to 7000*l.* a year, but on some occasions it much exceeded that sum. In the year 1775 and 1776, when an influenza prevailed, he numbered, on an average, sixty patients a day, and his practice was supposed worth 8000*l.* annually. His property at his death was estimated at 80,000*l.* He was doubtless a fortunate as well as a good man. Among his services to literature, we must not omit his patronage of the voyager Sidney Parkinson, the introduction to whose voyage he drew up himself.

About two years before his death, he was afflicted with a troublesome disorder, which he mistook at first for irregular gout; though he never earned that gentlemanlike disease, taking much exercise, and was remarkably abstemious, seldom exceeding

two glasses of wine after dinner or supper. His pains are said to have been aggravated, and, perhaps his dissolution hastened, by his extreme delicacy. In his last illness he was attended by Dr. Warren, Dr. Watson, Dr. Reynolds, and Mr. Pott, whose efforts produced a temporary relief; but the symptoms returned with increased violence, and finally terminated his existence on the 26th of December, 1780, in the 69th year of his age, at his house in Harpur Street.

On the 5th of January following, his remains were deposited in the Friends' burial-ground, at Winchmore Hill. Though only ten coaches were ordered to convey his relations and more immediate connections, upwards of seventy carriages attended the funeral, and some Friends came from a distance of a hundred miles to pay the last token of respect to a man who had made their garb and discipline so honourable in the world's eye.

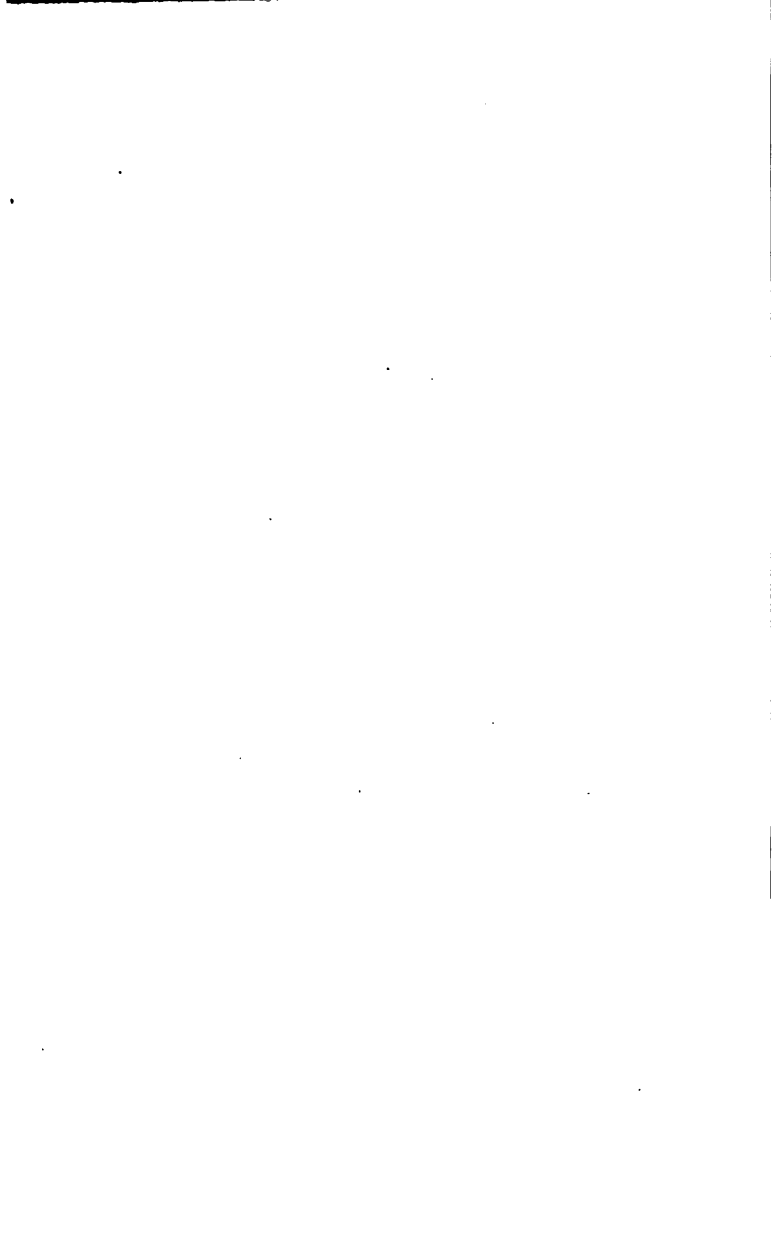
Dying a bachelor, he left the bulk of his property to his sister, who was joined with Mr. Chorley in the executorship. By his will he directed that his collections in natural history should be offered to Dr. Hunter, at 500*l.* less than the valuation. The Doctor purchased them for 1200*l.* His choice selection of English portraits, which he bought for 80*l.*, sold for 200 guineas; the house at Upton brought 1000*l.*

As a professional man, he was principally noted for the intuitive skill with which he divined the true character of a disease, when the diagnosis was most perplexing, and administered the remedy which the idiosyncrasy of the case required. He was well grounded in medical learning, not given to novelties; a careful observer of facts; and one that practised his art at once with the caution and the courage of benevolence.

In politics, he was the friend of peace and liberty ; in religion, he was firm to the principles in which he was brought up. Neither wealth nor science, nor his own philosophical liberality, nor his widely extended friendship, ever estranged him from the simple piety of a Quaker.*

* The "Quarterly" Reviewer upon this work, accounts it to be "one advantage of a local biography, that much of that which in itself is deeply interesting, but which from the limited sphere of its exhibition, could attract little of public attention, is thus preserved in special repositories for the occasional uses of general literature and science." "We would mention," he proceeds to say, "as an instance of the sort of matter to which we allude, the 'Life of Dr. Fothergill' in the work before us; in which, by the by, we are surprised that Mr. H. Coleridge has not recorded, among the Quaker-doctor's good deeds, his origination and direction of William Bartram's botanical expedition into the Floridas in 1773. Bartram's account of this tour—a cheap reprint of which would be as acceptable to the common as to the scientific reader—was greatly admired by Mr. H. Coleridge's lamented father, who used to say that it was the latest book of travels he knew written in the spirit of the old travellers."

The life of Fothergill, however, is so treated in the preceding memoir as to possess an interest for the general reader, beyond that to which it is so justly entitled in a local biography.—D. C.



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